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From the statuette by Philippe Hébert

MADELEINE De VERCHERES

STATUETTE IN THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT COLLECTION AT RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVI TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1910 No. 1

THE VOICE FROM THE SOIL

AN ARTICLE SKETCHING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CO-OPERATIVE SPIRIT AMONG WESTERN CANADIAN FARMERS AND FORECASTING ITS EFFECT ON LEGISLATION

BY GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

"It was in 1901 that the spirit of organisation first manifested itself under the banner of the Grain Growers' Association, and gradually but surely this organisation has become stronger, more alert and more widespread, until to-day it has become a mighty force in the land, admired by its friends and dreaded by its enemies."

THIS is the brief but significant story of the organised farmers' movement in the three prairie Provinces of Canada as told by Honourable W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture in the Saskatchewan Government. He knows whereof he speaks, for he was the prime mover in starting the organisation.

All over Canada the story of the work of the western farmers is being talked of. The eastern newspapers comment upon their action, some favourably, some in terms of condemnation. Suffice it to say, that those papers are a long way from the mark. The papers in the West are very deferential to the organised farmers. Well they may be, for to-day the organised farmers are fully seized of the importance of the part they are playing in the development of the country, having come to a full knowledge of the fact that they are the real foundation of Canadian greatness. With this realisation has come a determination to secure benefits adequate to the work done, and to terminate the rule of predatory wealth.

To-day there are farmers plugging steadily along in their fields doing

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HONORARY PRESIDENT (FOR LIFE),
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MR. R. McKENZIE,
SECRETARY,
THE MANITOBA GRAIN GROWERS' ASSOCIATION

faithfully their duty as husbandmen, who at the call of duty can take the platform and deliver addresses or conduct meetings of vast import equally as well as our legislators in the halls of Parliament. It is study and training that has done this. The patched overalls are regarded with respect, and the farmers see the value of standing shoulder to shoulder. Down in the United States President Taft thought it worth his while to address the greatest farmers' convention of the world. Out West the politicians and public men are eager for the opportunity to address a gathering of farmers.

What does the agitation among the western farmers mean? Is it simply a growing pain that will shortly pass away? By no means. There is a tremendous revolution now in progress. The trouble is not merely that of securing elevators owned by the Government. It is deep-seated and involves the remoulding of the economic structure of the nation. At last the farmers have revolted against the rule of special privilege, and the armies of the producer are storming the citadels of the enemy.

Where will it end?

The end will come only when the business of the farmer is placed upon the same footing as that of other classes. It will end only when the farmer gets a fair price for what he produces and pays a fair price for what he consumes.

Almost every other industry is organised. Various attempts have been made to organise agriculture in Canada, but they have more or less failed. Now the foundation has been truly laid, and the struggle has become animated. To-day there are approximately 28,000 farmers arrayed under the banner of "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none." The leaders are chosen and the campaign is on.

Let us look at the beginning. In the early days the farmers came to the West, to the much-heralded land of opportunity. On the prairies they were to be free and the land was to be occupied by men who would produce for the hungry of the earth.

MR. JAMES BOWER,
PRESIDENT
THE UNITED FARMERS OF ALBERTA

MR. EDWARD J. FREAM,
SECRETARY-TREASURER,
THE UNITED FARMERS OF ALBERTA

They raised the famous Number One Hard. The railway came, and twenty years ago one railway had a monopoly of the West. Then came the elevators in which to store the grain. These elevators were owned by private parties and were built along the lines of the railway. The railway was out after the money and the same motive prompted the elevator owners. Both wanted the maximum of return from the minimum of effort.

To pull a box car alongside an elevator and dump it full of wheat is a very easy task. The railway liked this system and said to the farmers: "You must put your wheat through the elevators; it makes it so much more convenient for us."

In those days the farmers were few and far between, and when a great railway corporation spoke, they obeyed at once. The elevators also liked this system, because it allowed them to exact from the farmers whatever toll they desired from their wheat. They did exact this toll to the utmost. The price paid by the elevator owner to the farmers was the lowest possible. The farmer was told that his wheat was very dirty and heavy dockage was set by the elevator man. Then, in addition, by adjusting weights on the scales a few bushels more could be poured into the treasury of the elevator owners. It was a great system. To prove this there is the testimony of the elevator men and the railway. They both liked it. The farmer did not like it so well. Ground between the two stones, he suffered. He saw that at the rate things were going, the great farming population of the West would shortly exist as a side line to the elevator and railway corporations. While the magnates of these institutions lived well in the cities, the farmer toiled early and late, turning the first furrows on the virgin prairie.

After a decade of this treatment, the worm turned. The Dominion Government sent out a royal commission to investigate conditions. The result was the Manitoba Grain Act, which placed the grain trade of the entire West under Federal supervision and jurisdiction. The new law said that

the farmer should be allowed the privilege of shipping grain in car lots if he preferred that system to using the elevator. The railways and the elevators smiled at this new law. "Car distribution" was something that they felt they knew more about than the legislators at Ottawa, and the farmers got no better treatment than before.

About the time that this was going on, W. R. Motherwell, the present Minister of Agriculture in Saskatchewan, was an ordinary farmer fourteen miles north of the town of Indian Head. As he sat on his binder and reaped his wheat, he devoted some time to thought. "I wonder if these things need be?" he asked himself. "Should the farmers of the West exist for the benefit of the railways and elevators, or should the railways and elevators exist for the benefit of the farmers?"

The crisis came in 1901. Peter Dayman, of Abernethy, was another farmer who thought similarly with Mr. Motherwell. Together they decided that the railways and elevators should exist for the benefit of the farmers. Together they drew up a letter and sent it out to various farmers from Indian Head to Qu'Appelle, which resulted in a meeting in Indian Head in 1901, and the beginning of a Grain Growers' Association. The first annual meeting of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association was held at Indian Head in February, 1902. During the summer of that year Mr. Dayman spent some time in Winnipeg endeavouring to secure justice from the railway. He secured nothing but promises which were not fulfilled. Appeals to other authorities were equally fruitless. The farmers now decided to act for themselves. The railway agent at Sintaluta would not supply the cars in accordance with the Manitoba Grain Act. Mr. Dayman and Mr. Motherwell swore out affidavits against him. The warehouse commissioner, C. C. Castle, took up the case. It was heard before D. O. Partridge, the magistrate at Sintaluta, and the agent was fined $50. The railway company appealed, but the Supreme Court at Regina upheld the decision of the magistrate.

Improvement in western conditions dates from this time, when the farmers began to take the matter into their own hands. Little knots of farmers got together in Saskatchewan and formed Grain Growers' Associations as branches of the central association, of which Mr. Motherwell was the first president. Down in Manitoba, at Virden, another veteran farmer was impelled by similar motives to assist his fellow farmers. This was J. W. Scallion, "Father of the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association." He invited Mr. Motherwell to come down to Manitoba a few months after the organisation was started in Saskatchewan. An association was organised at Virden, and its membership reached one hundred and twenty-five the first year, with Mr. Scallion as president. The first meeting of the central Grain Growers' Association of Manitoba was held in Brandon in March, 1903, when Mr. Scallion was elected president.

From this time onward, the history of the Grain Growers' movement has been one of growth, development, and success. In Alberta the cause was taken up by the farmers. In that Province branch associations were organised, as well as a Provincial association. The name was later changed to the Alberta Farmers' Association. There was at the same time in Alberta a branch of the American Society of Equity, which later became a Canadian organisation. Two years ago the associations in Alberta united under the name of the United Farmers of Alberta.

The growth of the farmers' organisations in the West during the past few years has been without parallel, and to-day they stand united all over the prairie land and constitute a power for good that has never been

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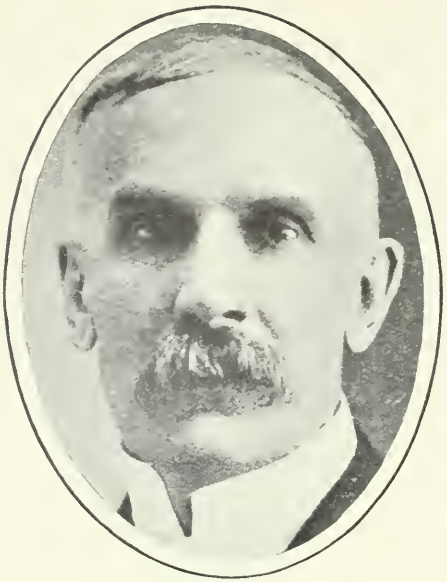
equalled in Canada. The farmers of the prairie have awakened to the fact that if conditions are to be altered so that every Canadian will have an equal opportunity, the initiative must be taken by the men who produce the wealth of the nation. They realise that in order to have any influence in the councils of the nation they must have numerical strength and unity. The constitution of the three Provincial farmers' organisations is practically the same, in that they exist chiefly for the purpose of securing legislation fair to all. Organisation work is being carried on at a tremendous rate, and branch associations are springing up all over the land. When the aims of the organisation are laid before the farmers of a community, they at once range themselves beneath the standard under which their brother farmers are now fighting. There are now approximately twenty-eight thousand farmers on the prairie united in the cause, and it is not any stretch of imagination to see that number increased to one hundred thousand within a few years. When this number is reached, the legislators of the Dominion will more truly represent their constituents than ever they have in the past.

Though the farmers started out on their work as a protest against the unjust exactions of the elevator combine, they have not confined themselves to this one phase of the work. They have attacked monopoly wherever they have found it. They have learned through bitter experience that the farmers of Canada are supporting combines and monopolies in all directions and that the wealth produced by the tillers of the soil is being gathered in by a comparatively small number of men at the heads of great enterprises. Under a protective tariff, they have watched manufacturers create combines, and take from the farmer heavy toll on all that he buys. Under favourable legislation, they have seen the railways go in and possess the land which nature intended for the farmer, and through the banking monopolies they have seen the ready money of the nation turned into the hands of a few. The farmers have



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THE SASKATCHEWAN GRAIN GROWERS' ASSOCIATION

realised that the land speculator is no friend of theirs, and as the work goes on, they are putting themselves into a position from which they can demand justice from all quarters.

During the past winter the foundations were laid for an organisation of farmers that would stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The farmers of Ontario have joined hands with their brothers on the prairie and have organised a Canadian Council of Agriculture for the purpose of securing legislation in the interest of the nation. By working through a central body they will be able to bring pressure to bear upon the Dominion Parliament and show those legislators on Parliament Hill that their duty does not end when the ballots are cast on election day. They see that if anything is to be accomplished towards making Canada the nation it should be the farmers must be farmers all the time and party politicians never.

Already the farmers can claim many conquests. When they started on their campaign the large interests throughout the country smiled at them in a patronising way. The big men slapped the farmer on the back and said: "Fine! Farmers' organisations are the greatest thing a country can have." A little later on, when the farmers became powerful and began to do things, these same men cursed them for their obstinacy and, as they called it, "misrepresentations." Legislators began to take notice of the farmer, and the heads of monopolies also began to give them careful consideration. The gentlemen who had passed through the stage of the patronising smile and the indignant curse changed to an attitude of supplication and urged the farmers to be careful in the exercise of their tremendous power. In these days, when a public man of any walk in life addresses a meeting of farmers, he prefaces his remarks with the solemn declaration that "The farmers are the back-bone of the country." This time-honoured expression has become a stale joke on the prairies, and whenever it is perpetrated now it is greeted by "the back-bone of the country," with shouts of laughter.

The Dominion Government has realised the power of the farmers and has amended the Manitoba Grain Act almost to the limit of their demands. The Manitoba Government has come down off the pedestal and enacted legislation for government ownership of elevators in that Province. The Saskatchewan Government is also in a humbled attitude before the farmers, while the Alberta Government is busy enacting legislation in accordance with the demands of the farmers of that Province. The work is not yet done. There are still scores of abuses to be remedied. The farmers want to see the principle of the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall established as a part of the constitution of every Canadian legislature. Then they feel they will have an opportunity to see that the legislators who now sit in the halls of parliament will represent the people whose votes elected them.

MY EARLY CONNECTION WITH LONDON JOURNALISM

BY GOLDWIN SMITH

LIVING in London with leisure, I was drawn into journalism, and at the same time into a political connection. I wrote some articles in *The Morning Chronicle*, the organ of the Peelites, as the section of the Conservative party comprising Gladstone, the Duke of Newcastle, Sidney Herbert, Cardwell, and Canning, which had adhered to Peel was called.

I had the greatest respect for Peel as a thoroughly wise and patriotic statesman, while I loathed the "blackguard combination," as Wellington justly called it, of office-seeking Whigs and Corn Law Tories, the work of Disraeli, by which the Peel Government was overthrown. Disraeli, who had fawned on Peel in his "Letters of Runnymede," now turned round and assailed him with rancour and slanderous abuse.

I presently found myself on the regular staff of *The Saturday Review*. The editor and one of the proprietors was John Douglas Cook, a singular character. He was a sort of *filius terræ*. What his early history had been we never could clearly learn; it appeared that he had been in India; it was certain that he had been on *The Times*. He had edited *The Morning Chronicle* during its short life as a Liberal-Conservative organ. He was a rough strong man without literary culture or faculty. But he had great newspaper tact. Though he could not write himself he instinctively knew good writing. His courage and self-possession were imperturbable. Unrefined though he was, I became attached to him, and I cherish his memory. Our other proprietor was Alexander Beresford-Hope, a very wealthy man, highly cultivated, to whom I fancy *The Review* was a sort of literary yacht, though he was a High Churchman and inspired the religious department of the paper in that sense. He was generally supposed to have been a member of the Young England party got up by Disraeli, of which Lord John Manners was the most prominent member, and which is advertised in "Coningsby"; but this he always denied. He was the son of Hope the millionaire, and had married a daughter of Lord Salisbury, a woman bright and brave. "Bedgebury" was a sumptuous château. In those days there were thirty acres of kept grass with two men and a donkey always employed upon them. But sumptuosity was not the best of it.

The other members of the original staff, if I remember rightly, were George Venables; Maine, afterwards Sir Henry Maine the historical jurist; Lord Robert Cecil, after Lord Salisbury; Thomas Collett Sandars; and Scott, a clergyman, called, from his cure, Scott of Hoxton. It was afterwards, I believe, that Sir William Harcourt joined the staff. George Venables and Lord Robert Cecil were the chief political writers. Sandars wrote the articles on social subjects, for which he had a fine touch. Scott, a special ally of Hope, wrote the

articles on Church questions. Hemming was supposed to take finance. But when he and I, by strange and pleasant chance, met after many years in the Park at Toronto and talked of our old literary comradeship, he told me that this impression was a mistake. Lord Robert Cecil had incurred his father's displeasure by his marriage with a daughter of Baron Alderson, an extremely clever woman who was supposed privately to help us with her pen. Something of *The Saturday Reviewer* was afterwards discernible in Lord Salisbury's speeches, perhaps not to his political advantage; for that which would be smart in an article may be too smart in a Minister's speech. He offended the Irish vote by a philosophic remark on the inequalities of political capacity and the imprudence of giving democratic institutions to the Hottentots. "Master of flouts and gibes and sneers" he was called by Disraeli. As the guest of Hope at Bedgebury, where we had very pleasant meetings, I was thrown much into Lord Salisbury's company, and I always felt and expressed more confidence in his judgment and rectitude than in his strength. Bismarck in his slashing way said of him that he was a reed painted to look like iron. This was exaggeration. But Lord Salisbury used to speak both in public and private of Disraeli's character and designs in terms which it might have been thought would make their union impossible. His ultimate submission to Disraeli was ascribed to the pressure of his aspiring wife. His consent to the attack on the independence of the Transvaal Republic, being the man of honour that he was and clearly committed on the question, may probably be ascribed to the dominant influence of Chamberlain.

Had I written in Latin the epitaph of George Venables it would have been *Magnus Vir, Si Emersisset.* It was always a mystery to me how a man with his ability, his force of character, and his political information, could have been content to remain through life an anonymous journalist. I never heard him make a speech; but he was said as Parliamentary Counsel to have spoken extremely well. His style as a writer was peculiar and not popular. His sentences followed each other without connecting particles, like a succession of pellets from a popgun. But his articles were full of weighty good sense. Nor was he without sardonic wit. When Thesiger, a popular man but a bad lawyer, was made Chancellor, Venables said: "Sir Frederick Thesiger is raised to the Chancellorship amidst universal sympathy, which we cannot help extending to the suitors." When Palmerston, a Tory at heart, made a clap-trap speech, in favour, I think, of an extension of the franchise, and Pakington, a professed Conservative, imitated and tried to cap him, Venables said that if Pakington's speech was insincere it only increased the servility of the imitation.

The staff, or at least the circle of contributors, was afterwards so much enlarged that at *The Saturday Review* dinners at Richmond or Greenwich it seemed as if the whole literary tribe of London were gathered together.

Douglas Cook's policy, to which Beresford Hope's purse enabled him to give effect, was to buy the very best article whatever might be the necessary price. The field was open; *The Spectator* having declined after the death of Rintoul; and *The Saturday* paid, as I understood, from the first.

If any one into whose hands *The Saturday* may since have fallen fancies that its success was due to political pepper he is mistaken. Its tone during its palmy days was epicurean, and this was the source of its popularity in the circles by which it was chiefly supported. It was said of us that whereas with the generation of the Reform Bill everything had been new, everything had been true, and everything had been of the highest importance, with us nothing

was new, nothing was true, and nothing was of any importance.

One day Cook asked me whether I had written a review of a book which he had put into my hands. I replied that I had read the book, but that it was not worth reviewing. "Ah!" he said, "you are not like the others. If I give them a bad book, they cut it up; you tell me that it is not worth reviewing." I somehow got a false reputation for sharpness as a reviewer. A work like Froude's "Henry VIII.," not only artfully palliating the detestable crimes of a despot, but artfully blackening the memories of his victims such as More, Fisher, and Pole, surely calls for reprobation. I have always thought that Macaulay was inhuman in insisting on the republication of his review of poor Satan Montgomery's poems. It is a pity he did not live to read Fitzjames Stephen's examination of his "Life of Warren Hastings." It might have taught him mercy.

Froude was undoubtedly a man of genius. He was a most brilliant and fascinating writer, and his History becomes far more historical when death has rid him of Henry VIII. But neither accuracy nor justice ever was his strong point. He was very impossible. He had set out under the influence of Newman; he ended after an interval of scepticism under that of Carlyle. Neither of his prophets was likely to put him in the way of plain truth.

My most important or least unimportant work as a journalist, however, was a series of letters in *The Daily News*, afterwards reprinted under the title of "The Empire." It commenced with a letter advocating the cession of the Ionian Islands, which were in a chronic state of discontent, to Greece; a measure favoured by my political friends and presently adopted without any of the terrible effects predicted by the worshippers of Empire. The whole series was anti-Imperialist, advocating the concession of independence to adult colonies, so that England might become indeed the mother of free nations. In the debate on the question of the Ionian Islands Disraeli attacked me in the House of Commons. The publication of his letter to Lord Malmesbury, then Foreign Secretary, has shown that he himself regarded "these wretched colonies" as "a millstone round our necks," and held that they would "all be independent in a few years." (Malmesbury's "Memoirs," I. 344). Nor was this a transient ebullition. His friend Sir William Gregory tells us that he held the same language in private to the end of his life. To show how little I shared Disraeli's contempt for the colonies, it was in consequence of a suggestion made by me to a Colonial Secretary that they were first mentioned in the Queen's Speech.

The opinions held by me on the Colonial Question were at that time prevalent; some of our statesmen avowed them, more were inclined to them. They were undoubtedly shared by my friend Sir Frederic Rogers, the permanent head of the Colonial Office. They were certainly not deemed treason by my friend Godley, the founder of Canterbury, New Zealand, with whom I had a good deal of intercourse on colonial subjects. He was at all events strongly in favour of colonial self-government and said that he would rather be ruled by a Nero on the spot than a Board in London. There is now a tidal wave of the opposite sentiment; but I have more than once in the course of a long life stood on the dry beach where a tidal wave had been. I remain unshaken in my convictions. Nor was the movement in which, through these letters, I took part, without important effect at the time. A larger measure of self-government was given to the colonies; the British troops were withdrawn from them; and an end was put to petty wars with Maories and Kaffirs which the presence of the troops, by encouraging the aggressiveness of the colonists, had foment-

ed and which had cost Great Britain many millions.

Palmerston, seconded by Layard, proclaimed the regeneration, political and financial, of the Turkish Empire; encouraged British investment in its funds; identified British diplomacy with its preservation; and drew us into a war with Russia in its defence. In the letters I argued on the opposite side, and on this question at least few will say that my pen was enlisted on the side of wrong.

The publication of the letters brought me into connection with Walker, editor of *The Daily News*, one of the most thoroughly upright and conscientious members of the press I ever knew. What is behind the press is now a very grave not to say terrible question. If such men as Walker were behind it we should be safe enough.

The Letters on the Empire, with general connections, gave me for the time something of a political position. I was offered the nomination for Chelsea and Kensington, a constituency in which the Liberals had a safe majority. But I knew the difference between the pen and the tongue. I never was a speaker nor had I strength for Parliamentary life. Disraeli, however, seemed to take it into his head that I was likely to be troublesome, for again he attacked me personally in the House of Commons. This time it was for writing against entails of land, a subject for which I had prepared myself under the guidance of an eminent land agent. He afterwards pursued me across the Atlantic and tried to brand me, under a perfectly transparent pseudonym, if "Oxford Professor" could be called a pseudonym at all, as a "social sycophant." There is surely nothing more dastardly than this mode of stabbing a reputation.

Although I declined to run for Parliament myself, I went with some of my friends to their elections and enjoyed the fun, of which something still lingered, though reform had quenched the glories of Eatanswill. The Liberal Whip one day sent for me and told me that Mr. Mundella, a Nottingham merchant, had been asked to run for Sheffield, the seat of the most militant trade-unionism, that Mundella was a novice in politics but would be inclined to accept if I would go with him and post him. The Whigs frowned on the enterprise, saying that Roebuck ("Tear 'em" was his nick-name), the other candidate, through his influence with the unions was sure of success and would come back with his restive Radicalism a greater thorn in the side of the Government than ever. Besides, there was danger of a riot. I suggested a reference to Gladstone. The answer was, Fight.

To Sheffield we went. There Mundella was approached by the most extreme and formidable of the unions. He took by my advice a boldly independent line, which was successful, the great union no doubt having its enemies, and was returned by a large majority. At Abingdon one hall was stormed and at Reading we had a row. But these were nothing to the election days of old. At Woodstock we fought against the interest of Blenheim, represented by Lord Randolf Churchill of curious fame. But Blenheim had given its Christmas doles and prevailed.

THE WYRD-POOL

BY CLARE GIFFIN

STILL November moonlight, windless, chill; clear purple sky, with only a star, here and there, bright at the horizon. The girl who slipped out of the great gate past the warder shivered a little as she looked up the bare hill crowned with stunted trees that rose above her. Then she hurried breathlessly up the hill; stumbling here and there over stones, falling into holes in the uneven ground, and glancing fearfully at the black shadows of great rocks. Nevertheless, she fared forward unresting, wrapped in a long black cloak, her face covered with the folds of a hood. Up and still up; her breath came now in little panting gasps, half terror, half exhaustion; yet she would not stop, nay, could not, for to rest would be to give place beside her to the spirits of fear that would have drawn her back. In the shelter of the wood at last, she drew breath for a moment, but the fear at her heart grew colder. She glided deeper into the shadows, which seemed to reach out long arms and enfold her. There had been no wind below, but here on the hill-top there was a stirring of restless airs, and the wood seemed alive around her. The dead leaves were soft underfoot, rustling here and there; above, through a tracery of naked boughs, she saw the disc of the moon, cold and white. She put her hands before her face for one moment, muttered a hurried prayer and then went on through the wood, which was only apparently silent, so full was it of small night noises, tiny shiftings, and rustlings, and sighings.

Then out of this maze she came into a tiny cleared space, so small that the minutest tracery of the trees on the opposite side of it was clear against the sky; it was on the very height of the hill; and yet in the very midst lay a still clear pool; half of it was black in the shadow, and half was bright in the moonlight. She gave one cry; for the shadow must be gone ere she could see aught in the wyrd-pool. She turned her back to its haunted waters, and sat down beneath a twisted oak at the edge of the clearing. Still there were only the wood noises about. Not far below was the castle; not so far but that the noise of a restless hound baying in the courtyard should have come up to her. And Gurth was ever restless. Yet no sound came. How should it? Was she not outside the bounds of all familiar things? Here at the edge of the wyrd-pool? She would not think of it, but sat muttering prayers in whose use she had little faith. What should Virgin or saints do for her now, when she had come here, where none but the old heathen gods had power?

Then after endless waiting, as it seemed to her, she turned about once more; the wyrd-pool was a circle of light—a shining terror that she must approach. Swiftly as she might, she rose, slipping off her dark cloak as she did so and went forward to the pool. Only a thin white garment she wore, and she unbound her hair and let it fall about her in wave upon wave of darkness, till it almost seemed as if she were covered once more

with her cloak. She went to the pool's edge and stood with her bare, white arms raised to the cold moon, and repeated words that she had been taught by old Ulrica. A charm it must be, she knew, but the words were meaningless to her. The strange old speech that was Ulrica's was uncouth to tongue and ear; yet she said the charm, if charm it was, and then dropped to the ground, lying at all her slim length, her elbows resting on a crescent-shaped stone at the edge of the pool, her rounded chin firm on her hands; and so she looked into the depths, where the moon's disc hung suspended. She looked, started; then, lest the spell should break, leaned forward enchanted by what she saw. No fear that she should start again! The disc in the water clouded, grew larger, grew dimmer, filled all the pool with a soft, diffused glow, which, even as she looked, moved uneasily, twisting and wreathing within itself, as the fogs do when they come in from sea. Then figures grew out of the tangle, as they might have grown out of fog; gleam of mail, lightning of sharp blades; and presently over all hung a stormy red glow; and by this the whole was clear. The girl did not stir; she lay there, intent, silent, her face flushing and paling by turns. At last the shadow of the oaks that circled the clearing, moving as the moon moved, crossed the withered grass and touched the edge of the pool. And with it came the fog once more; the figures lost themselves in its mystery; its restless moving was still; the light died away or centred rather to the moon-disc, and the wyrd-pool lay, part in shadow, part in light, as it had been before.

Then the girl moved. Once more she stood upright and repeated an incantation, with white arms extended to the waning moon. And looking only at the grass, fearful of every sight and sound, she fled to the shelter of the trees, seized her discarded cloak, and hurried on her way. By time she had come to the hill's brow, where the wood gave way to uneven ground, the place lay in shadow. A path of light from the setting moon stretched over the water, and against this, the tower below her showed black and grim. With no thought of the roughness of the way, she sped down to her goal; she fell once, twice; her hands bled; her feet stumbled with sheer weariness; but, urged alike by fear and desire, she made no stay, till, white-faced, with hard-drawn breath, she stopped at the gate. A signal — twice repeated — and yet a third time — and the gate was opened by the sleepy warder; a muttered word and she was within; then a hurried rush up winding stairs and into a tiny turret chamber, dark, yet so light that she saw a bent figure at the casement.

"Ulrica, I saw it all!" she cried as she flung herself at the Saxon woman's feet.

Ulrica, a shadow among other shadows, bent over her and raised her slowly.

"And it was——?" she asked in a harsh voice.

"Armed men, and a fire-glow," answered the girl; "a ship that came and sailed not away; fierce fighting in the hall, and Lord Raymer lying still on the dais."

"Good! Good!" the old eyes gleamed. "Sawest aught else?"

"He who came in the ship — thou knowest, Ulrica — going back, in safety as it seemed, yet sorrowful."

"Sorrowful?" There was a quiver of fear in the harsh voice. "Sorrowful? And his enemy dead, and his love safe?"

"I know not, Ulrica, how I saw, or why. So it was; and then—then the shadow came and I saw no more. Ulrica, Ulrica! Dost think 'twas deadly sin?" she lifted her face, white in the gloom, and the old woman passed her hand over the soft hair.

"Nay, nay! No sin," she murmured crooningly; "there are no

wiser gods than those of old times—the truth-tellers. And now, sleep. Sleep!"

She passed her hands with swift firm motions across the white brow, and over the soft unbound hair of the girl on her knee, murmuring a low song the while. Presently the wide eyes ceased to strain at the darkness; the tense fingers relaxed; and the girl's whole body rested. Then Ulrica raised her, and, laying her gently on the bed, went back to her watch at the window.

"Why sorrowful?" she muttered to herself as she watched the quiet stars. "Why sorrowful? He will come ere this moon dies, and will kill Raymer as the wyrd-pool says; yet, why depart sorrowful?"

Till the stars waned she sat there, a dim figure like a shadow, and on the bed lay the girl, relaxed and at peace. Her wide dark eyes were closed; restlessness and sorrow were far away. When dawn came, Ulrica slept too, but only to see, in broken dreams, fire-glow and fighting, and a figure, mail-clad, of one who went away sorrowful.

Seven days and seven nights, Ulrica and the girl passed in the tower after that night of the full moon when the wyrd-pool had parted with its secrets. Daily Lord Raymer stormed at the door, and daily Ulrica, with threats of spell and charm, denied him entrance. Daily his passion grew and his anger with it, so that the Saxon woman feared that even the terror of her power would hold him back no longer; but the girl, knowing what she had seen, never doubted.

Then on the seventh night, without sound to warn them of what was to come, there was a great trampling of feet below in the courtyard; the blast of a trumpet, voices of half-awakened men, lights that moved hither and thither; and then, Ulrica, looking seaward, saw a light there, not far from shore; and they knew that the wyrd-pool had not lied. The girl stood by the casement, listening to the sounds from below; the wild war-cries, the crash of axe-blows, the song of the strange sailors who had come with her lover. Ulrica knelt beside her, unmoving, breathing harshly; there was only a dim light in the room, but even by that the girl could see the fear in the woman's face, though, flushed with hope, she did not think to wonder at it.

"They are fighting below!" she cried exultingly; "and he wins, Ulrica, he wins!"

"Is Raymer there?" breathed the old woman; the girl looked out, but in vain.

"They are too close to the castle; I cannot see," she said; "but I think not; his voice" (she shuddered as at a remembrance) "is not among them."

"Ah!" The woman on the floor shuddered and drew closer to her charge; but the girl paid no heed; the fight was below, and on its issue all things depended. Then suddenly, even while she waited, came a sharp smell of smoke; and the dark below her was shot across with a murky gleam. Another and another came, till a fierce red light beat up from the fire below; it coloured the foam on the sands and the crests of the waves, and showed plainly the ship, whose light Ulrica had seen. And now there came a great crash, a sound of falling timber and a roar of many voices.

"The door of the great hall!" cried the girl triumphant; but Ulrica shivered and, rising, held the girl's body with one strong arm. What sound had she seemed to hear without the door a moment since?

But the girl had no thought of fear. From below came wild shoutings, outcries now from Raymer's party, now from the assialants. The red light still shifted and glowed; sometimes more fiercely, sometimes with less glare, but with great volumes of smoke. The heat from it, too, beat up now towards the window. Then a great silence fell; the outcries below in the great hall were hushed;

the girl turned from the window and held her breath, listening for any sound that might tell the issue of the struggle. Ulrica, too, listened, straining to catch that sound from without the door; but there was only the same stillness, broken a little now by a crackling of flame. So, while the minutes passed, the girl's heart beat so that Ulrica fancied she could hear its strong pulsing; but Ulrica's heart went slowly, with pauses of fear between the throbs as she listened for that faint sound so fraught with terror—the sound that might have been a rustle of garments.

Then came a crash: fierce war-cries, shrieks for mercy, all the pandemonium of the first part of the fight renewed. And loud above it all the war-cry of the outland sailors.

"The wyrd-pool! Raymer is still now, as I saw him—as I saw him—" cried the girl.

But Ulrica only drew her closer; for the door had opened, stealthily, and a figure was gliding in. There was no place in the room for hiding.

Below in the hall, amid shifting torch-light and the glare of the fire that had helped to break in the great door, there was confusion and death. Lord Raymer, as the wyrd-pool had shown him, lay very still on the dais; but between the invaders and the turret stair were his retainers, fighting as men without the hope of life.

Through these the assailants cut and hacked a way. Their leader, a giant, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and armed with a huge axe, shouted a war-cry and plunged headlong among his enemies; but they, gathered in a knot, desperate, determined to die with their lord, fought against him, uncaring for the end. Once he came within a sword's length of the stair, but ere he could gain it the rush of men that came between drove him backward; yet, in the second's space, from above he heard a cry, a woman's voice—desperate, stricken, not with fear, but with horror of some strange ghastly thing. He told himself that the voice was strange, unfamiliar, the cry of some waiting woman affrighted at the fire; but no less did it nerve his arm to greater strength. His men, fewer by their own number than the defenders, fought with something of his own rage. The fire had grown, and though the torches in the hall had burned low a fierce shifting blood-red light shone over them all. In this glare they swung to and fro, with clashing of arms and armour, the dull thud of falling men, the sickening grind and crush of axe-blows, cries and groans, and now and then a hoarse laugh.

Then, gathering all his strength, the huge fair-haired leader rushed once more for the turret stair. His size and the headway he had gained carried him far into the lessening knot of men that guarded it. Striking out with his axe, he forced his relentless way onward, swiftly at first, then more and more slowly, till almost at the stair's feet they checked him for a moment. But no power of theirs could hold him back now; and breaking through their ranks he rushed up the stairs and into the turret room where the light of the fire gave an uncertain red glow. But there he stopped, stared about him, and then ran stumblingly to the farthest corner where lay a white mass—a slim form that he raised in his arms and carried towards the casement. There in the red glow he made sure, and knew that he had come too late; for the girl lay very still in his arms, and her white dress was stained with blood. Yet she knew him, as he thought, and her eyes sought his. He laid her on the bed, and went softly about the chamber.

In a jar he found fair water; in a press, fine linen. With these he tended her wounds, but with little hope. Here was not the welcome he had fought to win, and his heart was still with pain.

While he had sought for the water, he had found Ulrica. She, too, had felt the blade that had pierced the

girl, but she had sold her life dearly, for her hands were gripped at the throat of the man who had waited outside the door.

All things were now sickeningly clear to the girl's lover, and he lifted his love in his arms and went down the stairs and out into the hall, where his men, victors in the fight, awaited him. They would have cheered, but his lifted hand checked them, and silently they passed out, after him. The dying fire still glowed in the courtyard; but its light had already sunken to a dull glimmering glow.

As they passed out of the courtyard, they saw in the Eastern sky the dawnlight of another day, and black against it lay their ship. The girl in the leader's arms stirred as the light fell on her eyelids, half-opened her dark eyes, and then, as they wearily closed again, lay very still. And the fair-haired leader, knowing what had befallen, carried her still white body to his ship and sailed away into the sunrise, sorrowful at heart.

LOVE SONNET

By CHARLOTTE EATON

IF I could reach the haven of your heart,
I would not mind the winding paths I tread,
Nor heed their loneliness; if I were led
By that one aim true insight would impart
The needful guidance; I would onward start
On that tempestuous voyage without dread,
With hope renewed and spirit comforted,
Though drifting sometimes without lamp or chart.

If I but knew your love my citadel,
I'd be impregnable against the storm;
And all those fears that come replete with harm,
Those fears that strong love only can dispel,
Your heart in mine, to keep me safe and warm—
Thus cheered and fortified, all would be well.

THE LEGISLATURE OF THE ISLAND OF ST. JOHN

A FRAGMENT OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND HISTORY

BY HENRY SMITH

PRINCE Edward Island, now a province of the Dominion of Canada, during the early years of its history, under the name of the Island of St. John, had a separate government with all the appendages of a colony of the Empire. In the year 1770, when Walter Patterson landed on the island shores with his commission from King George the Third, he found in the colony about one thousand English speaking people and three or four hundred French Acadians. Calling together as many of the inhabitants as he could conveniently reach, he read his royal commission as Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief over the Island of St. John, and at once sought to set in motion the necessary machinery for the government of the country.

A council having been appointed, the Governor with the advice of his ministers made "resolutions, rules, ordinances, and regulations," for the government of the colony until a representative body should be chosen by the people.

On the 7th of February, 1773, an order in council was passed "that a house of representatives or general assembly of the inhabitants of this Island be forthwith called." The number of the representatives was fixed at eighteen, as in the opinion of the Governor that many persons could be found on the island who would make "respectable representatives." The members were chosen "by taking the voices of the whole people collectively as belonging to one country and waiving all kinds of qualification, except their being Protestants and residents." If, as suggested by Governor Patterson, there were only about eighteen persons who would make "a tolerable appearance" as honourable members, and that number being required for the Legislature, that first election does not appear to be as hotly contested as elections there have often been since. As the representatives were chosen *en bloc* by the whole people, they were called representatives at large.

The council, which consisted of nine members, had both legislative and executive jurisdiction. When the house of assembly was in session the council sat as a legislative body and passed or rejected the acts of the lower house, just as the Senate of Canada does to-day. The members of the council were also the advisers of the Governor, who was always present when they sat as a privy council. They were not in any way responsible to the people, but were appointed by the Crown. The Chief Justice was president of the council when that body sat in its legislative capacity.

The first House of Assembly met in July, 1773, just one hundred years before the island entered the Canad-

ian Confederation. The sessions of this house were held at the residence of the clerk, Alexander Richardson, in a building that stood on the north corner of Queen and Dorchester streets, Charlottetown, which was known at that time as "The Cross Keys." This Parliament, which only lasted one year, does not seem to have been a very formidable affair. The colony was yet in its infancy, and the first members chosen from among its inhabitants could only, in the nature of things, in most instances at least, be merely novices.

One member, who left his country home for the capital, to attend the sessions of the House, said that "during his *vacant* hours he was framing a barn for the governor, and one day he said to His Excellency, 'What is the use of my being here? You and the Attorney-General write all the Acts and we have only to pass them, for we are not able to amend them.' "

The Governor said, "You will do better soon." The member replied, "As soon as the barn is finished I will go home and never come back," and he was as good as his word. This same Governor Patterson, a few years later, in a letter to Lord Dorchester said: "The Island of St. John has been my hobby-horse. I have brought it from nothing to what it is to-day. To me it owes its laws, its roads, its inhabitants and its separate legislature."

Of the thirteen acts passed by this first Parliament, one or two may have special mention. One provides that each act should be publicly read aloud "by the Provost-Marshall within four days after the Governor's assent had been given to it in the Legislature, at the most public parts of Charlottetown. Then, within three months after the adjournment of the assembly all the laws passed at the session were to be sent to the senior justices of the peace for each of the counties on the Island, with instructions to the justices to immediately assemble the neighbouring people and read aloud the said acts. Three senior justices were then required to transmit each act, with a certificate endorsed upon it, that the same was duly read by him, to the next nearest justice, who should go through the same form of calling the people together and reading the acts, until each justice had read all the acts aloud, so that they should be fully proclaimed." The last justice in each county having these laws was then required to deliver them over to the post-master, who should keep them for public inspection.

Chapter ten of the Acts, also passed at this first session, may, in this age of freedom and liberty seem to us a very tyrannical law. Its basic principle appears to have been "What we have we hold." It provided that no person, either male or female, could leave the Island without first having given fourteen days notice to an official appointed for that purpose, and the name of the applicant had to be posted for that period in the most public place in his district. If, then, within fourteen days no claims were registered against the name, and the facts warranted it, a pass was issued in the following form:

"Island of St. John, The bearer A. B. of ..... is hereby permitted to depart this Island in such manner as he or she shall think proper or fit, having complied with the Act of this Island for that purpose. This permit or pass to be in force for sixty days from the date hereof and no longer. Given under my hand and seal at ..... Town the .... day of ..... 177....."

In cases where it was absolutely necessary to leave in less than fourteen days the act provided that the person wishing to depart had to give a sufficient bond that any claims that might arise would be satisfactorily settled. Masters of vessels and others conveying any person from the Island without a pass were subject to a penalty of fifty pounds sterling.

It was found after twelve years' experience that this act was often evaded, "by parties running away in can-

oes and other small crafts, by means whereof their lives were endangered, and several other inconveniences and difficulties arose." It was also found to be prejudicial to the settlement of the colony, as immigrants were told that on account of its provisions, "after their arrival on the Island they would never be able to leave again." This law was therefore repealed, so that ever since that time "Men may come and Men may go," but the Island "goes on forever."

In 1774 a second parliament was elected, which lasted five years and held two sessions. Referring to this period, one writer remarks: "The Island may be said to have been deranged in regard to the Government from the temporary or total absence of many of the principal officers."

In 1775 the Governor departed the Island and did not return until 1780. The chief Justice dying in the commencement of 1775, a successor did not arrive before the end of that year. In 1775 the Attorney-General and Surveyor-General, having been carried away by the rebels, did not return to it, nor the naval officers, until 1776. The Receiver-General, Collector of Customs and Provost-Marshall, having departed the Island in 1774, have not returned to it as yet, and those offices are executed by temporary deputations on the Island, as well probably as that of Clerk of the Council. No doubt there is good cause for this absence, yet it shows the total disarrangement of the system on the Island during the war."

It will be seen that under these circumstances the Island Assembly, within this period at least, would not be overburdened with legislative duties. In 1779 a proclamation was issued by Philips Calbeck, administrator of the Government, requiring eighteen representatives at large to be elected by the whole people of the colony. No nominations were necessary and each elector could vote for "one or more qualified persons as should in all amount to eighteen." This writ was placed in the hands of Robert Stewart, Provost-Marshal, and he returned the following persons elected thereunder:

John Budd, James Campbell, David Higgins, Walter Berry, James Curtis, James Richardson, John C. Clark, Benjamin Chappell, Dougald Stewart, William Craig, Thomas Mellish, David Lawson, Moses De Les Dermer, John Webster, Cornelius Higgins, William Warren, Thomas Hyde and Alexander Davison.

This Parliament was called together in 1779, and after a short session, in which three acts were passed, it was adjourned until the following year. It was then opened by Governor Patterson, who had returned from England after an absence of nearly five years. In his opening "speech" the Governor said: "After an absence so unexpected and so painfully long, be assured I feel this meeting among the happiest of my life. My absence has been very long indeed, and from the many disagreeable circumstances attending it would have been insupportable only for the frequent consolation I received of rendering essential service to this Island. But as I have at last reached my long wished for home I shall endeavour to forget my sufferings, losses and expenses, and, however prejudicial my absence may have proved to my own affairs, I have the pleasure to feel, and can with confidence assert it has been the means of saving from ruin every individual whose welfare depended on the fate of this Province, as we have thereby not only been prevented from becoming an appendage of Nova Scotia, but we have had a certain foundation laid for its being one day as flourishing a colony as any belonging to the Crown of Great Britain."

The sessions of this House lasted fourteen days, and just before the adjournment the following resolutions were unanimously passed:

"Resolved that the sum of two pounds, three shillings and ten pence, Halifax currency, be paid unto Samuel Braddock

for the use of a room in his House, fire and candles, for the Houses' meeting last session.

"Resolved that the sum of one pound, ten shillings, Halifax Currency, be paid to John Compton, doorkeeper and messenger; for his attendance during this sitting."

For the few years of its history the legislation of the Island colony seemed to have gone on without friction or dispute, and the votes on the different questions before the assembly were generally unanimous The spirit of opposition had not yet entered into the public business, and there were no political parties.

This pacific state of affairs, however, was not of long duration. A bill, prepared in England to make voidable all sales of lands under an act passed in the first legislature in 1773, for the recovery of quit rents, was sent to the Governor to place before the House of Assembly. This Patterson did not do, because the personal interests of himself and his friends would suffer, as he knew the House, as then constituted, would make such a measure law. For this and other reasons, upon representation made to the Privy Council, Governor Patterson was subsequently dismissed from office. Not, however, before he had dissolved the third Parliament and called a new election to be held in March, 1784.

His object in this dissolution was to secure a House of Representatives favourable to himself, and one that would carry out his own peculiar views. This he determined to do at any cost, and he and his friends, with the aid of one, at least, of the more modern methods of election warfare, were eminently successful. In the two sessions that followed, prior to his removal from office, Governor Patterson had a House of Representatives after his own heart, but the cost was almost ruinous.

A foot-note in Stewart's History of Prince Edward Island, published in London in 1806, referring to this election says: "It will, no doubt surprise my English readers to be told that this election cost the Governor and his friends near two thousand pounds sterling." When it is remembered that at this period there were not at the very outside limit over four hundred voters in the colony, and that two thousand pounds sterling would be nearly ten thousand dollars, it will be seen that at least the price of votes has not advanced very materially within the past century and a quarter.

But the Governor seemed well satisfied with the results of this election, as his speech from the Throne at the opening of the session clearly indicates: "Gentlemen of the Assembly, I am happy that good sense and truth have regained their just dominion over declamation and falsehood, and I congratulate the people on their judicious choice of representatives—gentlemen who I know have the honour of their King and the interests of government much at heart and who will consequently make those objects their principal aim."

Governor Patterson, having procured the return of a House of Representatives favourable to his own interests, soon managed to get a majority of the same mind in Council. But the King's mandate appointing Colonel Edmond Fanning, LL.D., Governor, as his successor, soon brought matters to a crisis.

Colonel Fanning arrived in November 1786, but Patterson refused to give up the Governorship, as he pretended to think Fanning's appointment was only temporary to allow him to go to England to explain his action to the Privy Council. In this view Patterson was supported by his Government, and there was nothing for Governor Fanning to do but to await results. For six months therefore, after the arrival of Governor Fanning the Island of St. John had the honour of two governors. During this time Patterson met the council and took the advice of his ministers

in the ordinary way, while Governor Fanning was in the colony holding a commission from His Majesty the King. In the spring letters from England commanding Patterson without delay, to deliver up the great seal and all the public documents in his possession, set matters at rest, and Colonel Fanning assumed the Governorship.

On the 4th of June, 1787, Governor Fanning issued a writ requiring the sheriff to open polls at Princetown, St. Peters and Charlottetown for the election of eighteen members. The following is the return to this writ: "By virtue and obedience to the within writ, I took the polls at Princetown, where two lists of candidates offered themselves to serve in the general assembly, demoninated the "Richmond Bay list" and "Captain Fletcher's list." For the Richmond Bay list, forty-five; for Captain Fletcher's list, fifteen. St. Peter's poll, the Richmond Bay list, seventy-two; Captain Fletcher's list, forty-five. At Charlottetown the numbers stood as follows: Richmond Bay list, 113; Captain Fletcher's list, 182; total votes polled, 295; majority for Captain Fletcher's list, sixty-nine. But the taking of the poll being attended with such circumstances of confusion and disorder on the part of the candidates and of Captain Fletcher, with military interference and violence, offered to me the said sheriff, that I cannot look upon myself justifiable in making a return of the said persons, as duly elected, their opponents having taken out a protest against all proceedings which were had upon the said-mentioned poll; and also stopped polling, as they alleged, on account of irregularity and tumult of the proceedings. The whole being supported by a variety of affidavits, I the said sheriff submit the same to the consideration of His Excellency the Governor in Council."

These proceedings were set aside, and new writs were issued, this time for the three counties, and not general, as previously. These writs provided for four members for each county, and two for each town, making, as before, eighteen members in all. At this election there was some trouble about the King's County contingent, as the returning officer decided, on his own responsibility to return the four candidates having the smallest number of votes. This time the matter was taken up by the House of Assembly and corrected, which called forth from that body the following resolution: "Resolved that it is the opinion of this House that Jacob Stagman, the present deputy-sheriff of this Government, and who at the late election acted as returning officer for King's County, did on that occasion conduct himself with the most shameful partiality and injustice, by rejecting good and legal votes when offered by one set of candidates and by admitting such as were not legal on the other; and at last, contrary to his declaration on the hustings, by returning as duly elected the set of candidates who had the fewest votes; that such conduct, if permitted to go unpunished, must be productive of the worst consequences by encouraging returning officers on future occasion to deprive the inhabitants of a part of their dearest privileges—the right of election." And the government was asked to remove Jacob Stagman from office, "and never allow him to hold a public position again in the colony." If Stagman had any ambition for public position this order would fall more heavily upon him than upon the ordinary mortal, as he lived to be about one hundred years old.

The sixth parliament, elected in the Island of St. John in 1790, lasted twelve years and held nine sessions. In the opening session of this Parliament Governor Fanning said: "It now becomes my duty to recommend to you the expediency of entering upon some method for the erecting and maintaining of schools in order for the training of the youth to reading and

to a knowledge of the principles of religion and virtue. To you who are parents I am confident little need be said in order to impress your minds with the importance of this duty to the rising generation. For upon your conduct on this occasion it may possibly depend whether the child of thy bosom shall be a blessing or a curse to thyself—a useful or a worthless member of the community. Give him early instruction, and while he is young season his mind with maxims of virtue. Teach him science, and his life will be useful. Teach him religion and his death will be happy."

At this house the qualification of Walter Patterson, who had been returned as a member having the highest number of votes, was questioned on the ground that he was then residing in England and therefore a non-resident of the Island of St. John. This view was upheld by the Legislature, and the seat was given to Joseph Beers, "who appeared to be duly elected." This seems to be the only case in the history of the Island Province, covering a period of about one hundred and twenty-five years, where an ex-governor was elected a member of the House of Assembly.

The Parliament of 1792, was also required to adjudicate upon a slander uttered against some of its members. This "most illiberal and wanton piece of abuse and slander," was made by John Cambridge, a merchant in the Island, who said that Charles Stewart, John Montgomery, Joseph Beers and Benjamin Darby, "were so conscious of their inability to occupy such places (meaning their respective seats in the House of Assembly), that these members scarcely did anything during the session but watch the motions of the Chief Justice's son, Charles." For this statement Mr. Cambridge was summoned to the Bar of the House for an explanation, which he refused to give. The house, after sitting with closed doors for some time, evolved the following resolution: "Resolved that by taking any further notice of Mr. Cambridge, by commitment or otherwise, would be gratifying him in doing what he appears to covet, we therefore discharge him from further attendance upon this House, further resolved that the false and malicious words contained in Mr. Cambridge's affirmation be, on Saturday next, 17th instant, burnt under the gallows by the sergeant-at-arms attending upon this House."

The settlement of the lands by the proprietors of the different townships, under the terms of their grant, had always been a source of agitation in the colony, and in this session application was made to the Legislature praying that proceedings be taken which would bring the subject under the consideration of His Majesty's Secretary of State. This matter was taken up by the House, and after "a strict inquiry and mature deliberation," the assembly passed resolutions setting forth the subject as clearly and forcefully as possible.

It was shown by these resolutions that of the sixty-seven townships into which the Island was divided only upon ten were the terms of settlement in respect to population, complied with, and forty-eight townships were totally neglected by the proprietors during the whole period of over thirty years from the time the grants were made. These resolutions were presented to the home government with a petition from the assembly that means might be taken to compel all the proprietors to fulfil the terms and conditions on which the lands were granted, or that those lands should be escheated and re-granted in small tracts to actual settlers. These representations were received by the Duke of Portland, then Secretary of State, who informed Governor Fanning that the matter would be taken into consideration by His Majesty's confidential servants, who would not fail to remedy the evil complained of.

At this session an act was passed changing the name of the Island from St. John to Prince Edward Island.

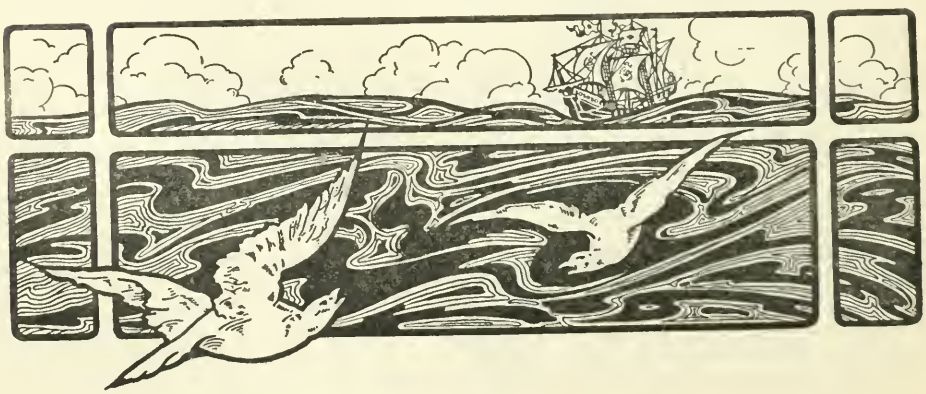
This name was chosen by the Legislature as a mark of respect to His Royal Highness Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, who, while commander of the forces of British North America, paid special attention to the protection and security of the Island. This act received the royal assent on the first of February, 1799, and since that time the Province has been known by the name of Prince Edward Island.

It is now nearly a century and a half since the Island of St. John was first granted the right to elect, from among its inhabitants, representatives to govern and control its public affairs. Their representatives were not statesmen or orators, but they had a part to play in the settlement and development of the colony, and in making its history and enacting its laws. These pioneer legislators and law-makers, for the most part, discharged their public duties honestly and to the best of their ability. They laid the foundation on which others have builded, and the Prince Edward Island of to-day, with its rare privileges and larger opportunities, owes much to the men who lived in this early period. They were willing to give their time and talents, and when occasion demanded many made sacrifices for the welfare of the "Sea-girt Isle" they loved and taught their sons to love "as the dear home of freemen brave and true."

THE HARBOUR

By MAY AUSTIN LOW

WHEN the world hurts, then speedily we turn
To one dear place, where love may not discern
The worst that is within us; where mean hate
Gaineth no entrance: all inviolate
This spot from sorrow, and its sacred name
Is Home—the harbour holding naught of blame.



MANITOBA TEACHERS ABROAD

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

TO give full measure at the outset to the significance of the Manitoba school-teachers' visit to Great Britain would be to at once court discredit. The tour began at Winnipeg, east of which fully two-thirds of the 169 who composed the party had never before set foot. That meant, therefore, that even before we had felt the buoyancy of the tidal waters of the St. Lawrence, most of us had already made what in ordinary circumstances would be regarded as the trip of a lifetime and as the basis of a liberal education. To the mind that had reached maturity in the West, to the vision that from childhood had been focused on wide stretches of prairie or accustomed only to the wild bluff-lands of the farther north, it was an experience of rare interest to see for the first time an Ontario farmstead or a Quebec pastoral. Toronto and Montreal had signified the "East," while the great domain between the Saskatchewan and the St. Lawrence had been a veritable *terra incognita*.

But this was a trip to the motherland. That is what the organising secretary, Mr. F. J. Ney, intended, and that is what in the broadest sense it so well proved to be.

The project did not receive favour from either the Dominion Government or the Imperial Government, and had not Mr. Ney possessed indomitable perseverance it would have been abandoned. In that event, finality would very likely have been given to a movement in education that is of much importance from a Canadian standpoint, of supreme importance from the standpoint of Imperialism.

Imperial ignorance is now regarded as a besetting sin, and it is patent to many persons that our governments, provincial, federal, and imperial, should make it imperative that at least the teachers in our public

MR. F. J. NEY, ORGANISING SECRETARY

GUESTS OF LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN

schools should have more than a book and map knowledge of our own country and of the motherland. Mr. Ney, himself an Englishman by birth and instinct, but a Canadian by wish and practice, having a fine appreciation of the broadening influence of travel and of the enlivenment that travel gives to tolerance and goodwill, set about to organise the Manitoba teachers' tour. He had held the position of principal teacher at Treherne, Manitoba, and when he attended a convention of teachers at Winnipeg, he saw the opportunity to greatly enlarge their range of vision and teaching capacity, and he did not let the opportunity go by.

What did this tour to the motherland involve? One would scarcely wish to be conducted through the mazes of that experience, but some indication might be made of its ramifications. To England several trips in advance had to be made. Assistants at several principal places, such as London and Edinburgh, had to be enlisted and local committees appointed. Elaborate plans for food lodging and transportation had to be laid, and for the Continent and Ireland the agency of Cook acquired. Vessel accommodation had to be looked with the Allan Line, months in advance, even months before the first booking had been made by Mr. Ney. Arrangements had to be made for special trains over the Canadian Pacific Railway, as well as for similar service abroad. Coaches and tramcars had to be engaged, vessels chartered and public halls rented.

Observant people in Great Britain had seen large parties of Canadian visitors before, but the teachers, 150 of us women, were a novelty. They had seen manufacturers, members of the learned professions, and fighting men. But teachers—from Manitoba! That was something new. London, of course, was not perturbed. In brakes we went down from Euston to Kensington, and were swallowed up as one man. We realised we were

AT THE VICE-REGAL LODGE, DUBLIN

in the gulf of the great maelstrom of humanity, and that in it we were nothing more than an unrecognised unit. But we had our way to pursue in that confusing turmoil, and it had been set down on maps for us. So that some one or two or three persons must have gone apart from the swarm to consider our coming.

As a community, London was not affected by our presence, although we confess to having been visibly affected by London. But, notwithstanding the opinions of some who have gone from Ludgate Hill to Hampstead Heath, London is not the whole British Isles, and even if she did not hold her breath at our arrival, but took the precaution to remove the Crown jewels from the Tower, the anticipation of us had set other communities agog. Windsor and Richmond and Kew had heard us coming a long way off, and Portsmouth had set her docks in readiness. Canterbury had revised her tales, and Oxford and Eton had been all "let out." St. Albans had located afresh the Roman remains and polished up the civic plate, while Margate was hesitating between a fresh supply of shrimps and an extra row of hieroglyphics in the grotto. Shakespeare had plenty of time and reason for turning in his grave at Stratford, and the shades of Anne Hathaway must have hurtled across the Avon, when we fell upon her erstwhile humble domicile and four-poster bed. Close proximity to Stoke Pogis nearly added another stanza to Gray's elegy, and rain on Windermere saved precautions against any outrivalling of the lake poets. Barrow-on-Furness had opened wide her private gates, and at the eleventh hour and for sometime thereafter provided a ball of unusual circumference. Carlisle had arranged three days of solid hospitality, which almost tied her with Paris.

But Paris is always ready. In view of our visit, however, she brushed down her French a little. She was not at all embarrassed, but took de-

light in sitting outside at cafés and walking along the boulevards in what is not known to herself as *sang froid*. She had set out to pick up with us at least a speaking acquaintance, and with the help of Anglo-Saxon idioms she succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations. But she closed the Louvre and the Luxembourg just as early as usual, and thus gave us a chance to look up at the Arc de Triomphe and out of place in the Champs Elysées. She must have raised her price for lemonade and lowered it for wine, just to give the "teetotal" members of the party a real impression. She made possible for us a luncheon in the Latin quarter, which was a triumph in itself, and asked us in her easiest manner whether we would have *rouge ou blanc*. *Blanc-mangé* is as far as some of us got, but we had our champions, and so the day was not lost.

Brussels had been perhaps the most considerate of all. Not only had a magnificent exhibition been provided, but the fire had been postponed. About Brussels there was something that appealed to us. Perhaps it was because we saw in it a miniature Paris, or it may have had something distinctive, like the arm-rests in a first-class railway carriage, which distinguish it from the third-class. Better yet, it may have been the method of muzzling dogs. Instead of putting a wire cage over their jaws, as the style demands in Ontario, they use a leather bridle and hitch the dogs beneath carts, where they are trained to haul. Who knows? Or it may have been the fine, manly appearance of the mounted officers and civilians we passed in the park at the outset of a drive to the plain of Waterloo. Most of us had heard rumours of a decisive battle having been fought there, but somehow it had not occurred to us that the place would be growing grain and pasturing cattle and supporting other forms of husbandry; and were it not for a huge mound of earth that serves as a support for a monument and as an eminence commanding a view of the

ENTERING THE CHURCH AT ETON

AT WINDSOR CASTLE

plain, no indication would have been found that there, almost 100 years ago, Wellington and Blücher had turned the tide against the aggressive Corsican. But Brussels is in some respects a replica of Paris, even if particular respects are not always respectable. The cafés are the same in character, if not in number, while the boulevards have much of the swagger and some of the *rouge*.

It would verge on arrogance to say that the elements had considered the teachers from Manitoba, but it may not be out of place to here set down that the Channel was with both our passages a model plain of water. Some of us came perilously near anticipating a toss, but luck and native simplicity saved the bacon. Even the Irish sea held her own, and we crossed and recrossed just as if it were but an inlet from the Lake of the Woods.

Speaking of the Irish sea naturally suggests a vision of the party in Ireland. And what a vision! Those of us who are Irish (My use of the pronoun "us" is merely a journalistic privilege), began to puff up as we steamed into Dublin Bay. There, at last, was The "Ould sod," and even if it had not with our coming turned greener than ever with four-leaf shamrocks, we hummed Irish ditties and affected the brogue as naturally as if we had been born and reared within a hundred shillelah-lengths of Blarney Castle.

What most of us wanted to discover in Ireland was the difference from the green of the hillside and the bog and the meadow there and the green of other hills far away. We were unable to make a satisfactory comparison, because unfortunately we had not brought the other hills with us. However, the green of Ireland is remarkable for its freshness and vividness, and it is almost as varied and as brilliant as a Killarney oarsman's wit.

Killarney? Yes, we were there, too. They had been expecting us.

Half of us "broke" it up the beautiful highway to the head of the lakes, and frequently in sheer spontaneity we burst out into singing, "By Killarney's Lakes." The other half went up in rowboats, with the order reversed coming back. It is quite the conventional thing to do that, and if you don't do it, and give a *bénéfice* to the coachman and oarsman as well, you haven't known Ireland, even if you do go back to Dublin and up as far as Belfast, where street-haranguing on Sunday night seems to be an institution quite different from the small groups here and there along High Street, Edinburgh.

Edinburgh was still in Scotland, and to us she extended Scottish hospitality. From the Castle to Holyrood Palace we proceeded with easy western dignity, and had John Knox still lived he would have girded his loins at sight of us and proceeded to revise the dogmas of his creed.

But Edinburgh is a beautiful city, even if some of us did miss the train there. Princes Street is the most imposing thoroughfare in the world, and to walk upon its pavements at night and see the moon outlining the picturesque battlements of the Castle, is an experience not soon to be forgotten. But, as London is not all England, so is Edinburgh not all Scotland. We might have thought otherwise had we not come across from Belfast to Ayr, where we saw the Burns cottage and the Brig o' Doon; or had we not at Stirling Castle taken a glimpse of the indicator on the mound whence a view can be had of seven battlefields. Is it seven? At any rate, it seems that the history of Scotland revolves around this ancient castle, and it was expected of us that we should come away knowing at least that Cut Knife Creek was not one of the seven. On the way back, at Dumfermline, we had the rare satisfaction of knowing that some of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's money had been laid out for our entertainment.

Next day it was a toss-up for us be-

AT ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

ON THE GROUNDS AT WARWICK CASTLE

tween Loch Lomond and Sir Walter Scott, and the lake won. That reminds us again that Glasgow is not all Scotland nor Windermere all England.

It would have been a great pity to miss Windermere, for we should have missed also Grasmere and the entrancing lake country. On Windermere we had a short sail and a wet one, but as part of our motto was "see it all," we had no good reason for complaint. Anyway, we had come to know that in England one doesn't notice *Jupiter Pluvius* any more than we at home notice *Jack Frost*.

It was while in this lake country that someone with a weakness for guide-books discovered that Wordsworth had occupied a cottage in the vicinity and had gazed for inspiration upon the superb beauties of the scenery. That immediately lent human interest to the whole countryside, and the rumour spread almost as fast as if it had been unsavoury. Association of various kinds were recalled for our enlightenment, and we began to realise that the haunts of Coleridge and Arnold were not places of imagination, but actual earthly paradises. Quotations, favourite and otherwise, began to effervesce, with the result that our average ignorance of lyric poetry became appalling. What were we to do? Here we were in the very birthplace of many poetic moods, and yet we knew them not. But there was meaning in it all for us, because we had now visualisation of the environment, and we realised, even with our scant knowledge, that these masters of the lyric muse who had visited and dwelt here sang in their day with the truth and beauty of nature as their inspiration and genuineness as their foundation. And if that was so, what might we not expect from the variety and grandeur and bigness of the face of our own country? We there came to know that our country is big and that we are small. And, having realised that, the whole undertaking was

STARTING BACK FROM WATERLOO

in that one stroke fully justified.

To those of us for whom Winnipeg had been the objective point, almost the vanishing point, of a lifetime, all these things were a real awakening—to drive down through the hurry and scurry of London Streets from Euston Station to our lodgings in South Kensington; to find ourselves suddenly engulfed in the London "Tubes"; to be hunting in the vicinity of Amen Corner for our entertainment at Stationers' Hall; to be holding our own as best we could in the company of knights and earls and great ladies at Lady St. Helier's reception, or again at Lady Clementine Waring's; to be entertained at tea by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Davidson, at Lambeth Palace; to be guests of the Members of Parliament on the terrace of the House of Commons; to break bread with Lady Warwick, at Warwick Castle; to lunch in the mysterious old dining-hall at Eton College, and be addressed by the head master; to receive some visual impression of Oxford; to be present at service in Canterbury Cathedral; to see the men-of-war at Portsmouth; to enlarge one's idea of painting by the magnificent collection at Hatfield, at the Duchess of Wellington's London house, at the Wallace Collection, at the Tate Gallery, at the National Gallery, and at Windsor Castle; to be received by the mayor of the Royal Borough of Richmond; to roam at will through the world-renowned gardens at Kew; to look up at the windows of the room in which Queen Elizabeth chided her maids and then expired; to walk through the alluring lanes at St. Albans and drink cider in one of the oldest houses in England; to be received and entertained at Dublin by Lord and Lady Aberdeen; to be driven from Paris to Versailles and back again; to hear the cries of the

beggars in London and Edinburgh, and to thank God that such was not our portion; to be guests for several days in good old English homes, where hospitality became to us a new art; to gain a new impluse and a new virtue, the virtue and impulse of tolerance; to receive some understanding of the shock that an old countryman must receive when first he encounters our common methods of living; to appreciate the value of British thoroughness and the strength of the British character; to swing out from the landing stage at Liverpool and feel ourselves moving towards home; but, above and beyond all else, to come back to Canada with the asurrance that here a great destiny awaits us, if we have learned our lessons and expanded to the full measurement that Providence is demanding of us.

HALLOWE'EN

By VIRNA SHEARD

There is an old Italian legend which says that on the eve of the beloved festival of All Saints (Hallowe'en) the souls of the dead return to earth for a little while and go by on the wind. The feast of All Saints is followed by the feast of the dead, when for a day only the sound of the *Miserére* is heard throughout the cities of Italy.

Hark! Hark to the wind! 'Tis the night, they say,
When all souls come back from the far away—
The dead, forgotten this many a day!

And the dead remembered—ay! long and well—
And the little children whose spirits dwell
In God's green garden of asphodel.

Have you reached the country of all content,
O souls we know, since the day you went
From this time-worn world, where your years were spent?

Would you come back to the sun and the rain,
The sweetness, the strife, the thing we call pain,
And then unravel life's tangle again?

I lean to the dark—Hush!—was it a sigh?
Or the painted vine-leaves that rustled by?
Or only a night-bird's echoing cry?

THE SETTLEMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA

AN ADDRESS

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LIONEL CURTIS,
MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF THE TRANSVAAL

ENGLAND, Holland and the west of Europe were the centres from which civilisation and commerce were beginning to radiate three or four centuries ago. Remembering that, and also that the newly-opened communications between Europe and the East were by sea round the Cape of Good Hope, you will begin to understand how the southern toe of South Africa began to assume great importance as the half-way house between the East and the West.

When you look at the position of South Africa on the map of the world, you will see that it differs in one fundamental respect from Canada, Australia, or India. These three countries are destinations. They are situated at the end of great commercial routes. South Africa, on the other hand, is a half-way house, and all its history has shown that it is the key to the great highways of commerce that run past it. This was particularly so in the days of sailing vessels, when voyages were long and slow, and when their crews required to land for rest and refreshment. But it is so still, in the days when steamships require to replenish their bunkers with coal.

Portugal was the first power that discovered the sea route to the East. At a very early date a Portuguese captain landed with a party of armed men at Table Bay, and, by an accident, they were massacred by a party of natives. The terror of the place occasioned by this incident led to the establishment of stations on the east at Algoa Bay and Delagoa Bay, places of little strategic importance.

The Dutch East India Company, however, soon followed in their steps, and about the middle of the seventeenth century they established a station at Table Bay and occupied the Cape Peninsula. For more than a century they held the position, although the sea power of Great Britain was steadily growing; but during that period the two countries were so fortunate as to avoid a naval war with each other.

It was during the same period, however, that the French and English embarked on their long struggle for the dominion of the East—a struggle that was won by Great Britain. At the end of the eighteenth century Holland was engulfed in the tide of the French Revolution and dragged into war with Great Britain, which immediately seized the Cape Peninsula. At the Peace of Amiens it was surrendered to Holland by Great Britain, but soon retaken when war broke out again. When the Napoleonic wars came to a close in 1815, Great Britain, while abandoning many other possessions, held tenaciously to the Cape, com-

pensating Holland by a payment of £6,000,000.

The building of the Suez Canal went far to diminish the importance of the Cape Peninsula in times of peace. But when we remember how, only a few years ago, Russia sent a great part of her fleet to Japan round the Cape, we shall see that its importance has been altered but little in time of war. Strategically, it still remains the key to the route between the East and the West, and whatever European power dominates the East must control that key. That is the stern fact which we in South Africa must face to-day.

So much for the external position of Africa. Now for the internal position. The Dutch East India Company founded this colony to dominate the coast. In the course of a hundred years the colonies multiplied and spread inland, and disputes began to develop between the settlers of South Africa and the Dutch East India Company, which ruled them from Holland. These disputes led eventually to what may be described as "the little trek." A certain number of Boers treked inland to Swelendam and Graaf Reinet, to get away from the sphere of their government, which operating from Amsterdam, did not and could not understand the colonial point of view. When the Cape was threatened by British invasion, something like rebellion was actually in progress in the hinterland.

The Dutch East India Company was mainly interested in South Africa as a naval station necessary for the conduct of their Indian trade. They did not want to extend their territories in South Africa and tried to restrict them, contrary to the wishes of the colonies who desired expansion. In 1815 the British Government took the place of the Dutch, and with foreign rulers the conflict of interest was naturally aggravated; and it is hard to say where the real blame lay. This attempt to lodge blame is at best a fruitless task. As someone has said: "Why should we so often usurp God's prerogative of blame and neglect so much men's privilege of pity?" In judging the acts of our predecessors in South Africa, let us always beware of criticising with the young wisdom of the after event; and I beg, therefore, that you will not regard me as imputing blame in any opinion I may offer as to the conduct of those who went before.

The difficulty was this: Here was the British Government, thinking first of all of its great responsibilities in India. It had to hold the Dutch colony in South Africa because that colony was the key to India, and it was humanly impossible that any government in London should understand the point of view taken by the people of South Africa themselves. You yourselves know how this difficulty arose in the case of Canada. In South Africa the difficulty was doubly great. Here you have no black population, while in South Africa every problem is complicated by the fact that there you have two nations—one black, the other white—which have now taken root side by side. Any government of that country is face to face with the eternal and insoluble difficulty of deciding what the relations of those two races to each other are to be. There, with only one white man to every seven blacks, the relation of the two races is a question which arises every day. The natives are mixed up with our whole lives. That is why our politics occupy so much more of our attention in South Africa than your politics do here. It was this difficult and delicate question which the British Government had to handle from London in the days when South Africa was still a crown colony.

Very soon after this responsibility was undertaken there began to make itself felt one of the most splendid movements in English history—the movement to confer liberty on the slaves. Between 1820 and 1840 that movement, initiated by Wilberforce, was in full swing; and, in response to

it, Great Britain decreed that the slaves owned by the Dutch in South Africa must be set free. The people of South Africa did not dissent from the principle of the movement. They agreed that slavery was an anachronism, and proposed the gradual liberation of the slaves by means of enactment to the effect that the children of every female slave should be born free. If this advice had been taken, slavery would have died out quietly in one generation. But British public opinion and the Government actuated by that opinion would not tolerate this gradual process, but adopted the view that slavery was an accursed thing and must be stopped forthwith. Slavery was, therefore, abolished at one stroke. Compensation was awarded to the slave owners, but the payment of the compensation was so mismanaged that much of it never reached its proper destination. The sudden abolition of an industrial system firmly rooted in the country led to the dislocation of industry. Social disorders followed and deep discontent began to take root in the minds of the Dutch.

It was about this period that troubles began to arise with the powerful native tribes called the Xosas, who lived beyond the eastern frontier. The colony was raided by hordes of savages who murdered the Dutch farmers and their families and drove off their stock. The result was, of course, a punitive war. British troops, aided by Boer commandoes, drove back the native tribes, invaded their territory, and annexed a portion of it to Cape Colony. These operations, at least in their latter stages, were carried on under the direction of the Governor, Sir Benjamin Durban, who reported to the Colonial Office their results and the nature of the settlement which he had made.

At this juncture there came into office a Colonial Secretary called Lord Glenelg, who had been associated with the anti-slavery movement. Lord Glenelg declined at once to ratify the settlement made by Durban, declaring that this was a case in which the conquered were right and the conquerors were wrong. He undid the results of the war and ordered the newly-annexed territory, from which the native raids had been perpetrated, to be handed back to the marauding tribes. Without question, he was prompted by motives of the most disinterested kind; but he was not on the spot and could not understand the circumstances, and it is easy to imagine the bitterness of the Boers, who had been attacked by the natives in the first instance. Naturally they felt that a government in a purely white country 6,000 miles away could not understand a question like this. They had no hope that they would be allowed to settle these matters (which they regarded as domestic matters) for themselves. The principle of self-government, which originated in Canada, had not as yet been conceived by the British Government. Many of the bolder spirits, therefore, determined to retire beyond its reach, just as in the previous century the Boers had trekked from the old settlement to escape the reach of the Dutch Government. So now they formed themselves into caravans and journeyed into the wilderness beyond the reach of British authority. To the north the frontier of the colony was undefined, but their one desire was to set a great distance between themselves and a rule which they hated and could not understand and which they believed would never be able to understand them.

This was the famous movement called "The Great Trek." The Voortrekkers, as they are called, in a series of heroic battles, broke the Zulu power and colonised the great hinterland now covered by the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal.

For a time the British Government was at a loss to know how to deal with the movement. While the hinterland was colonised by a sparse population, no settled government was established among them. Questions at

once began to arise as to whether marriages which had been contracted were legal, and as to how crimes which had been committed were to be punished and prevented. Eventually the Government attempted to follow the emigrants.

In 1848 Sir Harry Smith marched north, fought the battle of Boomplaats near Bloomfontein and established British rule as far as the Vaal River. The territory between the Orange and Vaal Rivers was erected into a separate province under the name of the Orange River Sovereignty.

But the same motives which led the Dutch East India Company to desire to restrict their frontiers then began to operate with the British Government. In their anxiety to limit their growing responsibilities they imagined that they could dominate the coast of South Africa while relieving themselves of responsibility for the interior. That was the most fundamental mistake of British policy in South Africa, for the interests of the interior can never be separated from those of the coast. Prompted, however, by these ideas, they negotiated in 1852 an agreement called the Sand River Convention, by which they acknowledged the independence of the Boer emigrants beyond the Vaal, fixing thereby the British frontier at the Vaal River. But in 1854 they went further still. Contrary to the wishes of a great portion of the population in the Orange River Sovereignty, the British Government abandoned this territory and withdrew their frontier to the Orange River, and the settlers north of that line were left to establish a republic under the title of the Orange Free State.

Now you see how South Africa came to be split up between different governments, including two republics with two foreign flags. My own view is that when once those separate flags had been allowed to take root, a civil war in South Africa was inevitable. If you question that opinion, turn to your own country. The ideal you cherish above all others is Canadian nationality and Canadian union. Now ask yourselves what your own position would have been to-day if in 1870 you had allowed an independent republic to be founded in Manitoba. Had that been done you could never have realised the present unity of Canada except at the cost of a civil war.

All this was at once realised by Sir George Grey, who became Governor shortly after the frontier had been withdrawn to the Orange River. He discussed the matter with the Government of the Orange Free State, and in 1857 the Republican Legislature deliberately petitioned him to unite them with Cape Colony in a federal union and so to bring them back once more under the British flag. This request was warmly supported by Sir George Gray. Addressing the British Government in prophetic words, he pointed out that South Africa was a country which nature had destined to be one, however you might divide it by artificial boundaries drawn on the map; and he advised Sir E. B. Lytton, then the Colonial Minister of a Conservative Government, that by federal union alone could the South African colonies be so united in action as to support themselves against the native tribes. In a further dispatch, written 19th November, 1858, he pointed out that "the Dutch were of one stock and in any great public or national question, the mere fact of calling them different nations would not make them so, nor would the fact that a fordable stream divided their territories prevent them from acting in unison."

The British Government rejected his advice, and in the end Sir George Grey, who stiffly adhered to his policy, was recalled by Sir E. B. Lytton. Eventually, however, he was allowed to return to South Africa on promising not to re-open the question of South African union. From that moment onwards, South Africa was doomed to war.

I will now try to show you some of

the practical consequences which followed from the breaking up of a country which was naturally one. Illustrations might be drawn from almost every department of South African Government and almost any event in its history since that time; so we must content ourselves with one or two typical examples.

The frontiers of the two republics and of Cape Colony were not accurately defined in all directions, especially in the central wilderness where Kimberley now stands, where the territories of all three approached one another. This was a half desert country, much of which would not support a single goat to the acre. Suddenly, about 1870, the richest diamond mines in the world were discovered in this district.

Now, suppose that Sir George Grey's advice had been taken, and that one government had been established all over South Africa which represented a majority of the South African people—just as the Government at Ottawa represents a majority of the Canadian people—then the two republics and Cape Colony would have been provinces instead of independent countries, and any boundary disputes between them would have been settled by the Dominion Government, acting on behalf of the people of South Africa themselves. The Imperial Government would have had no more to do with the question than they have to do to-day with the boundary questions which may arise between the provincial governments of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. As it was, the Imperial Government was the only power which could settle the dispute which had arise between the two republics and Cape Colony.

I am not prepared to say whether the British Government was or was not biassed in favour of the British colony, but it was simply inevitable that the two republics should believe that it was biased: and to this day the tradition survives that the greedy British power snatched these diamond mines from the two infant nations who were not strong enough to resist.

There is some reason to suppose that the Orange Free State had the best claim. But President Brand did not really want to include in his quiet, pastoral republic the restless, foreign elements of the great mining camp. He foresaw the results of an Uitlander question and withdrew the claims of the Orange Free State in consideration of a payment of £90,000.

The diamond fields were first established as a crown colony; and then, the Imperial Government having pulled the chestnuts out of the fire, the crown colony was quietly annexed to Cape Colony, which really wanted it but whose government up to that time had kept as far as possible out of the dispute. But the lesson was this, that whenever a domestic dispute arose between the different parts into which South Africa was split up, the Imperial Government was dragged in to decide that dispute, and it got itself hated in doing so. Imagine what would happen if the Imperial Government instead of the Dominion Government, had to decide disputes between two of the Canadian provinces!

Gold, like precious stones, is ever a cause of strife among men, and the discovery in the Transvaal some sixteen years later of the richest gold mines in the world led to the same results in a different way. The equipment of these mines and the feeding of the population which they began to support led to an importation of goods from oversea on such a scale as South Africa had never seen before. The various routes by which these goods came in ran through Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, Natal, and Portuguese East Africa. All these different countries began to compete for the carrying trade by equipping their ports and building railways.

The first line to get in ran from Port Elizabeth and East London, in the Cape Colony, through the Free

State to the Witwatersrand. The next was from Durban in Natal. Meanwhile President Kruger was pushing his own line on to Delagoa Bay, in Portuguese territory, which was the shortest route of all. When, in 1895, this line was opened an extraordinary situation began. Almost the whole of this line was in Transvaal territory, and it was in the interests of the Transvaal, therefore, that the goods should come over it instead of over the relatively small lengths of line which joined the Witwatersrand to the Cape and Natal systems. The railway administration of the Transvaal began by charging such rates for the forty-nine miles of line from the Vaal River to Johannesburg as would operate to drive the traffic round by Delagoa Bay. The coast colonies and the Free State had spent millions on their ports and railways, but owing to geographical features, it was within President Kruger's power to scrap the whole of this expenditure by diverting the trade to Delagoa Bay.

Cape Colony, which at that time worked the railway through the Orange Free State, tried to counter this move by carrying the goods from their terminal point on the Vaal in ox-waggons across the fords, which we call drifts, to Johannesburg. Kruger replied to this move by closing the drifts. Mr. Schreiner, who was then Attorney-General of the Cape, advised that this was a breach of treaty rights, and, if my recollection is right, the Government of which Mr. Schreiner was a member, requested Great Britain to assert these treaty rights, if necessary by force of arms, and offered in that event to defray half the cost of the war.

Here we find the Imperial power within an ace of going to war on a point which, had Sir George Grey's advice been taken, would have been purely domestic to South Africa and would have interested no one else, and would have been settled by the South African people themselves. As it was, President Kruger, who was not prepared for war at that juncture, withdrew from his position. But it is plain to anyone who looks back on the situation now that the outbreak of war was only a matter of time.

I need scarcely remind you how war was at length precipitated. The gold mines had attracted to the Transvaal an industrial population, largely drawn from Cape Colony and Natal, which, together with those who came from oversea, soon equalled in number the older inhabitants of the Transvaal. Nearly all the public revenue was drawn from their industry, but they were denied the right to vote or to have any voice in its expenditure. In other words, there came to be a standing quarrel between the burghers of the Transvaal and the outsiders who had come in from the rest of South Africa and the world outside to develop its wealth. It was a quarrel which had to be settled between two sections of the population, about equal in number, and there was no government representing the whole of the South African people to settle it. The inevitable war followed, and the whole Empire was dragged in.

We need not dwell on that war, except to consider how far it contributed to the only possible settlement of the South African question—the settlement of union. The insuperable bar to any project for South African union had been the existence of three different flags in the country; and the effect of the war was to get rid of two of these flags and leave only one. Never allow yourselves to slip into the error—an error far too common—of imagining that a flag is a mere piece of bunting. Never forget that a flag stands for the greatest of all political facts—a separate sovereignty. There were tremendous realities between those three flags in the shape of three separate sovereignties. Either South Africa had to be one, as a republic, and the British flag had to be hauled down in Cape Colony and Natal, or else the republican flags had to go and the British flag had to be hoisted in

its stead. South Africa had to be one; and the war decided that is should be one, not as a separate republic, but under the British flag.

But for the moment it decided no more. Even after the war, we had separate governments for Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal. As an official during that period, I had some opportunities of watching the results of this continued separation. Cape Colony and Natal were under responsible governments, with ministries distinctively British in sympathies. The other two were crown colonies, governed first by Lord Milner and afterwards by Lord Selborne. Now, all this time, there were questions of Customs, railway rates, and native policy in hot dispute between these governments, and there was no one who could be called upon to settle them in the last instance but the Imperial Government, 6,000 miles away.

So long as the two inland colonies were governed by an autocracy, all these questions were prevented, though with great difficulty from coming to boiling point by the personal influence of the High Commissions with the Governments of Cape Colony and Natal. But it was plain to us all that the case would be very different when the two crown colonies got responsible governments and the four democracies were left face to face. Two alternatives would then be inevitable, and two only, the renewal of open conflict or the establishment of a government responsible to the whole people of South Africa and competent to settle on their behalf any dispute which might arise between any two sections of the people.

As I have said, the native question is at the root of all South African questions, and there were many of us who felt that, if the settlement of that question was left to separate governments (as the settlement of the negro question was first left to the state Governments in America), sooner or later we should drift into civil war. South of the Orange River and the Cape Colony, the native was treated on the theory that he could be raised to the level of a white man. North of that river the white population was acting on the opposite theory that the natives must always remain an inferior race. Leave those two theories to develop side by side in the same country, and in time they will prove to be incompatible with one another; and had we not established one government competent to provide in the course of time one native policy for the whole country, I am convinced that, as in the United States, the conflict of these two principles would ultimately have led to a civil war.

That was the position when we secured responsible government; and some of us who were identified with British interests in South Africa saw that there was a great danger before us. We knew that when responsible government was established there would be Boer ministries and majorities in the Transvaal and Orange Free State. We knew, too, that a Boer government was likely to come into power in the Cape. These three governments would find that they must either embark on an open conflict with one another or set to work to unite South Africa under one government. The Boers being in power, our own people would be identified with the Opposition, and it has become the function of an opposition to oppose the policy of a government. Besides that, there was the grave danger that an attempt on the part of the three Boer governments to establish union might be construed as an attempt to re-establish a Boer republic by a side wind.

We ourselves believed that the union of South Africa was the only measure which would avail to incorporate South Africa once for all in the British Empire; but owing to the accidents of the moment there was an evident danger that this measure, emanating from the Boer governments might be opposed by the British min-

orities. This terrible danger was averted by the foresight of Lord Selborne and Dr. Jameson, who, while still in power, declared that the South African colonies could find no final settlement of their difficulties but in union. By this bold stroke they identified the Imperial cause with the cause of South African union.

But the very boldness of their action created a new danger. Though the general elections in the Cape were in sight, Dr. Jameson was still in office and a tremendous temptation was offered to the Dutch Party in the Cape House to denounce Dr. Jameson on the ground that he had invited Lord Selborne, the Imperial representative, to interfere in the domestic polities of the Cape, an interference which, owing to historic reasons, might be calculated to arouse the deepest resentment in Cape Colony. This danger was averted by the patriotism of the Dutch leader, Mr. Malan, who had advocated South African union before Lord Selborne and Dr. Jameson had declared themselves on the matter. Regarding the question as paramount and determined to keep it above party polities at a moment when party polities were unusually bitter, he took it upon himself to move a motion in the Cape Parliament in favour of South African union, and in his speech commended Lord Selborne and Dr. Jameson, his political antagonist, for the step they had taken. His motion was seconded by Dr. Jameson and it was carried without a dissentient vote. Mr. Malan, co-operating with Lord Selborne and Dr. Jameson at a critical moment, lifted the whole question of South African union above the level of party politics and saved the situation. They established a precedent which was followed in all the other parliaments of South Africa.

All parties agreed to the appointment of a convention to discuss the terms of union. We on the British side, were not in favour of any kind of union at any price. What we meant by union was government by the majority of the South African voters, and equal rights as between the voters of the two races. We stood for what we called equal rights. Space does not permit me to enter into all the intricacies of this question in order to explain in detail the different interpretations which were put on the doctrine of equal rights by the Dutch on the one side and the British on the other. The whole controversy turned on the respective claims of the populations in the towns and the country, for, unhappily, the towns are populated mainly by the British element, and the country by the Dutch. A similar controversy had raged when responsible government was granted to the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, and the British position was that the rights secured to the town populations under those constitutions must be secured to them in the constitution of South Africa. In this case the position was saved by the statesmanship of General Botha and General Smuts, who declared that although they had fought against equal rights when the Transvaal constitution was granted, for the sake of South African union they would now accept the principle; and to the last they were faithful to that pledge. At the last meeting of the Convention at Bloemfontein, the whole cause of union hung for a few days in the balance, but it was the fidelity of General Botha to his promise that saved the situation and brought it about that to-day we are united under a constitution which, by a system of automatic and periodic redistribution, guarantees that South Africa for all time shall be governed by a parliament representing a majority of the voters.

One word more. I have tried to show how, apart from any question of sentiment, union as a matter of practical politics was necessary to prevent the domestic affairs of South Africa from continuing to constitute an Imperial nuisance. But the move-

ment has had its ideal as well as its practical side, for throughout it has been a conscious effort on the part of South Africans of all races to achieve for themselves a common nationality. And in the course of this struggle we have asked ourselves again and again: What are the conditions which will enable us to achieve a real nationality? My answer is that in the long run the privileges of self-government will never beget true nationhood. That can only come from the assumption of its real responsibilities. I leave you to consider what these responsibilities are, or how they can be attained by a community like the Union of South Africa or the Dominion of Canada.

On the other hand we must always beware of closing our eyes to the hard facts and living in a fool's paradise. If you will remember that South Africa must always remain the key between the East and West, you will see how impossible it would be for South Africa really to be mistress in her own house unless she remained in the circle of the British Empire and unless that Empire continued to dominate the sea. If ever a foreign fleet should dominate our coasts, as it would if the British Empire came to an end, it would be impossible for us to realise anything better than a Cuban nationality. If only you will keep the map of the world before you and its history, you will realise that our hopes of nationality are absolutely bound up with the permanence of the British Empire.

Few of us really believe that the relations of the self-governing dominions to Great Britain, and to one another, can remain as they now are for an indefinite time. In South Africa we believe that these relations must undergo change; that either we must drift farther apart from one another or else we must draw closer together, and that on the trend of those changes will depend whether the Empire continues or ceases to be.

Though these changes are inevitable, we view them with anxiety, because we believe that our future as a nation is bound up with the British Empire. And now we begin to ask ourselves what these changes will be, and who it is that will determine their direction? Will they be determined by Great Britain? We do not think so. Great Britain (and we believe most wisely) has said to us in the Dominions: "It is you that must determine your own position to me. I have set you to control your own domestic affairs, and now I leave you to suggest how you will begin to assume the responsibility of controlling your external affairs, and what your future relations to one another and to myself are to be."

If I am right in suggesting that this problem must be left to the dominions themselves to settle, obviously it is the people of Canada who must lead the way. As the Governor-General has said, it was Canada that blazed sixty years ago the trail which Australia, New Zealand and South Africa have followed since. Canada is older and bigger than the rest of us now, and before thirty or forty years have gone, it will be much bigger than the rest of us. Speaking in Canada not long ago, a great statesman said that whenever he thought of the British Empire, so far from wishing to wave flags, he felt inclined to go into a corner and pray. That feeling is shared by most of us. Until lately and for many years past, South Africa would have been the principal subject of our prayer. Looking back on South Africa for the last three years, we are justified in lifting our hearts, not in prayer, but rather in a general thanksgiving. But turning to the unknown future again, we are still impelled by that desire to go into a corner and pray. For, if all that I have said is true, with the closing of the South African question there now opens before us the Canadian question, so that for the future the first petition of our prayer must be that Canada may know the day of her visitation.

HIS MAJESTY'S MAILS

BY FRED M. WHITE

THE journalist moved a little nearer to the man at the fireplace. For the journalist was interested, and the man by the fireplace had let drop certain hints and insinuations which seemed to have behind them the making of a story, and the journalist was not only a writer of paragraphs *per se* but a fairly well-known writer of fiction besides. He laid a half-crown on the table.

"Will you have another?" he said persuasively. "Didn't I hear you say something just now about the mail-bag robbery at Silvertown Post Office some two years ago. So far as I recollect, the matter was never properly solved."

The man in the corner grinned. Up to a certain point he had been spinning out his glass of vitriolic whisky with the faint hope that someone might come along and replace the potent fluid, and here was an obvious angel unawares. Properly told, the story might result in the aggrandisement of the journalist's entire half-crown.

He was a seedy, sodden, unsavoury little man, with swollen features picturesquely adorned with pink spots. His nose was red and damp, the deflected corners of his mouth twitched convulsively. A broken down man is a pathetic figure enough in any case, but a broken down rascal is one of the saddest sights to be sifted out from the scrap heap of humanity. The journalist's instinct was right enough. He had unerringly spotted the little man as one who, in his time, had been looked up to as one of the captains of crime.

"You was talking of Silvertown robbery," he said huskily. "So happens, guv'nor, I can tell you a good deal about it. I reckon you are one of those writing chaps. Is that so?"

The journalist admitted the soft impeachment.

"Very well, then," the little man picked up the thread again. "It was just like this. Mind you, what I am telling you now I have never mentioned to a soul before." Prefixing the whole thing with a question. "Did you ever hear of Martin Stryde?"

The journalist nodded, the name was familiar enough to him. Stryde had been a well known figure in certain circles a year or two before, but of late he had been lost sight of, and he was troubling the police no more.

"I thought you had heard of him," the little man said with a certain air of pride. "Well, about four years ago Martin Stryde was sitting in this very bar waiting for business, so to speak. He had not had much luck of late, for one or two things had gone wrong and he was getting pretty short of the ready. He was thinking of moving on when a man that he knew came in and asked for a drink of whisky. You see, you can never tell who you are going to pick up a valuable tip from, consequently Martin Stryde was pretty free handed in the way of little treats of that kind. Just casual like he asked the other if anything was going on. Then Stryde's friend he leans across the table and says with a wink of his eye:

"'What's the matter with Silvertown Post Office?'

"'I don't quite catch on, Jimmy,'

says Stryde, with a wink and a grin.

"'Well, it's this way, Mr. Stryde. The Silvertown Post Office is a small one—practically a sub-office for the dispatch of mails. There is a postmaster there and two clerks. I went in there the other night to get a stamp or two, and they were that busy they kept me waiting nearly twenty minutes.'

"'Selling stamps, do you mean, Jimmy?' Stryde asks.

"'Stamps be blowed! I tell you, Mr. Stryde, thousands of pounds' worth of parcels go through that office every day. Did you ever hear of a firm called Morgor and Ernstine?'

"'One of the biggest jewel dealers in the world, Jimmy.'

"'Well,' Jimmy goes on, 'they're making up a case for some foreign exhibition, and one of these cases will be dispatched some evening next month by registered parcel. Here's a chance for a man with a head on his shoulders. Only two small bags to pinch, and two clerks and a postmaster to deal with.'

"Stryde, his eyes glistens. Then he laughs in a careless way.

"'Have you examined the back premises, Jimmy?' he says.

"'There ain't no back premises, Mr. Stryde. There is no outlet behind at all. The Post Office used to be a shop at one time, and over it are flats let out to men by the week. It would all have to be done by the front door. The Post Office people ain't quite fools, either. It's an understood thing that the parcels to be registered should be left as late as possible, so as to have them on the premises no longer'n is necessary. A special van comes for them at ten minutes to six.'

"'Quite dark at this time of the year, Jimmy,' says Stryde.

"'Yes, sir. Well, those chaps locks the door of the counter, and as the parcels are registered they are dropped into two bags on the inner edge. Do you follow me, sir?'

"'Upon my word, Jimmy, I am quite interested,' Stryde says presently. 'Is it a narrow counter one could reach across and lift the bags in case anything happened to the gas, for instance?'

"'No, it ain't,' Jimmy he says emphatically. 'There's a strong brass grating like a metal summer-house all along the edge of it.'

"After that, Stryde he has no more to do with it. He says to Jimmy as the thing is impossible, and of course Jimmy takes this for granted. Jimmy finishes up his drink and drifts out of the bar, and out of the story, too, for that matter; and Stryde he sits there until he begins to see his way pretty clear.

"Somehow or another a lot of information concerning the Silvertown Post Office comes along in Stryde's direction the next two or three days. On one or two occasions he found it necessary to register a small parcel there. At the end of a week he posts a letter to a certain Mr. George Tatton, asking the pleasure of that gentleman's company to dinner at Hendon on Sunday evening. For Stryde he has a weakness for a little place in the country, and a nice snug shop he had of it, too. Ah, those were good days."

The man by the fireplace sighed and reached his hand out mechanically for his empty glass. The hint was not wasted.

"Well, Mr. George Tatton he turns up in due course—solemn, undertaking looking chap he was, dressed from head to foot in sober black. Sort of man who would have passed for a lay preacher or street missionary anywhere.

"'And now, Martin,' he says, 'what's your little game?'

"Stryde he goes on in great detail to speak of the information what he has got from Jimmy. There was a good deal more which might have caused Jimmy to prick up his ears if he had been present.

"'That brass trellis work is a fair knockout,' Tatton he says, after a long pause.

"But Stryde, he doesn't seem to think so. When he had finished speaking, Tatton, he so far forgets himself as to smile.

" 'You are a genius,' he says. 'Why, with an intellect like yours you might be Prime Minister. There ain't a flaw anywhere.'

"Well, for a day or two this same public-house, where we are seated now and where I don't mind having another, as you so kindly suggest, plays an important part in this little comedy. From this 'ere desirable establishment two evenings later there emerged a certain ship's fireman, Ben Barnes by name, in that state of silly drunk that leans towards a single-handed defiance of the law. Tatton was with him, and Tatton was trying to keep the fool quiet.

" 'You let me alone,' says the fireman. 'I've got money in the Savings Bank, and I mean to get it out.'

"Saying that, he lurches breezily into the Silvertown Post Office. A rare bit of luck it was getting hold of Ben Barnes, who really had money in the Post Office, and about as much to do with the story as you have. A puppet in the game, sir, no more.

" 'I want,' he says, lurching forward, 'I want my money.'

" 'You can't have your money without notice,' the clerk says curtly. 'Go away, or I'll whistle for a policeman.'

Ben Barnes he loses his head at that. He clutches at the grill, shaking it backwards and forwards, for he was a pretty powerful man, then down comes the whole thing, together with the cast iron standards supporting the railing, and a moment later the police step in and take a hand in the game. Finally they gets Barnes down on the floor and straps him to a stretcher. Tatton he discreetly disappears, and by a strange coincidence runs against Stryde, who happens to be at the end of the street on business.

" 'Well,' Stryde says, 'and how did it go?'

" 'Beautiful,' Tatton explains. 'Real artistic, I call it. Barnes fell into the trap, never suspecting anything, and there's a fine specimen of modern brass work to be sold cheap at the Post Office. They'll probably fine Barnes a couple of pounds in the morning, and compel him to make the damage good, so you had better hang about the Court to-morrow and offer to pay the fine. Also, you can find Barnes an expert workman who will repair the mischief in little less than no time. You don't want me for anything else, do you?'

"It turned out just like that. Ben Barnes he has nothing to say for himself except in the way of gratitude for Tatton, who pays his fine, and not only that, produces the workman to make good the damage. And then Barnes, like Jimmy, goes his own way, and he drops out of the story and there's an end of him."

* * *

"The same evening a new tenant moves into the industrial flat over the Post Office. A quiet looking chap he was, who appeared to have seen trouble in the past. Come to think of it, I fancy he called himself an insurance agent, and his little bit of furniture was hired from a small shop close by on the instalment system. Reuben Taylor we'll call him—not that it matters. At midnight of the first day in his new house, Taylor, he has a visitor. I won't deceive you, sir, when I tell you that the visitor was Stryde.

" 'Have you found out the lie of those pipes yet?' he asks.

"Tatton had wasted no time. Of course, you will have guessed by this time that the man Taylor was only Tatton in another name. He removes a short board from the floor, and with a candle shows out a mass of pipes below. It was a bit puzzling to Stryde, but plain enough to a skilled mechanic like Tatton.

" 'I hadn't no difficulty in locating the pipe,' says he. 'I knew they were under this floor, and that's why I took this particular room. The find-

ing of that short piece of board was a rare slice of luck. It fits so tight that I have only to stamp it down, and no one could possibly know that it had been moved.'

"'Very good,' Stryde, he says. 'All you have got to do is to wait for the signal. Count twenty slowly, *very* slowly mind, and then manipulate the pipes. The point is, are you sure you have got the right one?'

"'Of course I am,' Tatton says contemptuously. 'That's the one with the bit of red lead dabbed along the top. Loosen that head with a spanner, then comes a gush of gas into this room that will put the post office lights out like a shot. Then I'll tighten up the thread again, stamp this board down once more, and the whole blooming thing is done.'

"'Good again,' Stryde says. 'And after that?'

"'I'll have a cab waiting for me at the corner of the street. Directly the gas business is manipulated I am to get to that cab as quickly as possible. You'll bring me the bags, and then you'll make yourself scarce as soon as I have them. Then I'm to blind the trail as well as I can, and get to Hendon without delay.'

"'Mind you get a four-wheeled cab,' Stryde, he says.

"Tatton, he wants to know what the four-wheeler is for. It did not take Stryde long to explain his reasons.

"'What a chap you are,' Tatton says. 'Seems to me there's nothing you don't think of.'

"'If you listens to me carefully,' Stryde goes on, 'I can show you a way of blinding your trail so as to make everything perfectly safe. You mustn't forget that it is you they'll look for. And now the less we are seen together for the next two or three days the better. Good-night and good luck to you.'

"Nothing happens for a week or more till about six o'clock one evening, when the Post Office is at its busiest, and the small registered letter bags are nearly full. A loafer looks into the office curiously, waiting as if hesitating till the last of the confidential clerks had registered his precious packet. Then the loafer he steps into the road and sneezes two or three times violently. A second later somebody closes a window over the Post Office very gently, and at the same time a most strange and unexpected thing happens. Like a flash out goes the gas in the Post Office, and the whole place is plunged in darkness. You can imagine the clerks looking at one another and wondering what is wrong. You can imagine, too, them having their suspicions aroused, but they are not particularly brilliant youths, and it never seems to occur to them that anything has gone really wrong. When you come to think of it, there is nothing unusual in gas going out. Anyway, those clerks were not a bit alarmed, not even when a slide and rattle as of a gate being opened struck upon their ears.

"'Funny things,' says one clerk to another, 'funny that the gas is out again. Can't you smell it?'

"'Rather,' says the other one. 'Got a match?'

"'There's one in my overcoat pocket hanging just past the desk yonder. You'll find a box of vestas there.'

"Of course it takes a little time fumbling about in the dark, even when you know a place, and some two or three minutes passed before the matches were produced and the gas brackets over the counter lighted again. It didn't seem to strike those chaps as at all funny that the gas should play them a trick like that. They just looked at one another a moment, then one of them, who happened to be a bit sharper than his pal, he staggers back against the counter with his eyes fairly bulging out of his head.

"'Good heavens, Summers,' he cries, 'the mail bags have gone!'

"Summers he says nothing. He can only stand there gaping with his

mouth wide open, till presently there comes a sound of wheels outside, which means as the Post Office van has come along and the postman is waiting for the registered letters.

"'I am a bit early, gentlemen,' he says, 'anything wrong?'

"Then those two clerks come to their senses at the same time, and begin to explain simultaneously. Of course, all this takes time, and a good five minutes pass before the post messenger makes a dash for the street, yelling at the top of his voice for the police. One or two of them come along presently, and at the end of half an hour some of the Scotland Yard Division begin to drop in. I believe it was Sergeant Denton who had the case in hand. It is long ago, and I forget. But, anyway, the sergeant comes along and clears the office except for the frightened clerks and the postmaster. At the end of an hour that shrewd detective officer makes one or two what he calls important discoveries. There was a boy in the neighbourhood who happened to have seen a tall stranger with a long coat, a seedy-looking chap, come out of the Post Office with two bags on his arm. Then somebody else professes to have seen the same man give the bags into the custody of somebody else, who was waiting at the top of the street in a four-wheeled cab.

"Then the Inspector he strokes his big moustache and looks like a cat after a saucer of cream. Of course, he's got an important clue.

"'I shall lay those fellows by the heels yet,' he says; 'and now I'll go off and find the cabman.'

"Of course, they finds the cabman easy enough. But if they expected him to tell them anything they were mistaken. As a matter of fact, he hadn't got anything to say but the truth.

"'It was just like this,' he explains, 'the man comes along and orders my cab off the rank by St. Peter's Church to be at the corner of John Street by five forty-five sharp. He gets into the cab, and just as he is going to start a moment or two later, another chap comes up with a couple of bags on his arm, a tall, seedy-looking man he was, wearing a shabby ulster. Nothing passes between them, except that the bags were transferred to my cab, and then I was told to drive to Piccadilly Circus sharp. Not as I ever did get to Piccadilly Circus by a long chalk. When we were passing the Swan, in Ford Road, my man tells me to pull up, and we goes inside together, leaving another party to 'old my 'oss, and we had a drink. Then my party, out he goes, saying he has forgotten something, and that he'll be back in about ten minutes. Seeing as he had pitched half a quid on the counter to pay for the drinks, and hadn't picked up the change, why I didn't feel particularly troubled about being bilked out of my fare. 'Specially as he tells me, in a laughing sort of way, to keep the change if he doesn't come back. Well, I waited for half-an-hour or more, and he didn't come back, and I did keep the change, and that's all I can tell you about it.'

"But nobody knows, sir, till this day, and nobody will know, what Stryde was doing while the cabby waited in the public-house. But I don't mind telling you. He just goes back to the cab again and practically changes all his clothes. From under his ulster he produces a collapsible portmanteau, into which he empties the mail bags and the clothes he has just taken off. Then he fills the portmanteau with every blessed thing and steps out of the cab door, and not a blessed soul to notice him. It is an easy matter, after that, to stand at the corner of the road as if he had just come off a 'bus, and hire a hansom to take him to Baker Street Station. Once at Baker Street, he makes his way round to Charing Cross, and before morning he is on the night boat making for Calais. Before twenty-four hours are over his head he is in Amsterdam; but I don't think there

is any necessity for me to tell a smart gentleman like yourself what happened to the contents of those mail bags before Stryde turned his back on Holland. And that's the true story of the Robbery of the Silvertown Post Office."

"So that was the reason why he wanted a four-wheeled cab?" the journalist asked thoughtfully.

"You've got it first time," the man by the fireplace said. "He wanted a dressing-room. No, Stryde didn't leave anything to chance in those days. You see, he hadn't taken to drink then and always kept a clear head. If he had only kept off that accursed stuff he might be a rich man now, and I know for a fact he was very well off at one time."

"The curse of so many geniuses," the journalist said gravely. "I am greatly obliged to you for your most entertaining story, but there is still one point which seems to me to need elucidation. I presume from what you say that the ship's engineer, Barnes, was quite an innocent party. I suppose he was what you call kidded on to make that disturbance at the Post Office. It was probably Stryde's brilliant suggestion that he should pull the railing down. But why?"

The man by the fireplace chuckled. A look almost of intelligence flashed into his bleared and watery eye.

"That was the gem of the whole thing," he said. "You see, we—I mean they—could put the gas out, but there was the grating to be dealt with. So when Barnes pulled it down, and Tatton so generously repaired the mischief for him, the grating was fitted with a kind of hinge over the near end of the counter behind which the bags of the registered letters were hanging. Nobody suspected, and nobody could have found it out, unless some meddlesome person happened to raise one of the standards slightly. At any rate, there it was, and directly the gas was put out, all that was needed was for someone to sneak quietly into the Post Office, push a part of the railing back, and reach over for the letter bags. I know it sounds difficult, but, bless your soul, it was easy enough."

The journalist had no further questions to ask. He looked at his watch and rose with an explanation that he had overstayed his time already. At the same moment a detective, in plain clothes, glanced into the bar and nodded at the journalist, whom he knew slightly. Then he followed into the street, and the two walked along side by side for some little way.

"Who was my friend in the bar?" the journalist asked. "He told me a very entertaining story just now."

"I daresay," the detective said drily. "At one time he was quite in the first criminal flight. The name by which we knew him in those days was Martin Stryde."

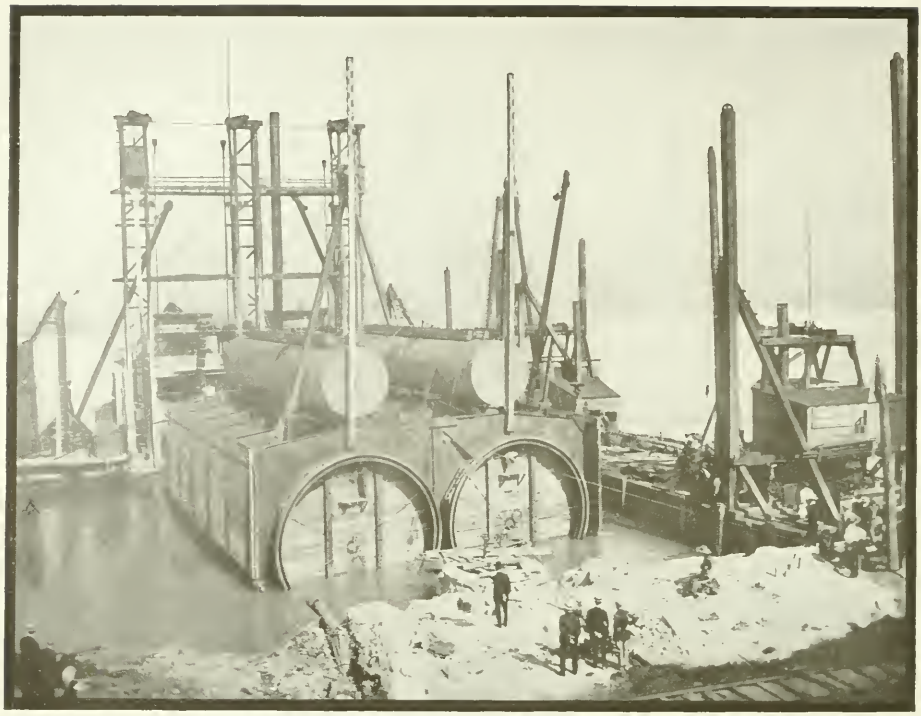
THE EASTBOUND TUBE FROM NEAR THE PORTAL ON THE WINDSOR SIDE

THE DETROIT RIVER TUNNEL

ITS ECONOMIC VALUE TO TRANSPORTATION IN CANADA

BY JAMES COOKE MILLS

IT was a long time ago that Nature's forces, in seeking an outlet for three of the great bodies of fresh water, often termed "Inland Seas," interposed the magnificent strait between level and fertile prairies on the one side and rolling areas of thick forests with vegetation of almost tropical luxuriance on the other. Although the creation of this important waterway, which is one of the most interesting features of the whole lake country of Canada, occurred in a prehistoric age, it has proved a great heritage to a people coming many centuries later. From the earliest days of lake and river navigation, with the frail birch bark canoes of the Indians and fur-traders timidly hugging its shores, through the transition of slow-sailing vessels bobbing lightly on the sluggish swells and the puffing steamboats racing from port to port, to the present age of giant ore carriers, package freighters and lake liners, this waterway has borne a large proportion of the commerce of the Northwest and the more populous sections of the east. In our day these waters, comprising the St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair, and the Detroit River, compose the greatest marine highway in the world, carrying fully seventy-five per cent. of the entire commerce of



SINKING THE LAST (THE ELEVENTH) SECTION OF THE DETROIT RIVER TUNNEL—ON THE WINDSOR SIDE

the Great Lakes. While the bulk of this commerce is of domestic receipts and shipments of the United States, a considerable proportion of water borne commerce of Canada, which exceeds twenty million tons yearly, passes between its shores.

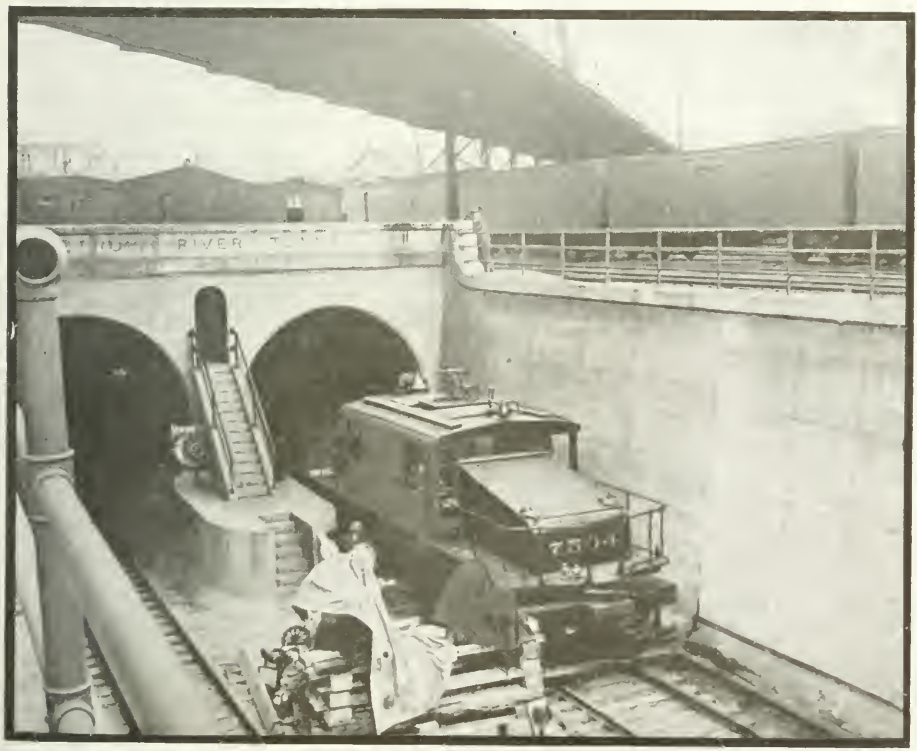
The people of Canada, and for that matter their neighbours across the border, little realise the economic value of the waterway transportation afforded by the inland seas, nor do they grasp the full significance of the great wave of shipbuilding now sweeping the country, or the vast commerce which flows through these waters in a single season of navigation of about 240 days. It totals something like one hundred million tons, three-fourths of which passes Windsor and Sarnia, and more than one-half through the great locks and canals at Sault Ste. Marie. The lake merchant marine in point of tonnage and value is more than one-half of the total under American registry, and exceeds the entire marine of every foreign country, excepting England and Germany. In considering these facts it is no wonder that the combined opposition of the vessel interests of both nations has at all times prevailed against the proposition to bridge the straits and thus create a menace to the safe navigation of the swift current always throbbing with the commerce of two prosperous countries.

On the other hand, in the economic scheme of transportation there are the great trunk lines of Canada, carrying an immense commerce originating in Montreal, Quebec, the northeastern provinces and New England, across Ontario, and combining with that of about equal volume from Toronto, Ottawa, and the Niagara frontier, all destined to the vast region to the south, west and north. Meeting this traffic is a still greater commerce of the Northwest, and of the

populous cities of the States, flowing by the most direct routes across Canada to the seaboard. The proportion of this which crosses the strait amounts to quite forty million tons yearly, about two-thirds of which pass between Windsor and Detroit. The St. Clair River tunnel at Port Huron and Sarnia, for nearly twenty years has taken all the traffic of the Grand Trunk System, which at that point flows across the borderland. Sarnia and Windsor have for more than half a century been the great cross-roads of the commerce of the lakes, and the commerce of the rail routes across Canada.

Ever since 1857, when the Great Western Railway of Canada completed its lines from Toronto and Niagara Falls to this strait connecting Lake Huron and Lake Erie, the hiatus of the swift stream has been more or less of a handicap to regular and prompt freight and passenger service. At first for about fifteen years, when the obstacle to a free and uninterrupted navigation was perhaps little felt, the international commerce was ferried across the border by breaking bulk and reloading in other cars on the other side. This was a slow, costly and wholly unsatisfactory expedient, but it was the best at that time devised. The competition between the railroads running along the southern shore of Lake Erie and across lower Michigan, and also the cheaper water transportation, finally became so keen that the old system of package ferrying at Windsor become unprofitable.

By 1872 the volume of traffic through Ontario had increased to such an extent that other means of ferrying were resorted to, and the first steam transport, the *Huron*, was built and put into service by the Grand Trunk



ENTRANCE TO THE DETROIT RIVER TUNNEL ON THE UNITED STATES SIDE

Railway. The transport took the cars, either of the freight or passenger service, on tracks running lengthways on its broad deck, by having them switched from the dock over an adjusting apron, ferried them across the river, and had them reswitched to docks there. Since that time the ferry system has grown steadily until ten large and powerful steamers, some of which are equipped with ice crushers and additional propellers under the bows, have been required to handle the traffic of nearly twenty-five million tons as well also passengers numbering more than two millions every year.

But the time came about five years ago, when even this system became inadequate to the ever-increasing traffic of the five trunk lines, and the Michigan Central Railway, which is the second important tentacle of the New York Central Lines, undertook the building of a double-tubed tunnel to connect its lines through Canada to Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Hamilton with those stretching westward to Chicago. After the incorporation of the Detroit River Tunnel Company, following necessary legislation by both the United States and Canada, a thorough organisation was perfected by the Advisory Board of Engineers This consisted of W. J. Wilgus, chairman, chief engineer of the New York Central Railway; H. A. Carson, consulting engineer, builder of the Boston subways, and W. S. Kinnear, chief engineer and assistant general manager of the Michigan Central Railway, who had previously been superintendent of the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo Railway. Benjamin Douglass was appointed assistant chief engineer, in charge of construction. The preliminary work, such as drawing of plans and specification and drilling of test holes in the bed of the river along the proposed site to determine the underlying strata formations, was at once started, and had so far proceeded that contracts for construction of the tunnel were let to Butler Brothers, of New York, in July, 1906.

After four years of steady progress of the work, in which the highest engineering skill has been displayed, the tunnel is now completed, and a great volume of eastbound and westbound traffic has been turned through its twin tubes. Its completion emphasises in a most pronounced way the great strides being taken toward economic transportation, and that spirit of twentieth century progress, which spends millions of dollars to effect the saving of minutes of time. No engineering work has been undertaken in the Great Lakes country since the building of the Sault Ste. Marie canal and locks, which is of so great economic value to transportation routes of both Canada and the United States. The Detroit River tunnel cuts off more than a half-hour from the schedules of fast limited and express trains between the east and the west, and effects a saving of from three to twelve hours in the case of through freights. It has reduced the cost of handling the immense traffic flowing across the border by at least seventy-five per cent., and has retired the slow but spectacular ferry transports from service in the busy river. There will be no more scenes in which the powerful transports are stuck fast in the ice-floes in the dead of winter, sometimes from eight to twelve hours at a time, with a limited train on their decks, or of delayed stock trains or those loaded with dressed beef or other perishables. All trains, not only those of the Central, but of all other trunk lines, now run intact over the unbroken lines of track across the international border. They dip down deep into the earth, far below the river's bed, and rise to the surface of another country in from seven to eight minutes.

But aside from the great economic value of the tunnelway in supplanting the wasteful and slow, though spectacular, ferry system, it is a notable engineering work reflecting the

TYPE OF LOCOMOTIVE USED IN THE TUNNEL. IT WEIGHS 100 TONS, HAS 1,500 HORSE-POWER, AND CAN DRAW 1,000 TONS IN THE TUNNEL

skill and ingenuity of the engineers in the field and of the contractors. The construction plans involved principles of engineering hitherto untried on such a scale, and required more constant daring, more spectacular adroitness, and more resourceful ability than is generally necessary in such work. The Detroit River tunnel is different from all other tunnels, as the scheme of its construction was an entire departure from the methods used in previous tunnel work. None of the experience gained from drilling the rock could be used. Nor was that which came from the shield-driven bores of the Hudson or the St. Clair tunnels of any avail. For many months problems of perplexing difficulties were worked out by the advisory board and the engineers in charge of the work, and to them have fallen the laurels of success—the triumphant achievement of a remarkable engineering feat.

Instead of forcing great steel shields through the tough blue clay of the river bed, which is the method usually employed, a wide trench was excavated in the bed of the river extending from bank to bank, a distance of 2,622 feet, and to a depth of eighty feet from the surface of the stream. The river along the tunnel site varied in depth from twenty-two to fifty feet, and the material, consisting of slime, mud, solid refuse, and blue clay, was removed by dredges using the common type of dipper and clam-shell buckets. As the trench was completed to grade, pile drivers followed and drove rows of long piles down through the firm stratum of clay almost to the bottom, and divers secured heavy crossbeams of solid timbers to them. This was for the purpose of affording a firm support for the tubes, while they were being encompassed by a thick layer of concrete. Gravel was then laid to a depth of two feet on the bottom of the trench to form a proper footing for this material.

The twin-tube sections were built on land at the St. Clair shipyards, their ends were plugged with air-tight bulkheads of wood, and they were launched sideways into the river, like the practice with the lake marine.

They were 260 feet long, and twenty-three and a half feet in inside diameter, and had transverse diaphragms of steel every eleven and a half feet around the outside to strengthen and bind them together. The material used in their construction was ⅜-inch steel plates, and the sides were built up with three-inch oak planks as a form, with a space of from three to five feet within, for the concrete. Each double-tubed section weighed about six hundred tons, and, with a draft of only six feet, was easily towed by a tug the distance of forty-eight miles to the tunnel site and floated over the exact position intended for it.

When everything had been made ready for sinking the section, the valves in the bulkheads were slowly opened, and as the water entered the mass settled steadily by the force of gravity until submerged, the further descent to the crossbeams being controlled by the air-chambers, sixty feet in length and ten feet in diameter, secured to the top, and also by the powerful cranes operated on floats anchored alongside. To determine the exact position of the sections when far beneath the surface, steel uprights were bolted to the ends of the sections, and these enabled the engineers to bring the tubes into exact alignment with the centre line of the tunnel, and to place them on the temporary foundation of piling. Then divers went down to the bottom of the trench to examine the bearings of the tubes on the crossbeams, and where necessary they inserted slim plates to insure even and uniform weight on each, thus removing all strains on the tubes themselves.

There then devolved on the divers, who worked away down in the trench with eighty feet of water over them, a most particular task—a work that meant so much. It was the joining together or connecting up of the section with the one previously sunk, and this required the greatest skill. They had to be bolted together with huge bolts, the burs of which were too massive to be turned up by hand, and the joints had to be made water-tight. When built, each tube was provided with a steel sleeve which slipped over the end of the tube already in place. The sleeve had a flange to bear against a shoulder on the tube between which was inserted a wide rubber gasket nearly twenty-five feet in diameter. Another shoulder on the other tube fitted snugly against a similar flange on the sleeve, with a like gasket between. When all was ready, the burs, or nuts, were turned up by a power appliance operated from above, and the water was pumped out of the space thus left, which was three inches by eighteen inches. When the joint had been made water-tight, the space was filled with a grout of pure cement, by forcing it in through a flexible pipe from the scow above, until it came out of another pipe also connected, which was evidence that the space was completely filled.

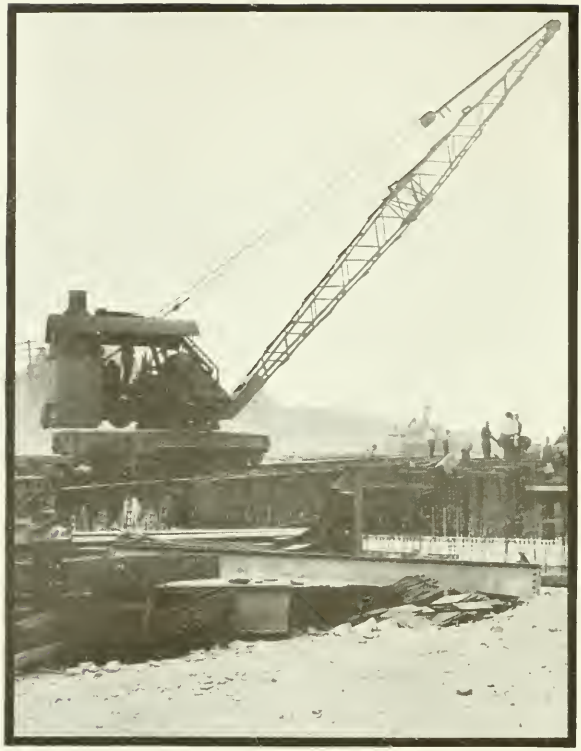
At this stage of the work the big scow with the concrete mixers was anchored over the tubes and made as stable as possible in the swift current of the straits, the surface of which is constantly churned into short, choppy waves by the passage of the wonderful procession of lake freighters, express steamships, excursion and ferry boats, and pleasure yachts of every description. This entrancing stream is, indeed, the very heart of the wonderland. The concrete mixers of approved design were supplied with the necessary ingredients by automatic machinery, and the product was deposited in exactly the desired spot by special chutes, which prevented the concrete from becoming saturated with water, until it reached the intended place. Thus a solid mass of artificial stone was built from the bottom of the trench, around and between the tubes, and covering them to a thickness of five feet. The trench was then filled in around the plank backing with blue clay, and the whole covered with a

VIEW OF THE YARDS AT WINDSOR, JUST OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL

layer of rip-rap, or crushed stone, to a depth of two feet. This was done to protect the concrete from the action of the current and from the anchors of the lake and river craft passing overhead.

While this work was going on, other gangs of concrete mixers were busily engaged within the tubes forming the actual tunnel itself, which is a ring of reinforced concrete lining the inside of the steel tubes. The water had been pumped out and the inner bulkheads removed and galleries built up inside so that the operations within proceeded like clock-work. The inside ring of concrete is of sufficient strength to sustain all stress and strains of the heaviest trains of 2,000 tons passing through the tunnel; the steel tubes are the waterproof shields, while the outer layers of concrete and clay backing, with the rip-rap on top, are additional measures of strength, and they protect the shields from the corrosive action of water, thus providing a most liberal factor of safety. In all there are ten of these steel sections and one short section about sixty feet long, completing the subaqueous or river tunnel.

The tunnel within has a clearance of eighteen feet from the rails to the top of the arch, and a width across the centre line of sixteen and a half feet. The sides are built up perpendicularly for about five feet from the ties, to form benches to accommodate the trackmen, and afford an exit from the tunnel above the tracks. The benches are two and a half feet wide and are reached from the tracks by ladders built in the concrete wall at intervals of twenty-five feet, and made flush with the surface. The open drain between the rails takes off the water from seepage, and that used to wash down the sides keeps the interior in a state of glistening whiteness, and discharges it into a sump, or concrete well, at the bottom of the slopes, from which it is pumped out to the surface. Other sumps at each end of the subaqueous section and at the portals, receive the drainage from those portions of the tunnel. These sumps are of sufficient capacity to relieve the tunnel of the maximum rain-



LARGE LOCOMOTIVE CRANE, WITH LONG ARM, USED IN CONSTRUCTION WORK

fall of this region, and are pumped out at intervals by pumps actuated by electric motors.

Near the Detroit side the western slope runs off on a level stretch of about 1,000 feet, or the length of four sections of the tubes, whereupon the eastern slope begins. The eastbound traffic is much heavier than the westbound, the former taking a one-and-a-half per cent. grade, while the latter traffic, comprising many empty cars, takes a two per cent. grade. The two curves in the tunnel are 2,600 feet long, with a maximum curvature of two degrees. Perfect ventilation in the tubes is provided for by the twin-tube shafts at either end of the subaqueous section. The trains running through each tube in one direction create strong currents of air which are drawn in through the shafts and forced out at the portals. The tubes are well lighted by glow lamps placed every twenty-five feet and hooded against the direction of the trains, so as not to blind the engineers.

The land or approach sections of the tunnel were constructed on plans well established by engineering practice, an improved design of shields, cutting about three-fourths of the circumference of the bore, which was twenty-three feet in diameter, being employed. Shafts were first sunk at each river bank and drifts were run east and west until they met other drifts run in opposite directions from shafts a quarter of a mile inland. Other drifts were started from these shafts and continued out to the sites of the portals. The centre wall for the tubes was then built up of solid reinforced concrete, to the full height or a little above the point where it curves on each side to form the arches, and the

inside benches were formed as the work proceeded. This wall, seven feet in thickness and about twelve feet in height, was the segment of the circle, and upon it was hung the shield forming the rest of the circle, the cutting end of which was forced through the tough, blue clay of the heading by powerful hydraulic jacks, which ever so slowly, but positively pushed the shields onward toward the portals. As the excavation proceeded, concrete gangs built up the outside wall and the arched roof, giving the top a waterproof covering of tar asphalt and felt, and surmounting the whole with a layer of brick laid in cement. The land and river sections were connected by building cofferdams on each side, and when unwatered the workmen were able to accomplish this difficult and hazardous part of the undertaking.

At intervals of two hundred feet there are passageways through the centre wall of the land sections, thus affording communication from one tube to another for the trackmen and inspectors. The length of the tunnel from portal to portal is 7,960 feet, which, with the open cuts measuring 4,840 feet, gives the tunnel a total length of nearly two and a half miles. The tracks come out from the tunnel portals and reach the summit of the slopes exactly on a line with the main tracks of the Central. On the Detroit side this point is a little less than a mile from the river, while on the Windsor side it is about a quarter over the mile, due to the less gradient of the eastern slopes.

The substation, which is located near the shafts on the Detroit River front, is the centre of mechanical activity for the whole tunnel system. It is here that the electrical energy for the movement of trains and the operation of auxiliary machinery is conserved and distributed to the network of third rails, which carry it to the electric locomotives in tunnel and switching yards. The long, brick structure, with its high, broad windows, was built in two sections, one which contains the generating units and some small machinery, together with a long switchboard, while the other section of two floors holds the immense storage battery. The initial current is furnished by the Detroit Edison Company from their great power plant, at an economic rate, and transmitted to the sub-station through four cables running in underground conduits. The current commercially supplied is an alternating current of 4,400 volts, three-phase, and, to convert it to a direct current at 650 volts suitable for tunnel traction, two large converters of the usual type are employed, with the continuous current generators mounted on the same shaft as the alternating current motors. The generators are of one thousand kilowatts each. The current goes to the third rail system through underground cables to the tunnel shaft and thence down to the rail connections. They are then carried with all other wiring along conduits in the bench walls, and connections made at the Windsor shaft. A transformer is used for the small motors operating water pumps, fire pumps, blowers, and heaters for the battery rooms.

The storage battery is a most important part of the electrical plant. It conserves the electrical energy when the load on the feed cables is light, or is surplus, so to speak, and discharges its accumulated energy when the draw on the cables is heavy. The switches from one to the other are regulated by a booster which changes the charge to a discharge or the opposite as the load varies. It is thus clear that when several or all of the locomotives are at rest or drawing lightly on the direct and continuous current, the energy not being used is not wasted, but is stored against the time, and may be a moment later, when nearly all the locomotives will be running heavily, and needing all the power available. It is a great economic feature, and it insures a uni-

form operation of trains in the tunnel and yards. It is also an economiser in power bills, since the minimum rate is based on the uniformity of the load on the feeders from the Edison plant. Although of costly installation, it saves the investment in and operation of at least two additional generating units and the power required for them. Even at the low price of electric power in Detroit, which rendered the construction and equipment of an initial generating station for the tunnel impracticable, the electrical energy used continuously, twenty-four hours every day, month after month, amounts to a considerable outlay for operating expense. The battery will discharge at its full capacity 3,480 amperes an hour, or at the rate of 5,040 amperes for a period of twenty minutes.

The electric locomotives here used are of an approved type, and they show the highest efficiency of all yet evolved for tunnel traction. Although somewhat less powerful, as indicated by the term horse-power, than those in use by the New York Central Railway in and about New York City, they develop a much greater drawbar pull in relation to the electrical energy expended. This is, after all, the prime factor in the movement of heavy trains up a one-and-a-half per cent. grade almost one and a half miles in length. The measure of energy as expressed by the term horse-power runs to high figures, relatively speaking, when utilised in great speed, hence the greatest efficiency in tunnel traction is not so much a matter of high indicated horse-power as of effective drawbar pull. The maximum tonnage efficiency of these locomotives is one thousand, with a favourable tonnage of nine hundred; but in order to haul the heaviest through trains unbroken across the border, and rush them on to their terminal, two of the electric locomotives are coupled together by the usual system, and one engineer controls the movements of the train. At an average speed of twenty miles an hour in the tunnel shipments of live stock dressed beef and other perishables, together with high-class merchandise, are not subjected to more than a slight delay in crossing the borderland.

The engineers to run the electric locomotives were selected from the old and experienced men on the honour rolls of the company, and they, under special arrangement with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, received thorough training by actual service in the handling of the locomotives. For it is held that all trains running through the tunnel should be under the guidance of trusty men long experienced in the careful handling of trains. The expert knowledge of electrical science, although desirable, is not regarded as a necessary qualification in the careful and proper running of such trains. There are rather those qualities of splendid daring and courage, instant decision, and resourceful action with calm judgment, which characterise the engine-drivers on the road, that are held as the most important considerations. Although one man controls all the movements of a train by the controlling devices within arm reach of his station, there are always two men on the locomotive, as required by the Interstate Commerce Laws. The electrical equipment and the tracks are under the care and charge of experienced electrical engineers, on whom rests the responsibility of the physical condition of each unit.

The safety devices installed in the tunnel for the protection of life and treasure, and which render the passage of the tubes as free of danger as upon the surface, have been well planned and are most complete. The element of fire, as remote as the danger may seem at first thought, has been fully considered, and a six-inch water main runs through each tube from portal to portal. At intervals of two hundred feet there are hose connections, and reels of one hundred feet of two-inch fire hose hung in the pas-

sageways between the tubes, so as to be convenient to both. These pipelines are kept full of water and ready for instant use. A complete fire alarm system, with boxes every two hundred feet in each tube, is also installed. The simple breaking of a small glass gives an electric warning to the attendants in the sub-station, who at once put the fire pump connecting the mains, into action. Field telephones compactly built in metal boxes are placed at each portal and at the foot of the shafts for quick communication with the sub-stations, from which connections are made with the city exchanges. Block signals for the safe operation of trains are placed four hundred feet from the portals and at the summits. An arm at "caution" gives the right to advance to the next block, while an arm at "clear" gives the right to proceed to the summit of the slope on the other side.

Since the summit of the western slope in the Detroit yards is one and a half miles from the passenger terminal station on the water-front, which location entails a switch-back with a loss of at least ten minutes to each through train, a mammoth passenger station to accommodate all the railroads centering in Detroit, is being constructed adjacent to the tracks and a little beyond the summit. The passenger switching yards and storage tracks to the west of the station will be electrified so that all movements of trains and cars will be by that power. On the Windsor side an entirely new freight switching yard has been built a mile farther east of the old yard, and it is fully electrified and lighted by electric arc lamps at short intervals. The total investment of tunnel, new stations, and electrifying of both switching yards, as well as of the electrical equipment of the latest approved type, will foot up to nearly twenty millions, but it is fully justified by the ever-increasing commerce of the Great Lakes.

GIVE ME A DAY

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Give me a day, beloved, that I may set
A jewel in my heart—I'll brave regret,
If, on the morrow, you shall say "forget."

One golden day when dawn shall blush to noon
And noon incline to dark, and, oversoon,
My joy lie buried 'neath a rounded moon.

Only a day—it's worth you scarce could tell
From other days; but in my life 'twill dwell
An oasis with palm trees and a well!

THE EXAMINATION THAT EXAMINES

BY C. M. SINCLAIR

THE "Official Case Examination," which is held once a year is of supreme importance to six hundred or more railway mail clerks scattered from Halifax to Vancouver. It means to them that unless they successfully pass there will be no increase in salary, no promotion, and it may mean an actual decrease in salary or even dismissal from the service. So it is a real test.

Apart from the consequences likely to result from failure to pass, the examination itself is a most trying ordeal. Whilst written examinations are, in a general sense, searching, still there are some avenues of escape left open. Take papers in history and literature. A candidate may, and indeed often actually does, spread his scanty stock of information over several sheets, thus giving a semblance of knowledge, though, of course, a clever examiner will soon detect the shoddy. Even in extra subjects like mathematics, a candidate gets some credit—and quite rightly so—if the right methods are employed, even if the results are incorrect. But, in this cold-blooded, pitiless, unwavering case examination nothing counts but the absolutely correct answer. There is no middle ground, no side-stepping, no padding out, no bluffs, nothing but the real goods accepted. It is the one examination that examines.

When Sir William Mulock took hold of the Post-Office Department in 1896, one of his first moves was the organisation of the railway mail service as a separate branch. In the course of his reorganisation it was found that, while the railway mail clerks were a hard-working and conscientious lot of men, the majority of them did not know many of the post-offices remote from their own runs. Thus, the men on the run from London to Wingham would know all about that route and its local geography, but possibly very little about the run from Ottawa to North Bay. Why should they? Because it might happen (in fact is almost sure to happen) they will come across letters for the Ottawa and North Bay route. If they are acquainted with the exact distribution, viz., where those offices receive their mail from, then they can tie the letters up in a package, label it "Ottawa and North Bay," and this package will go direct to that mail route. But, if they are not acquainted with them, the chances are that the letters will go into their "Toronto Distribution" package and be delayed till the next train.

Accordingly, it was determined that all the railway mail clerks in Canada must pass a stiff examination every year they remained in the service, until sixty years of age should be reached, after which they should be exempt. Ninety per cent. must be taken on this examination annually, otherwise there is no promotion in salary. To fall below sixty per cent. means that the examination must be taken again in three months. To long continue around fifty or sixty per

cent. means a reduction of salary and eventually dismissal. In other words, the regulations are so framed that every railway mail clerk must be able to instantly recognise every post-office in his province, no matter how remote, and know exactly how each receives its mail. When the reader is told that Ontario has nearly 3,800 post-offices, some idea will be gained of the work a railway mail clerk has before him. In fact, at first sight and even after months of study, it seems an utter impossibility to memorise 3,800 different locations. Many have given it up in disgust. But nearly everything yields to persistent plugging. Gradually men train their minds so that a name calls up a location.

It was genuine hardship at first—the writer himself went through all the stages—but to-day any average railway mail clerk will tell you instantly where any post-office in his province receives its mail. If you doubt this statement, test it for yourself. Can you wonder then, that there exists a pardonable pride among the railway mail clerks at this extraordinary state of efficiency. So far as the writer knows, theirs is the only calling that has to "make good" every year through a most difficult examination.

The examiner is Mr. T. T. Hawkins, formerly a railway mail clerk himself; in fact, no one but a railway mail clerk possesses the technical requirements of the case examiner. Mr. Hawkins knows every move in this process from A to Z. The clerk gets all the credit that is his due, but not a fraction or even a repeating decimal more. Neatly piled up on the table are 1,500 cards, each one scarcely half as large as the regulation postcard and bearing the name of an Ontario post-office—no two cards alike. These 1,500 post-offices have been previously picked out by the examiner from Ontario's 3,800, and you may be certain they cover every mail route and all the chief distributing points in the province. Another thing you may be certain of is that all the difficult ones—and there are just scores of them—all the catchy ones, all the similarities in names, all the twisters will be there—trust Examiner Hawkins for that.

Convenient to the 1,500 cards you are to be tested on, is the case itself, a square frame of 100 pigeon-holes or boxes, each one labelled at the top with the name of an Ontario mail route or chief distributing point, no two being labelled alike, of course. The examiner asks you now to examine the case yourself and see whether the labelling, the light, and the placing of the case all suit you. You see, he wants no complaint after you once start to sort the cards, since he counts every minute from start to finish against your official record. If there is anything to be altered now is the time, before the start. Then he asks you if you are ready to begin sorting. If you say you are, he tells you the time to a minute, he also asks you to look at your own watch, no later objection there either. He marks the time of starting down opposite your name on his list and you are off at last on the annual test that is to determine whether you get your statutory increase of $50 a year or not.

In the railway mail service the different railroads are not known as "Grand Trunk," "Canadian Pacific," "Canadian Northern," but by the terminal points between which the mail clerks run. Thus "Toronto and London" means the Canadian Pacific Railway morning mail train west out of Toronto; "London and Windsor" the morning mail train on the Grand Trunk Railway east out of Windsor; "Bridgeburg and St. Thomas" the morning Michigan Central Railway mail train west out of Bridgeburg. Remembering, too, that the eastern terminal is always given first in roads running east and west, like "Hamilton and London," "London and Walkerville," and the southern terminal first in roads running north and south, like "Port Dover and Hamil-

ton," "Hamilton and Collingwood," you will be able to comprehend better the rather intricate labelling of the case.

With these matters understood you will now be able to begin sorting the 1,500 cards, and it may be that your first card will be "Palgrave." This office receives its mail from the "Hamilton and Allandale" mail route, also from the "Hamilton and Collingwood," so if you put it in either of those boxes, the examiner will count it as correct, but put in any other box or not put it in a box at all and it counts one card against your record.

Now multiply by 1,500 the memory strain involved in telling which box Palgrave should be sorted into and you have the case examination in a nutshell. Fifteen hundred times you have to search through your brain crannies to get the correct solution of 1,500 problems, no two of which have any relevancy to each other. This is a unique feature of the case examination, since in all other examinations there are certain types or formulas which, once mastered, give a clue to the solution of others.

In algebra, for example, let a person become familiar with the well-defined types used in factoring, and he has a key that will open many other doors with a little ingenuity. But in this case examination there are no types, no relevancy to preceding examples, no formulas, nothing but just sheer memory to locate each post-office individually. If you knew a dozen post-offices nearly like Palgrave, that fact would not help out in locating Palgrave itself.

In fact, it would be a hindrance, since one of the greatest difficulties at the case examination is the similarity of post-office names. Everton has only one letter different from Egerton, yet one goes in the Guelph box, the other in Mount Forest. Fernlee and Fernleigh sound very similar, but Sud. and Soo claims one, Sharbot Lake and Renfrew the other. Glenallan and Glenannan look alike, but Examiner Hawkins would laugh softly to himself if he found them both in your Orangeville and Teeswater box, or if you got Fraserburg tangled up with Fraserville. Oro Station is only one letter away from Oso Station, but at the case examination they have not even a bowing acquaintance. There are scores of other similarities, for example, there are fifty "Glens," thirty-eight "Mcs. or Macks," seventeen "Rocks," thirteen "Greens," six "Halls," nine "Oaks," twelve "Elms," four "Balsalms," three "Beeches," twelve "Woods," thirty-three "Norths," twenty-six "Souths," eight "Easts," and six "Wests."

There are some curious studies in psychology, too, in the case examination. Nobody mixes Erie up with Erie, but nearly everybody gets Grennon and Brennen tangled. Neither is it because they are longer words, because such names as Wikwemikong, Windernoya, Minnicoganashene offer no special difficulties. Or again, why should this combination of post-office names be so difficult to keep separate from each other?—Halls Bridge, Halls Lake, Halls Mills, and Silver Lake. Or this?—Balsalm Hill, Oak Hill, and Balsalm Grove.

Our sub-consciousness has to be guarded against as well. For example, Kilmartin was formerly served by the London and Windsor route, it is now served by St. Thomas and Courtright. At the case examination the memory, through constant drilling, will be saying "St. Thomas and Courtright," but the hand with the Kilmartin card will be moving towards the London and Windsor box, unless specially watched, thus proving that the old has a stronger claim than the new.

But we will answer now that you have finished sorting your 1,500 cards —the examiner meantime has not interfered with you in any way, leaving you free to work out your own salvation or undoing, as the case may be. Now, however, you signify that you

have finished. He looks at his watch and tells you how long you have taken, and asks you to confirm it by your own watch. You have voluntarily surrendered the case into his hands as being the best you can do with the 1,500 cards. You must not alter the location of one card; it is his turn now.

He starts at the lower right-hand corner, at Woodstock, and takes out all the cards you have sorted into that box. He runs them over, rapidly but unerringly. If they all properly belong to that box, he sets them aside. If, however, he finds any that have no business there, he instantly draws your attention to them. Nobody placed them there but yourself; they count against you, and he places them in a separate pile. Then he takes the next box above, Windsor. The same process is repeated, and thus on, box by box, row by row, till the last box on the upper left-hand corner (Allandale and Meaford) is reached.

The little pile of incorrect cards represents the worst he can say about you, since its size determines whether you get promotion or not. Slowly he counts them over, then he hands them to you to count. He will say that you have twenty-five cards incorrect and 1,475 correct. A moment's figuring, and he tells you your per cent., 98.33. You have passed very well, providing your time has not been too slow.

But you are not through with Examiner Hawkins yet, at least, he is not through with you, for he hands you a slip of paper with five or six written questions on train connections. It does not seem to be generally known that the railway mail clerks are expected to know not only the exact distribution of every post-office in their provinces, but also the train connections and junctions.

Here is a sample of the time-connection questions from the 1909 examination: "A letter, posted at Attwood, 1 p.m., for Mitchell, should reach its destination when, and by what routes?" As Attwood and Mitchell are only sixteen miles apart, this looks easy, but it is really intricate. The letter must go 300 miles to make the sixteen, the aim of the railway mail service being the quickest route, not the shortest.

Here is the correct answer: Attwood should send it to the Palmerston and Kincardine train at 1.20 p.m. They should take it up to Wingham and deliver it to the Orangeville and Teeswater train, which should send it at Orangeville to Cataract Junction by baggage-car, where it should be picked up by the Toronto and Elora men, who should deliver it to the Hamilton and Allandale train at Inglewood Junction. The Hamilton and Allandale clerks should hand it over to the Toronto, St. Mary's and London at Georgetown, where it should be delivered to the Brantford and Goderich train at Stratford, and the clerks there should land it safely in Mitchell at 10.45 p.m., a triumph for train connections. Attwood, of course, has a direct mail route with Mitchell, but not after 1 p.m. That is what so involves the work. As a rule, the railway mail clerks are the best authorities available on this subject. Mr. John A. McKay, who runs on the London and Canfield Junction route, is probably the best-posted guide in Ontario, not counting the railway maps.

Now, then, how fares it with the average railway mail clerk in this strenuous examination? Surprisingly well, everything considered. Some there are who cannot make the required 90 per cent., some again take a long time to sort their 1,500 cards. One man is said to have taken four and a half hours in the 1909 examination—a bad case of getting rattled. On the other hand, the vast majority of the men pass the 95 per cent. mark, a considerable number reach 99 per cent., and a few—mighty few—make the perfect mark, 100 per cent., with every card of the 1,500 in its correct box. Some really remarkable records have been made, but space will permit

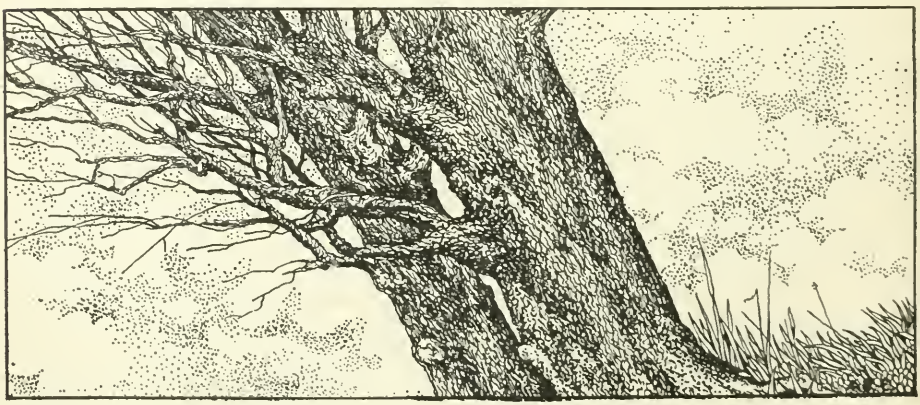
of only two instances here, the results of hard, persistent plugging.

Mr. D. J. McLean, who runs on the Bridgeburg and St. Thomas route, has taken over 99 per cent. every year since the examination was introduced. In 1906 he made 100 per cent., and in 1908 100 per cent. again in the quick time of forty-seven minutes.

Mr. H. W. Farrow, who runs on the St. Thomas and Windsor route, has made an even more wonderful record in some respects. He, too, has always passed 99 per cent., and he also has reached the 100 per cent. twice. At one examination (1908) he actually sorted the 1,500 cards, using no labels on the 100 boxes to distinguish them apart, the nerviest feat yet. At the examination of 1906 Mr. Farrow set a new—and probably lasting—record for speed sortation in Canada: 1,500 cards in thirty-two minutes, 1,496 of them correct.

Both these men were trained to the minute to make such records. Mr. Farrow says: "Unless one knows at first glimpse the difference between opposites like Playfair and Fairplay he is almost certain to misplace one or both. In sorting with speed, to falter, for an instant even, on any such combination would not only lose precious time, every moment of which is being recorded against you, but it would most likely put you in the air and affect your whole examination. It would deal a blow to your self-confidence, where to lose your nerve means to be out of the running. In speedy sortation the eye must be sure, the brain clear and at high tension, the hand true in its direction. Beginners should study the distribution with the aid of a map, in order to get the locations definitely fixed, and no one whose eyesight is impaired in the slightest degree need try for the high speeds." These are the boiled down conclusions of a man who worked at his case for months together till he could almost sort a card a second.

In conclusion, you may ask me, Where is the necessity of all this strenuousness and these nerve-racking examinations? Here is the necessity: You want your letters delivered promptly, so does everybody else. To-morrow will not answer nearly as well as to-day. That is the railway mail clerk's business in life, that is what he is paid for, that explains the need of, and justification for, the "Examination That Examines."



THE GOLDEN NICKEL PLATE

CANADA'S MOST PRODUCTIVE LODE GOLD MINE, WHICH OWES ITS DEVELOPMENT TO THE FEUD OF TWO MILLIONAIRES

BY HAROLD SANDS

SNUGLY packed in the arms of parallels forty-nine and fifty, and between the Cascade Mountains and Okanagan Lake, lies the region with the captivating name of Similkameen, otherwise known as the California of Canada. This section of British Columbia has many claims to fame, but not the least of its attributes is that within its borders is the most productive lode gold mine in Canada.

In early days the Similkameen had its placer mines and all the attendant excitements. The happy-go-lucky miners of those times soon exhausted the wealth of the streams and threw away as valueless quantities of platinum. They talked vaguely of the "mother lode," as all placer men do, but they paid no attention to what the late Doctor Dawson called the "striped mountain." Red-stained, contorted foldings seemed to invite them to explore the mysteries of Twenty-mile Canyon, but they gave no thought to the riches concealed in the bare-ribbed cliffs. They were after placers, what did they care for lodes!

And so, when the diggings gave out, the Similkameen became known, not as a mining country, but as a "Pastoral Arcady," as Major A. Magraw, a pioneer newspaperman, once happily described it. The frontiersmen devoted themselves to stock-raising and to ranching on a large scale, devoting their leisure hours only to recounting tales of lost mines and of the days when gold was the magnet that drew them to the land of sunshine.

Then came Doctor Dawson to tell the cattle kings that within their marvellous land Nature had prepared, in ages gone by, ideal conditions for the deposition of mineral wealth and had accomplished some splendid topographical engineering to afford first aid in winning the ores. But the pioneer cattlemen argued that to make a success of mining required means of transportation, which were not forthcoming. Therefore they stuck to their beeves which, having legs of their own, could cover the hundreds of miles of difficult trail necessary to reach the outside world, where the demand was.

However, after a while, prospectors began to set stakes in the mountains and the new era opened. Two, named Wollaston and Arundel, located in August, 1898, the *Nickel Plate*, *Sunnyside* and two other claims. M. K. Rodgers, agent for Marcus Daly, turfman, copper king and political boss of Montana, was attracted to the property. Only fifty dollars' worth of work had been done upon it, but he bonded it for $60,000 on behalf of his millionaire employer and himself.

And then, although Hedley, as the new camp was called after one of the pioneers of the district, was situated far from railroads, Rodgers started to

develop what in twelve years has become the most productive lode gold mine in the Dominion.

Machinery and supplies had to be hauled in by freight teams from Penticton, fifty-two miles distant. Roads had to be built, the mountain conquered by tramways and colossal difficulties overcome. But the ore was there and a man who could command unlimited money had faith in the camp. He was justified in his belief and Hedley, in fact the whole Similkameen, has cause to rejoice that Rodgers came to Twenty-mile.

Since he became a factor in British Columbia mining, the *Nickel Plate* has produced $3,000,000 in bullion. That is sufficiently remarkable for a camp only twelve years old, but it is even more noteworthy when it is remembered that it is only six years since the mine became a producer. Four years were devoted to making the *Nickel Plate* and *Sunnyside* capable of taking the front rank in Canada at a bound.

Yet the wealth which has been obtained from them has been the result of a mere scratching of the surface; millions remain within the bowels of the mountains that form Hedley's treasure chest. This may sound to conservative Easterners as more of the "tall talk of the West," but it has the endorsement of mining men of continental reputation. Well authenticated statements of the output, verified for the most part by returns to the British Columbia Department of Mines, place the production of bullion at the sum given above, as the result of the work of forty stamps. This is since 1904, and during this time there were two winters that the mill and mine were shut down owing to lack of water from insufficient equipment. There should also be added $400,000 of recoverable loss in the tailings, owing to the want of proper means for re-grinding.

In this golden *Nickel Plate* there is over $1,000,000 worth of ore in sight. A great deal of the bullion produced has come from ore obtained from "glory holes." When these are worked out the inmost recesses of the mountain will be made to yield far more largely than they are being drawn on to-day, so that the future of this great mine is bound to be as splendid as its past. One can speak in these high terms of it without being accused of boosting for ulterior purposes, for the mine is owned by an American company which has no stock for sale and which has a perfect horror of publicity, a strange thing in the United States.

But why, it may be asked, comes it that Canada's most productive lode gold mine is in the hands of foreigners? That question calls forth a marvellous story, in which the feud of two American millionaires, the late Marcus A. Daly and former Senator W. A. Clark, is the basis.

Before relating it, however, it may be stated that Canadians had ample opportunity to secure the mine, and did in fact once own it. Early in the 'sixties, when the placer mines on Wild Horse, Findlay, and other creeks in East Kootenay were discovered, there was a wild rush of miners and a great demand for supplies. The merchants of Victoria (Vancouver was not in existence then) naturally sought to obtain a share of the trade. As there was no means of communication between the Coast and the mines, except through the United States, with vexatious delays at the Customs, Edgar Dewdney, later Minister of the Interior and subsequently the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, was instructed to survey and construct a trail entirely within British territory, through the southern part of the Province, as a passage to the north had been proved to be not feasible at that time. This, since known as the Dewdney Trail, was completed in 1865. In its course it passed not far from the present town of Hedley. The great red-stained cappings at the mouth of Twenty-mile Canyon should have attracted the

miners to inspect the peculiar formation. But, as has been said, they were only eager for placers, where a poor man, if he were lucky, might get rich in a season. Thousands of the old-time prospectors were unlucky; a few made their piles.

They gave what is now the *Nickel Plate* the go-by, and it was not until 1894 that Charles Allison and James Riordan (Charlie and Jim, they were called in the Similkameen) staked three claims for Dewdney and other Coast parties. This was the first location of a lode claim under the Mineral Act, in the Similkameen. The ground staked for Dewdney and his associates covered what is now the north half of the *Nickel Plate*, the *Climax* and other parts of the Daly holdings, but the claims were allowed to lapse. Dewdney and his friends let a fortune slip between their fingers.

Then came Mr. Coulthard, one of the best known pioneers of the Similkameen, and located, in the same year, what is now the *Kingston*. This is also a very rich claim to-day, but Coulthard hadn't much faith in it, and, failing to do any assessment work, it lapsed.

Four years later two Swedes, grubstaked by W. Yolen Williams, well known for his connection with the Granby Mines at Phœnix, located two claims which were subsequently acquired by the Daly interests. The same year Wollaston and Arundel staked the *Nickel Plate*, *Sunnyside*, *Horsefly*, *Bulldog* and *Copperfield*, the ore from which attracted Rodgers.

This leads us to consider why the American mining engineer was seeking property in British Columbia when he could have been devoting his attention to unscratched fields in his own land. And that brings us to the Clark and Daly feud, one of the most remarkable in history. That fierce and bitter fight left its traces on the political history of the United States for it determined congressmen, senators and electoral votes. For twenty years the history of Montana was

THE LATE MARCUS DALY,
A MONTANA MILLIONAIRE, WHO SUPPLIED THE MONEY TO DEVELOP THE NICKEL PLATE MINE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

largely the history of this Clark and Daly feud. Its effects were felt in the business and politics of nearly every county and city in the State, in fact the scars of the strife marked Montana from Fort Assiniboine to Fort Missoula, like some dark and flinty stratum in the Rockies.

Hundreds of reasons have been given as the cause of the Clark-Daly warfare. Some have said the two men disputed over a horse-race. Others have asserted that they squabbled over art, Clark being a collector of paintings, like Sir William Van Horne, while Daly had no knowledge of the fine points of a canvas.

As a matter of fact, the basis of the trouble was the great *Anaconda* mine, the wonder of Montana. While Clark was in Europe, spending part of the profits he had made in conjunction with Daly on more or less valuable paintings, the Irish-American started the works of the *Anaconda*. When Clark came back the transaction did not appeal to him.

He said so in unmeasured language. Daly responded in kind; a lawsuit followed, and from that hour to Daly's death a few years ago they were bitter enemies. Daly had to pay Clark a quarter of a million dollars at a time when he could ill afford it. A man who lived in Montana for many years and knew both Clark and Daly said of the feud:

"Thus ended the friendship and began the lasting enmity of these two picturesque and remarkable men. Marcus Daly was defeated but not beaten. Reflecting that one skirmish, however lively, may not decide the fortunes of a battle, he bided his time and kept a sharp lookout for any coveted prize his foe might set his heart upon. Incidentally he went on making the *Anaconda* mining property one of the most valuable copper mines in the world. From it he drew ample means to feed fat his ancient grudge and to indulge in personal fancies as well. Clark speedily found that no matter what he turned his hand to in Montana he had Daly to reckon with. If Clark was in favour of a thing, that was enough; Daly was against it from the word go."

Clark returned the compliment by fighting Daly at every turn. Like his opponent he prospered, so that both had plenty of money with which to fight one another. The story of the struggle which Clark made to get into the Senate and of how Daly for years blocked his path is a classic in Montana.

The *Anaconda* supplied Daly with the sinews for this remarkable war. He spent so much money that one day the thought came to him that he would get a second *Anaconda*, and so have a perpetual source of cash to carry on the combat. He called in one of his experts, M. K. Rodgers, a man at the top of the mining profession in the United States, beside whom Daly was a child, as far as the science of the great industry went.

"Find me another *Anaconda*," said the copper king to the expert.

Simple were the words, but tremendous was the task, and after all it was not carried out exactly as Daly wished. Instead of delivering a copper mine to his employer, Rodgers presented him with the greatest lode gold mine in Canada, the *Nickel Plate* at Hedley.

Of course, there was no mine when Rodgers took hold; there was simply a group of claims which formed a promising prospect. Daly's money and Rodgers' wonderful ability and knowledge converted the group into the magnificent property of to-day.

Rodgers had a long, hard quest for his golden grail. He travelled no less than 140,000 miles before he entered the Similkameen. Of course, his introduction to the *Nickel Plate* was accidental. He had tramped up and down the Pacific Coast from Guatemala to Alaska, and as a walker had easily knocked all records away. Even that spry old chap, Edward Payson Weston, will never be in it with Rodgers. He had sampled the ores of 400 so-called mines until sampling became a weariness to the flesh, and yet he had not found that which Marcus Daly wanted. Down in Baja, California, some one told him of a property up in Cassiar, British Columbia, which might be worth his while.

With no great hope of getting what he wanted Rodgers took ship to San Francisco and from the Golden Gate to Victoria. No doubt he felt something like a martyr going to the stake. At Victoria he had to wait a few days in order to make connection with a steamer for Cassiar. As a matter of fact, he didn't make the connection at all; but he fully intended to when he put up at the famous old *Driard* hotel.

In those days, before the Canadian Pacific Railway's magnificent *Empress* hotel had been built, in fact before there was even talk of reclaiming the mud flats of James Bay on which that great hostelry was sub-

HEDLEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SHOWING NICKEL PLATE MOUNTAIN ON LEFT AND SIMILKAMEEN VALLEY

sequently constructed, the *Driard* was the general meeting-place on the Canadian Pacific Coast. It bore the same relation to that section of the Dominion as the *Palace* at San Francisco did to the South. Everybody of note who visited Victoria stayed there, and it might almost be said that from the *Driard* the destiny of British Columbia was controlled. At any rate, it was the political axis of the Province. There companies won empires. But those are other stories.

Rodgers, while waiting at the *Driard* for the day to arrive when he should sail north, saw some specimens of ore from the *Nickel Plate*. Being an able imitator of the Sphinx he said nothing, but he cancelled his trip to Cassiar and went instead to the Similkameen.

Although Hedley has now been brought within thirty hours of the Coast, it took three days to reach it in those days, the journey being more than 800 miles in a roundabout way. But that distance was nothing to a man who had made fruitless journeys aggregating 140,000 miles. Rodgers found the new camp situated in a romantically beautiful pocket in the Okanagan mountains, whose summits here reach an elevation of 7,000 feet. In the deep and narrow canyon of Twenty-mile Creek extremely rugged and precipitous conditions prevail. John P. McConnell, a former Toronto newspaper man, in a captivating description of the district, once said:

"As if the mountains menaced the intrusion of man, they, in a jealous effort to guard their hidden treasures, line up in close formation where the creek pours its troubled waters into the Similkameen River."

Difficulties and dangers had no terrors for Rodgers. Climbing the precipitous sides gashed by torrential mountain streams, he reached the claims, one mile high, from which had been taken the samples he saw in the *Driard*. He found that his venturesome and toilsome journey had been worth while. Here were the makings, not of a second *Anaconda* but of a *Golconda*.

But the mining man was a wary bird, and he knew that gold bricks

are manufactured in British Columbia as elsewhere. He could do nothing hastily. He told nobody of his business, nor whom he represented. He simply took samples and returned with them to Montana.

Results of assays made at the *Anaconda* works were so pleasant that Rodgers suspected "salting." He wasn't the man to be fooled and, to determine the truth, he decided to visit the claims in the guise of a prospector. Unknown to anybody at the *Anaconda*, he siently departed from that Daly town one night and, with pack on back, actually tramped 1,200 miles, re-entered the Similkameen, mixed with the men of the hills, heard what they had to say about the *Nickel Plate* and obtained samples that he himself broke from the ore body.

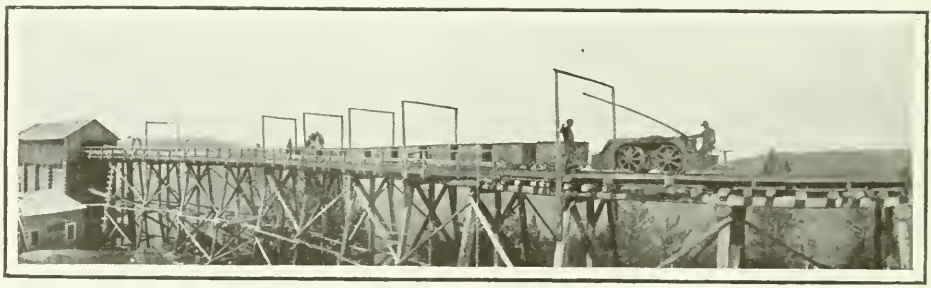
Back to Anaconda he went, and assays told the same glad story. The great search upon which Daly had started Rodgers—perhaps the most remarkable hunt in the history of mining—was ended. As a precautionary measure, however, the *Nickel Plate*, *Sunnyside*, *Horsefly*, and *Copperfield* claims were merely bonded; that is to say, a small sum was paid down on them with the understanding that if the property turned out well the full amount agreed upon would be paid, either in cash or installments. The claims named were practically virgin. Wollaston and Arundel, the owners, had not done any work upon them worth mentioning, and their only expenditure had been the small cost of recording. When Rodgers finally decided that he had what he wanted, he paid the two men $60,000, a princely reward for a few years spent in the hills.

Two companies were formed — the Yale Mining Company, to develop the claims, and the Daly Reduction Company, to treat the ores. The former acquired twenty-five claims, but devoted most of its attention to the *Nickel Plate* and the *Sunnyside*. The reduction company put in a forty-stamp mill, the first in the Similkameen, and a cyanide plant. These were in the valley below the mine. The capacity of the mill was 3,500 tons a month.

For the waterpower to run mine and mill a wonderful flume, three miles long, was built. A marvellous electric tramline, one and one-half miles long, was constructed to carry the ore from the mine to the tipple and gravity tramline of 9,500 feet in length and 3,500 feet vertical height, which carried the ore in five-ton skips to the mill. A visitor from Toronto who took the cable car up the mountain and then ascended further in the electric railway, remarked:

"I have travelled up the toy hoist on Hamilton (Ontario) Mountain and the higher one on Mount Royal (Montreal), but they are mere cellar door playthings in comparison with this elevator, which carries you a mile up into the atmosphere."

From a "glory hole" in the *Nickel*



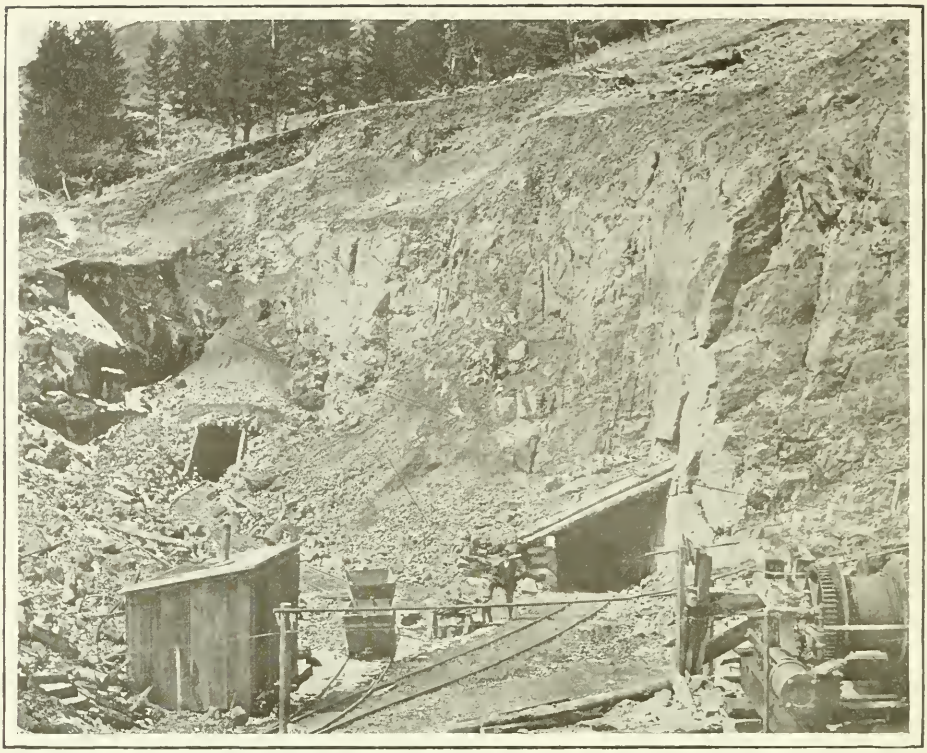
UPPER TERMINAL OF INCLINE AND END OF TRAMWAY AT HEDLEY MINE

THE TRAMWAY AT NICKEL PLATE MINES, HEDLEY, ONE OF THE LONGEST IN THE WORLD

Plate, and from the *Sunnyside* 77,000 tons of fourteen-dollar ore was taken out in three years, the value being $1,078,000. In the following two years $1,500,000 worth of ore was treated. The record for five years was $2,578,000 in bullion. The actual net profit was close to $1,000,000. Last year the company milled 31,000 tons of ore, and produced from amalgamation, concentrates and cyaniding some 16,200 ounces of gold, worth over $320,000.

Real gold bricks, worth $20,000 each, were produced, and it was a little mistake he made about the shipment of some of these which so disgusted the train robber "Bill" Miner who was captured with two "pals" after holding up a Canadian Pacific Railway express car some years ago. "Bill" thought the company had shipped some gold bricks by the train he stopped, but none was there, and all he got was a few registered letters and those famous "Australian bonds" of which so much was heard in a recent session of the Dominion Parliament.

It was never my good fortune, in my wanderings in interior British Columbia, to get near enough to Camp Hedley to visit the famous *Nickel Plate*, but Mr. J. P. McConnell, editor of the *B. C. Saturday Sunset*, of Vancouver, was within the mine not



GLORY HOLE ON SUNNYSIDE, No. 2

long ago, and this is what he said at that time:

"The workings at the mine consist of a bewildering mass of electric tramways which cross and recross at different levels; of great glory holes and tunnels, some level, some inclined at an angle of about 35 degrees from horizontal; of great cavernous stopes and winzes and chambers blown out of the bowels of the earth. Everywhere are wires for electricity and pipes for air. In none of the mines is there a stick of timber. The rock is hard and the roofs are solid, while the mining methods are exceedingly careful.

"We first visited the *Nickel Plate*. At that claim a great 'glory hole' had been worked. Then the miners bored into the cliff above and below and met in the middle of the mountain. We went into the lower tunnel. For hundreds of feet we walked along the electrically illuminated underground passage. Then we came into a series of huge caverns, whose roofs were supported by immense columns of ore. We were literally in a mountain of gold. Gold was on all sides, above and beneath. Whenever I got a chance I chipped the rock and there, glittering in the light, were the arseno-pyrites of iron in which the gold reposes. It looks like pure silver, white and glistening, but it is nature's own gold factory and man is now extracting and quickening the process which produces the yellow metal. Given another hundred million or billions of years and nature perhaps would have oxidised this arsenical iron and left the pure gold. But what nature takes æons of ages to do the stamp mill at the foot of the hill performs in twenty-eight days, more or less.

"Wherever we went we clambered over huge piles of broken rock—all ore ready for shipment. It was a great factory designed to rob nature. Here were men with huge air drills, which bit a hole into the rock three or four inches wide and five or six feet deep. When a set of holes had been drilled at various angles it was loaded with dynamite and down came hundreds of tons of ore. While we were down in the mine, from a winze away up in the darkness, a series of shots was put off. It seemed as though the mountain trembled in rage at being deprived of her treasure. The reverber-

ations shook the rock caverns like an aspen."

And as it was in the *Nickel Plate*, so it was in the *Sunnysides*, numbers two and three. Cars groaned up inclines loaded with rock glittering with its mineral content; hundreds of tons of ore were being mined and tunnels run to develop more.

It can well be imagined that when the Daly millions were first put to making the *Nickel Plate* a mine a great boom struck Hedley and the surrounding country. Dance halls, saloons and all the garish accompaniments of a feverish mining camp appeared like magic. Townsites were platted everywhere and the lots were considered as good property as any in Vancouver at this time.

One man who owned a block of lots at Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, and who was unable to sell them then because times were dull at the Coast, offered to exchange them for an equal number in a Similkameen town. To his great disgust he couldn't make a trade. He has since sold the Mount Pleasant lots for a small fortune, while the Similkameen town has tumbled off the map and joined the legion of the lost.

Hedley itself, has settled down. No longer is it a whooper-up town, but it is a charming, young pay-roll city, proudly calling itself the industrial centre of the rich Similkameen. The *Nickel Plate* has proved its salvation.

While the mine has been helping to build up the town, it has passed through its own changes and had its own chances. Daly died, still hating Clark. Friction developed between Rodgers and the estate, and in 1905 Rodgers "pulled out." Various managers and policies were tried on the great property, and, though the monthly dividend continued to come regularly, none of the new men succeeded like Rodgers. He was the wizard of the *Nickel Plate*.

Rodgers, of course, still had an interest in the property, although the Daly estate disputed some of his claims. Mrs. Daly got tired of the changes in management and of the disputes about ownership. Moreover, her daughter was becoming acquainted with the nobility of Europe, the *Anaconda* continued to pour out its millions, and she decided she didn't want the richest gold lode mine in Canada. Rodgers interested members of the Steel Corporation in the property and last year, for $1,000,000, Mrs. Daly sold a mine that at that very moment had $1,200,000 worth of gold in sight, and was one of the best equipped in the West. No concern ever got a better bargain than the Hedley Gold Mining Company, as the new corporation was called. The president is I. L. Merrill, who opened the Calumet and Arizona mine and who is an authority on the subject of milling and cyaniding.

It is not on record that Daly ever visited the *Nickel Plate*. Merrill had hardly become president of the company before he went out to the mine. He arrived in the West in time to make the journey on the first train to go through from Spokane to Hedley. It was a double red-letter day for Hedley. It marked a new era of transportation and an aggressive new policy of enlargement and expansion at the camp. And now on the Coast they say: "Listen for Hedley's second boom."

FIGHTING THE WHITE PLAGUE

THE ACTUAL EXPERIENCE OF ONE WHO GIVES WARNING TO THE HEALTHY AND OFFERS COUNSEL TO THE AFFLICTED

MY first warning came when I was working on a railroad survey near the Gulf of Mexico. Young, strong, accustomed to sport, hard work and knocking around in all parts of the continent, I could hardly believe that I was not well, that my usual work of tramping twenty miles or more each day with a heavy level or transit over my shoulder was becoming almost too much for me. I stuck at it for two or three weeks, and finally, when my daily headache became such that to put my foot on the ground was agony, and to sleep was impossible I sought out a doctor.

We were located in a region of lumber, railroad and turpentine camps where white folks were few. The only doctor available was rather a disappointment. But he knew enough to take my temperature, found it 104 and announced that I had malaria. But my temperature did not act in the prescribed malarial fashion, stayed up all the time; also, I began coughing incessantly, night and day, and expectorating profusely. After a few days the doctor and I were of one mind, he did not know what ailed me. So I went to the State hospital.

I arrived at the hospital with a raging fever which the doctors pronounced to be typhoid. I had also lost over thirty pounds in weight during the few weeks of my illness. Two or three days in the hospital proved that I was not a typhoid case. What was I? Four doctors were called in and while they examined and fussed over me I began to improve. With excellent food and absolute rest I rapidly recovered, my temperature became normal, my cough disappeared. I felt well, though wobbly. The doctor discontinued to bother me and told me I had had two infections of malaria, alternating with each other. They also discovered by peeking down my throat that I had had a very bad attack of two or three kinds of "gitis."

About this time I received an offer of a position in the Canadian West. Believing myself quite well I hastened to the prairies, and, eager to make a reputation, I started working night and day. It was all right for two or three months. Then a few weeks of incessant travelling, riding and driving, with considerable exposure, introduced a neat apologetic cough. A friend advised me to see a doctor. I saw him, was examined, was told I was quite sound, and was given a bottle of medicine. I took the medicine and forgot the cough, whether it disappeared or not I cannot say. About two months later, while looking over the road system in a remote part of the country, I overdid myself, travelling at night and getting wet. This brought on more fever and coughing. Luckily there was a doctor camped near, fishing. We hunted him up and I stayed with him several days. He examined me, told me I was all right and gave me

whiskey. In a few days I felt well enough to continue my work and went to the Rockies.

In the mountains I spent several very busy weeks with a pack train, examining the country. Though I was subjected to much exposure, camping in the rain, wading streams, climbing to high altitudes, experiencing many extremes of weather and temperature and travelling in deep, wet snow in the late fall, I felt quite well when I left the country.

The winter I spent at office work and having much more on my hands than I could do I worked every Sunday, and every night until midnight, relying on my general health and strong constitution to carry me through. At Christmas I developed a cough. It speedily became a habit. Two doctors whom I visited told me that there was nothing serious the matter with me, but that I was working too hard and that if I took a little more rest the cought would disappear. I believed them, except that it seemed impossible that any one could work too hard. I felt myself growing tired, and could not understand why I was always fatigued in the forenoon, too weary to eat in the evening, but ready to work all night when I got started at nine or ten o'clock.

Towards spring a life insurance agent began to bother me. I told him it was against my principles to be examined for life insurance when I wasn't feeling well. He said I could pass all right, and as he represented a reputable company I decided to take some more insurance. I passed the doctor and was accepted. I had begun to think that I was ailing, but this experience proved conclusively as I thought, that I was well.

It was only a few days when a wise friend, wiser than I knew, told me that if I went to a certain doctor he would cure my cold, he always cured them. After examining me the doctor said: "Yes, you'll have to go to Saranac Lake." This didn't need to be translated to me. I knew Saranac Lake. I knew I had tuberculosis. I also remembered instantly that several relatives had died of it; that was the position I found myself in. However, I was too busy and too interested to spend much time in thinking of myself. I saw a specialist immediately, was told I was a moderately advanced case, that it would take me a year or more, and was given my instructions and directed to a boarding-house.

Nearly all reading people know now, that taking the cure, as fighting tuberculosis is known, consists in remaining in the open air, assimilating nourishing food and keeping quiet.

I knew this, yet I expected to be able to walk around a little, play cards whenever I felt like it, write multitudes of letters, read, study, and enjoy myself. I soon found from the doctor and other patients at my boarding-house that I was far wrong, that I could do none of these things, must not, for instance, climb stairs oftener than absolutely necessary, must take as few steps as possible and take those few slowly. I also learned in the first day or two that I must stay quiet in my chair eight or ten hours a day and spend the rest of the time in bed, except the hour or two devoted to meals. And such meals! My appetite, which had been poor, increased within the first few days to such an extent that I found myself eating more than ever I had on hard exploration trips.

But strangely, I did not feel worried, and though I knew nothing of the cure of tuberculosis, beyond what I had read in the papers and magazines, in a few minutes I had changed my attitude and had decided that in a few months I would certainly be well. My doctor, who had taken the cure himself, reassured me and encouraged me by telling of his own experience.

I had reached Saranac Lake before I began to realise in what a serious condition I was. I felt certain of it.

At the end of three weeks, during which I learned much, that I could not even study, that I should not sit up, but always lie down in my chair, that I should do nothing but perhaps write one short letter a day and read the newspapers and magazines, I presented myself at the doctor's office for examination. As I was feeling and looking so much better and had gained ten pounds in weight I felt sure he had been mistaken in his first diagnosis and that I would certainly be well in a few months, that I was probably half cured already.

I was therefore very much disappointed when I learned that there was no difference in the condition of my lungs. Then, and then only did I begin to understand what a tedious business it was. I realised that at least a year would be necessary, and not being able to afford a year in Saranac Lake I went to a Canadian town where there are specialists and where the climatic conditions, not now considered so important as formerly, are as favourable as anywhere. In this town I found my expenses reduced fully one-third, I could live here for six hundred dollars a year, whereas it cost about one thousand dollars for the same benefits in Saranac Lake.

I continued to gain in weight and condition, gained thirty pounds in sixty days. I still "took the cure" as faithfully as ever, keeping perfectly quiet all the time, sleeping ten hours at night in an open room, two hours in the afternoon, lying in a reclinging chair on an open porch all the rest of the time, administering to a healthy appetite five times a day, with three regular meals of plain, nourishing, easily digested food, and two light lunches of milk, cocoa, or tea and a biscuit morning and afternoon. I was surprised to learn that great quantities of milk and eggs are not advised by the doctor, they are so likely to upset the stomach during a long course of treatment, and thus defeat their purpose of affording nourishment easily assimilated. I was also surprised that I could digest so much food and feel such a ravenous appetite while taking absolutely no exercise. Just when I was beginning to make improvement I was exposed to a case of influenza. I took it easily and plentifully, it kept me in an unhealthy condition and for months I made no progress. Then in the fall, when I was again getting in good condition, a cold which I contracted made matters worse. My temperature started to rise and I suffered a relapse which left me sicker than ever before. A temperature above the normal is a sign of the activity of the disease and is most quickly cured by remaining perfectly quiet in bed in the open air. The slightest exertion at this treacherous stage of the game seems to do great harm. For instance, after my temperature seemed to be normal again I got up to shave, not even dressing; after shaving my temperature was a degree above normal.

I remained in bed nearly three months, until my temperature was quite normal. During this time I did nothing but read novels, eat and sleep. I was always alone. Being alone at this stage of the fight did not worry me. I had been at it long enough to learn what I should and should not do, also to see many who had benefited by the treatment. Thus I had a store of experience and faith to draw on; but I am sure that it would be bad for anyone starting the treatment to be alone. When they began to realise the length of time it takes they would begin to lose faith and worry; when they began to look and feel well they would grow careless, and in this they would be encouraged by ignorant but well-meaning friends. A person alone, without experience in taking the cure, would be in great danger of doing too much.

The chief advantage of the regular boarding-houses, or cottage sanitaria,

in the established sanitarium towns, is that in them the patient is always aided by the example, encouragement and advice of others. It is easy to take the cure when everyone near you is doing it, it is even pleasant and cheerful.

From other patients I learned how to be comfortable, how to avoid chills, how to keep warm in cold weather. The open porches are all partially glassed in in the winter to afford protection from wet and drifting snow—but they are always sufficiently open to allow the entrance of fresh air, and are consequently the same temperature as the outside air. This makes the problem of keeping warm a difficult one. I kept comfortable on the coldest days, wearing a hockey cap, woollen lined leather mittens, felt boots, and over my ordinary clothing a fur coat and two heavy woollen blankets. If the weather was extra cold I had a hot soapstone placed at my feet. At night, sleeping in a bedroom as cold as outdoors, I wore a woollen cap, woollen socks and used the soapstone.

During all this year I had had no exercise beyond occasional drives. But now that my temperature was normal and that my cough and expectoration had been absent for months I was allowed to start to walk. At first, for weeks, my walks were only crawls, lasting ten minutes a day. All the rest of the day I lay quiet. Then as I grew stronger I was allowed to gradually increase my walks to half an hour; finally to an hour a day. But I was still as careful, for I knew that even yet one day's over exertion would bring back the disease, perhaps in an aggravated form, and undo all I had accomplished. When three or four months of extended exercise had only seemed to strengthen me, I was allowed to think of going back to work, and here I am thinking.

I do not know what I should do. I have heard of many instances of where men of all trades and professions: bankers, lawyers, farmers, doctors, machinists, have gone back to their work. Some have been able to work full time from the start, others have had to begin very gradually, working two or three hours a day and taking the cure the remainder of the time. Always, at least for years after apparent recovery, it is necessary to avoid overexertion, to keep in good health, to spend as much time as possible quietly in the open air.

Those who take the cure gain experience which if it could only be made common to all people would immediately and effectively greatly reduce the ravages of tuberculosis, perhaps stamp it out in a few years. We learn that tuberculosis is very contagious, that association with sick people who do not know how to take precautions, that living in houses where careless tubercular people have been, are the chief agents of its distribution. People are often heard to say with relief; "There is no consumption in our family." Such people, though strong and healthy, are not immune. Infection is not hereditary; the disease is not confined to those families which now suffer; they, through close contact, are in the greatest danger, but everyone else is in danger too unless fumigation is made general and sanitary measures are adopted. Children particularly are liable to contract the disease living with infected people who expectorate carelessly, or in houses whose walls, floors or furnishings harbour germs distributed by invalids in past years. On the other hand, if tubercular people follow the sanitary rules known to all doctors and if their bedrooms and effects are fumigated occasionally there is no danger in living with them.

Another important fact which we learn too late is that the majority of doctors in general practice are either incompetent to detect the disease in its early stages or fear to tell the patient of its existence. Everything

depends on an early diagnosis. My own case is an example. Doctor after doctor examined me and failed to detect tuberculosis, at least did not hint to me of the possibility of its presence. Within two months after having been given a clean bill of health by doctors in three different Canadian cities I was at Saranac Lake listening to one who told me I had been infected for years, probably from babyhood, and that if my case had been properly diagnosed, even a year sooner, my recovery would have occupied only months where it now required years, and complete cure would have been far more likely and reasonably permanent.

The experience of all who have taken the cure proves that tuberculosis is both preventable and curable. Those who are well can keep well by fortifying their bodily resistance with good food and fresh air, and by fumigating bedrooms or houses in which germs might remain. Those who are ill should at the first sign of any lung of the foremost specialists in America trouble, especially at such signs as a tenacious cough or loss of weight, consult a specialist; if he finds evidence of tuberculosis, then should the fight begin. The disease is encouraged by resignation, but can be defeated by a cheerful, steadfast adherence to the principles of the cure, complete rest, fresh air and good food; the open air is the sanitarium, complete rest the nurse, and the table the dispensary.

THE LONELY ROAD

By MARGARET O'GRADY

HENCEFORTH our ways must grimly lie apart,
Yet, haply thus, because you wished it so,
For me the loney road, and you, Sweetheart,
Journeying wide and far, again shall know
The clinging lure of kisses deeply pressed
On love-starred, shining eyes for kisses made.

Then, faltering on, perchance I pause to rest,
And dimly seek the place where Love was laid.
When in the perfumed dusk of *her* sweet hair,
Your groping hands are lost, sigh not for one
Who lived and loved but once and dare
To whisper it when Love itself was done.
I gave you all, 'Twas not enough, you see,
For you life's best. The lonely road for me.

CUPID OUTWITTED

BY JESSIE B. SCOTT

"IT is a well known fact that the mind is in a more perfect state to accept suggestion when sleeping than when awake."

As she finished reading these words, Janet Delaney sprang from her chair and paced rapidly up and down the walk. Could it be true, she wondered, that by mental force one could transmit one's thoughts to another? According to the article she had been reading on mental suggestion, it was quite possible.

"I care so much for him, and if I could control his thoughts for a while I feel I could make him reciprocate my love," she said, half aloud.

Janet, who usually was described as being more interesting than pretty, had been home from college a couple of years. She had never given any man a second thought until she became acquainted with Ronald Dickson; who like all the other men that visited at the Delaney home, came to call on Lucilla, Janet's younger sister.

Lucilla was very pretty, but she had a Dresden china type of beauty that is much admired when there is but very little wisdom beneath the pretty mask. She possessed an unfailing attraction for men — middle-aged and clever men as well as young and callow youths. Her charm may have been due to the fact that she was an excellent listener; and, as we all know, even the cleverest of men do not often require more than that.

Janet rarely entered the drawing-room when Lucilla was entertaining her friends, but one Sunday afternoon Lucilla ran breathlessly up to her sister's little sanctum and cried: "Oh, please come down and talk to some of the men. There is one who looks as though he could be interested in that *stuff*," and she gave a look of scorn at the book on Psychic Research in her sister's hand.

Janet reluctantly put her book by and soon she was seated by a tall, fair man with dreamy blue eyes, with which he gazed at Janet with an absent stare. To her surprise, the subject of the conversation was Lucilla. Ronald Dickson was evidently of the opinion that the next best thing to talking *with* Lucilla was to talk about her. Janet soon saw that all she had to do to entertain him was to interject an occasional "yes," although she did not agree with all his remarks.

When he got up to go, even after he had said good-bye to Lucilla, he continued to gaze at her as she stood on the porch surrounded by the others who were also taking their leave. Janet smiled a little bitterly to herself, when he said good-bye to her, still looking at her sister.

"How did you get on with Mr. Dickson?" asked Lucilla. "I intended to tell you he is that clever lawyer who won the Symon's case."

Janet could hardly realise that she had been talking with the lawyer whose name she had so eargerly followed in the case he had lately won, bringing him suddenly into public notice.

That night in bed as she lay thinking over her meeting with Mr. Dickson, she decided to try and connect a current of sympathy between him and herself. He is too clever to admire

Lucilla seriously, and that child does not appreciate him or she would not have handed him over to me to entertain. In fact, Lucilla had even called him "Mr. Dry-as-dust."

So she let her mind dwell on Ronald Dickson repeating continually: "*It is not Lucilla you care for, but her sister. You do not really like Lucilla.*"

She finally fell asleep, but even in her dreams she seemed to be still talking to him.

If Janet felt any compunction at trying to turn Ronald's affections from her sister to herself, her fears were soon set at rest, for Lucilla confided after breakfast, that she was engaged to Reginald Pinkerton, a sweet-faced youth who had been in almost constant attendance on her for a year.

That afternoon the maid brought up Mr. .Dickson's card to Janet, saying he had asked for her and was waiting below .

Janet hurried down, and after a most enjoyable conversation, Mr. Dickson said, when on leaving: "Something stronger than I have ever felt before seemed to direct my steps here to-day. I felt I must see you soon again."

Although Janet had a guilty feeling, she did not say anything except that she would be glad to see him. Then he inquired whether he might repeat his visit in the near future.

A few months later Mr. and Mrs. Dickson were alone, sitting in the garden. Ronald had been reading an article aloud on the influence of one mind over another.

"Such rot!" he exclaimed impatiently; "it must be a very weak mind that could not control its own thoughts."

"But Ronald," said his wife, suppose it were possible—do you think it wrong to take advantage of a power like that, if one *does* really possess it?"

"Well, it all depends," answered the young lawyer slowly, "for what purpose the desired effect is intended, I am very sceptical on the subject of mental suggestion."

As he finished speaking, he noticed how pale his wife had suddenly became. "Why, what is the matter, little girl?" he asked in sudden alarm.

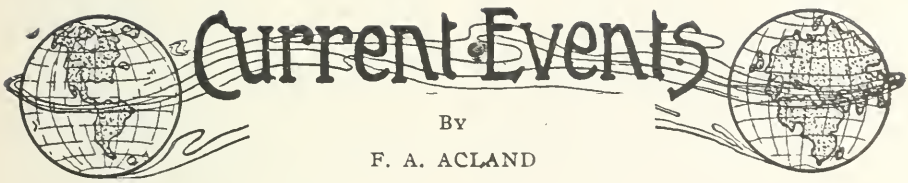
"I have something to tell you that has been on my mind for a very long time, and I am going to tell you now or never," and there was a strange terseness in her tone. "Do you remember the first Sunday we became acquainted?"

"Yes; but what of it?"

"Every night, until a few months ago, since I met you, I have tried to force your thoughts to dwell on me." (Janet was now trembling so that she had to stop to control her voice). "I have, in fact, forced you to love me, and in spite of all the happiness I have had since you told me of your love I have felt guilty. I have felt so ever since I saw how readily you called on me the day following the first attempt I made in telepathy."

"You dear, foolish child! You surely do not think I came only because you happened to think you would like me to come?" Why, it was fate and nothing else that brought us together; so do not get any idea of that sort into your dear foolish little head," and he kissed his wife affectionately.

But Janet still believes in the efficacy of mental suggestion.



By

F. A. ACLAND

DR. ROOSEVELT has certainly justified his re-entrance into politics, having fully redeemed his promise to beat the Old Guard to a "frazzle," which, whatever it may mean exactly, must be understood as something which is at any rate quite unattractive. His candidature for the chairmanship of the New York State convention had become a matter of national interest and importance, and his victory means a triumph for progressive principles and clean politics. Vice-president Sherman, however, is not at all a typical representative of the baser elements of politics; he had been placed in a false position by the astute partisans who had made him their nominee with a view to identifying Mr. Roosevelt with a campaign against the Taft administration, and he did his best, but vainly, to retreat from the position.

* * *

The capture of the temporary chairmanship enabled Mr. Roosevelt to resume his favourite *rôle* of a Warwick, and, while there were yet sharp contests in store for him, he secured his nominee for governor by a majority considerably larger than that which had marked his own victory. Mr. Stimson, the nominee in question is one of the ardent followers of the ex-president, having been appointed by Mr. Roosevelt during his presidency as attorney for the southern district of New York, in which capacity he carried on an active campaign against corporation graft, securing during three and a half years of office the imposition of fines amounting to nearly $400.000, and in the case of the sugar trust recovering for the Government more than $2,-000,000 in duties.

* * *

It remains to be seen whether the division in the Republican party will weaken its influence in the national elections or if the Roosevelt force will bring a compensating strength from the independent elements among the people. Mr. Barnes, of Albany, who led the fight against Mr. Roosevelt, has declared himself for the Roosevelt ticket, thus confirming the principles of party government as worked out logically, and President Taft has telegraphed his congratulations to Mr. Stimson and wished him success. These influences for harmony were no doubt to be expected, particularly the message from the President, for although circumstances have in a measure forced Mr. Taft into a position of semi-antagonism to his predecessor at the White House, there is no reason to believe him to be in sympathy with the reactionary elements of bossism and selfish interests with which the Old Guard at Albany is mainly identified.

* * *

The outlook for the presidential campaign of 1912 must be materially affected by the outcome of the national convention of the Republican party which is taking place on the moment

of writing, and at which Mr. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt and the leading Senators and Governors elected to office by the party are in attendance. That the Democrats will make extensive gains in the approaching congressional elections may be taken for granted; it is possible they may even control the House of Representatives. But two years further have to pass before the elections for 1912, and the situation may change greatly in the meantime, just as it has changed between 1908 and 1910. If the Rooseveltian policy repels some of the worse elements of the Republican party it may be relied upon also to attract some of the better elements of the Democratic party, and if the furore of enthusiasm which Mr. Roosevelt's tours excite is any criterion, his candidate for the presidency should have a walkover in 1912, as in 1908. At any rate, there is no figure in the Democratic party of the commanding character of Colonel Roosevelt, or at all comparable with him in influence or in popularity, and it is hard to see at present who could successfully combat the man whom he would support. The question of Mr. Roosevelt's own candidacy may be safely set aside. It would be entirely contrary to all the ideals of good citizenship, which Mr. Roosevelt has consistently maintained that he should attempt to Mexicanise the American presidency, and there is no reason at present to suspect the ex-president of self-seeking and hypocrisy. In the meantime Colonel Roosevelt has had a fine fight at Saratoga and has emerged with increased prestige.

* * *

Perhaps the incident of the month of most general interest after the affair at Saratoga is the first Union election in South Africa. On the whole the result is such as to leave all parties fairly well satisfied—almost as much so as in the case of the recent Hague award. Premier Botha's government is sustained, but the premier and two of his colleagues go down to defeat, while Mr. Jameson heads a strong and compact opposition. A personal defeat under such circumstances is a bitter pill to swallow, and the loss of two ministers in addition may well have caused the South African premier to hesitate as to whether or not he would remain in office. It is probably well that he should have decided to remain with his government, it is even well that the Dutch party has secured the initial lease of power, seeing that the power is tempered with Botha's moderation and with Botha's defeat. The result of the election shows that extremist views, whether ultra-British or ultra-Dutch, will not be sustained at the polls; Hertzogism, which seeks the aggrandisement of the Dutch race, is believed to be mainly responsible for the marring of General Botha's triumph, and it seems not unlikely that General Hertzog himself may yet have to be dropped if the path of the Government is to be made smooth.

* * *

One good effect of General Botha's personal defeat at Pretoria is that, while it does not permanently exclude the premier from the new union parliament, since he will have little difficulty in securing a seat elsewhere, it enables Sir Percy Fitzpatrick to sit in the newly-elected house. Sir Percy, who is well-known in Canada, which he visited a year ago, is one of the leading representatives of the British party in the Transvaal, and it was his volume "The Transvaal from Within," which eleven years ago gave many thousands of readers throughout the Empire their first light on the situation that was leading to a great war. He had represented Pretoria in the old Transvaal legislature and was nominated for the same constituency in the Union parliament; so, General Botha, in subsequently allowing his name to go before the convention was rather "looking for trouble," and might with some advantage have turned elsewhere for a seat.

* * *

General Botha's government will have to meet Parliament without a

genuine head, but once the premier is in the House and has his defeated colleagues restored to him, or suitable substitutes found, it will prove in many ways an advantage that the first union government should be led by a Boer rather than an Englishman. The presence of General Botha at the head of the Government will do much to reconcile the less conciliatory section of the Boer population to a government which remains essentially British, whatever the name of its leader. The British minority, despite Botha's general fairness, will be worsted in some sharp encounters and will feel occasional soreness and resentfulness; but time will bring relief, and when the hinterland of Rhodesia comes into the Union, the balance of population will be in favour of the British, and it will be their privilege to deal generously with the Dutch minority.

* * *

The issue of the long argument before the Hague Tribunal as to the rights respectively of Great Britain and her dependencies and the United States in the Atlantic fisheries, is very gratifying to the British parties to the controversy, and if the Americans are as well satisfied as they profess to be it must be that they never really believed very firmly in the main contentions for which they argued—and lost. The outcome is at any rate eminently flattering to the English and Canadian talent which watched British interests. The sovereign rights of Britain are conceded and an entirely reasonable interpretation is given to the term "Bay." There was nothing else in the British claims which could be urged consistently with the concession of real treaty privileges to the Americans.

* * *

It is not wise hastily to assume that, because two nations whom we are on the whole accustomed to regard as among the most intelligent of all peoples have succeeded in disposing amicably of a matter which, though it had dragged on unsettled for a hundred years, had after all, never excited war, therefore the millenium of peace has arrived. This was preeminently a question for adjudication and might have simmered along without bringing about a crisis for another fifty or seventy-five years, or indefinitely; fortunately it is settled without any more simmering. The questions that provoke critical situations are more often incidents such as Mr. Cleveland's memorable and hot-headed Venezuelan manifesto, or Russia's slaughter of British fishermen on the Dogger Banks, bolts from a clear sky creating a flame of national indignation in a night, and needing the utmost efforts of diplomacy and the largest powers of forbearance to avert war. It is to the credit of Great Britain that on both the occasions cited and many times else during the last half century she has been patient and good-tempered—in diplomacy at least, and has referred her troubles to arbitration and accepted the result. But there are many nations, not all of them advanced to the same degree of composure and self-restraint, and their troubles with each other or even with the most advanced nations will not always adapt themselves to settlement by the Hague Tribunal. In the meantime, without exaggerating the importance of the event, we may safely count the fisheries dispute settlement as an evidence of the growing comity of nations, especially as between the two—or shall we say the three—great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race.

* * *

It is a curious fact that in their last will and testament Goldwin Smith and Cecil Rhodes, men apparently so far apart in their aspirations, should have voiced the same idea and should have left large sums of money for its furtherance, for the reunion, namely, of the various branches of the English race. Mr. Goldwin Smith had, of course, been known for many years as an advocate of a union as between the

United States and Canada, and his advocacy can hardly be said to have brought him any considerable measure of popularity; the large respect and esteem which he enjoyed throughout the Dominion being inspired rather by his high personal character and lofty outlook towards humanity at large, than by his political views. It must have been a surprise to the majority of Canadians, however, to find that the scholar of The Grange was an advocate also of the larger union of Great Britain and the United States, or regarded it as being within the realm of practical politics, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Haultain, who has in hand the interesting and important task of editing Mr. Goldwin Smith's papers, will make a special effort to see that this aspect of the mentality of the versatile publicist who has recently passed away is not overlooked.

* * *

The visit to Canada and the United States of Mr. Redmond, Mr. T. P. O'Connor and some lesser lights of the Irish parliamentary party revives the question of Home Rule. Both gentlemen urge in emphatic terms that Great Britain is on the eve of conceding a legislature to Ireland. That is, of course, an old story which has been told many a time in the past twenty-five years. A circumstance, however, that gives an air of greater probability to this latest assurance is the marked moderation in Mr. Redmond's demands. There have been times when nothing less than an absolute separation would suffice, when entire independence for Ireland was insisted upon, and if not this, then at least a parliament of powers coequal with those of Westminster. In his lately published letter Mr. Redmond confines the demand to a legislature which would be admittedly subordinate to the Imperial parliament and would have power to deal with matters relating only to internal affairs, something in the nature apparently of our own provincial legislatures. Ireland's position as a constituent of the Empire is frankly accepted, and it is urged that Ireland cannot be reasonably denied the powers of self-government already conceded to so many parts of the Empire.

* * *

But there is still some confusion of thought here. Self-government, as commonly understood is the form of government enjoyed by Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, the various Dominions or Commonwealths. Mr. Redmond says Ireland will willingly leave to the Imperial parliament all matters of army, navy, customs, imperial taxation, postoffice, coinage, etc. Yet all these powers are a primary concession in the case of the self-governing colonies. If Ireland were a thousand miles distant from Great Britain, instead of fifty, there would be no question of her right to a precisely similar system; the difficulty lies in the proximity of the two islands. With these genuinely national powers still reserved to the Imperial Parliament any Irish legislature constituted would rank with the provincial parliaments of Canada rather than with that of the Dominion. Such a legislature, however, controlling the educational and strictly internal affairs of a population of four millions of people, would still be a body of considerable importance, and might go some distance to satisfy the aspirations of the Irish people. The suggestion of the creation of such a body is at any rate fairly practical. It might very well happen that the laws which Ireland would pass for herself would be sometimes inferior to those now enacted in her interests at Westminster, but they would have the valuable sentimental quality of being home made. But he would be an optimist of the extremest kind, it is to be feared, who would suggest that with the establishment of such a legislature, the Irish question would be relegated to the past.

It is a curious fact that precisely at the time when Irishmen believe their agitation for home rule is to yield some result, one of the keenest subjects of controversy in the United States is the question of the efficacy value of the federal system which gives home rule to the individual States. The Democratic party charges the Republicans with aiming to centralise power at Washington and the Democratic leader who was selected most unhappily for himself, six years ago, to contest the presidency with Mr. Roosevelt, Judge Alton B. Parker, does not hesitate to hint that a dictatorship is in the air, though doubtless if Mr. Parker's thoughts could be analysed it would be found that he thinks of a dictatorship only in a mild or Pickwickian sense, and does not really fear a Cromwell or a Napoleon.

* * *

Judge Parker said sententiously at the Democratice State convention at Rochester on Sept. 29th: "The fathers builded for us a Government the like of which the world had never seen — a constitutional Government under the control of the people. Into the constitution they incorporated those great principles of liberty the denial of which had been the cause and the justification of the revolution. They so divided the powers of government as to guard against executive usurpation; put it beyond the power of any save the people themselves to amend this constitution, and sat down to enjoy the blessings of a government of law, not of men.

"This was less than a century and a quarter ago. To-day there are political prophets in other lands who predict for us a speedy coming of the dictator. There are in our beloved country advocates of the policy to gradually take from the people the home rule powers of the States and confer them upon the Federal Government. Others, still more progressive, would not await the action of the people, but would seize coveted powers whenever the passing whim or caprice of an executive shall suggest it. Indeed, a president of the United States has said, in substance and effect, that if we fail to increase the Federal power through executive action, through legislature and through judicial construction and interpretation of law, we show our impotence. On divers occasions he fitted the deed to the word, and then rejoiced in the applause of the unthinking."

* * *

This is so far right that there is no doubt at all as to the urgent desirability of some modification being made in the respective power of Washington and the States, also of some measure of uniformity in the laws of the different States. That such a condition tends to a dictatorship is the cry of a weakling who worships the letter or knows nothing of the spirit of Liberty. Judge Parker, in taking up the imaginary cause of States-rights becomes the champion also of the inefficiency and inaptitude which are the most striking features of public life in the United States to-day. It is an interesting coincidence, too, that Australia, the latest federation—for in South Africa the government is largely centralised—should be already, according to the cables, settling an extension of the powers of the Central Government.

TEARS.

By Lizette Woodworth Reese.

When I consider Life and its few years:
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun,
A call to battle and the battle done,
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a listening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street,
I wonder at the idleness of tears,
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains and bards and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep—
Homer his sight, David his little lad.

*

A CRITIC in New York has said that no better sonnet than the above fourteen-line jewel has been written by an American. The writer has been singing for a score of years, quaint, tuneful songs which should be read by a quiet blaze in the twilight—songs which do not belong to spring or summer, but to the long autumn evenings, when the leaves are drifting down and the chill of coming winter creeps through the lanes and along the desolate garden-paths. "Tears" is such a complete answer to our eternal questionings and fears, that to have written it alone would have been a service to suffering humanity such as few have rendered. But it is only a fragment of the work to which the old-world name is affixed. In "A Wayside Lute," by Lizette Woodworth Reese you will find poems to read and remember and keep until the edges turn brown. But you will come back to the exquisite comfort of "Tears," as to a place of healing.

*

THE death of Lady Edgar has removed one who was a leader in many social and philanthropic movements and who represented all that was best and most enlightened in the activities of Canadian womanhood. Her ambitions and interests were somewhat different from those which absorb feminine activities in a new country. She took a deep and comprehending interest in both history and literature and had contributed materially to our records in the volumes, "Ten Years of War and Peace in Upper Canada" and "The Life of Brock" in the "Makers of Canada" series. There are comparatively few women in Canada, even among those gifted with literary talent, who have shown any taste for historical research. Ours is, no doubt, too young a civilisation to have encouraged the historical spirit. Lady Edgar inherited an interest in the political affairs of her country, as both her father and

grandfather had held positions of public trust and responsibility. In fact, some of the material for her earlier publication was obtained from the records and correspondence of her grandfather, Hon. John Ridout, who was Surveyor-General of Canada from 1810 to 1829. Of the style and substance of this work, no less an authority than the late Mr. Gladstone expressed approval and admiration.

In England, France and other European countries, the woman who takes an intelligent interest in public affairs and who plays the part of "political hostess," is by no means unusual, and she contributes to the lighter interests and entertainment of political circles while showing herself conversant with the broader aspect of national affairs. In Canada, our women are just awakening to the importance of "world politics,' and, in spite of much croaking from those who are afraid of woman's intellectual development, this gain in mental breadth will mean a general benefit to the country. In her acquaintance with public questions and her appreciation of the higher education, Lady Edgar was of the most advanced type of womanhood; yet, in both manner and speech, she showed a dignity and sympathy in accordance with the most womanly traditions. Her sudden death seems to us to have removed all too soon one whose influence was always in behalf of "whatsoever things are of good report."

*

SOME time ago, a discussion arose in a rural paper concerning the care of the cemeteries, which are occasionally found in a disgraceful condition of neglect. In connection with the subject, reference was made to an article by Mrs. Forsyth Grant written for *The Globe* and published some months ago. The article contains so much that should be of interest to all good Daughters of the Empire that it is reproduced, as follows:

On a recent visit to the beautiful and historic town of Galt my attention was attracted to a curious-looking building in the centre of the little park close to the charming cottage home of the late Mr. William Dickson, whose father was the original pioneer of the sturdy Scotch settlers from Dumfries in the early days of the last century, and whose niece still occupies each summer the quaint old house known as "Kirkmichael" (Church on the Hill), so called from an old wooden church which formerly stood where the park now is. This church, with its plain unadorned architecture, was fitted with all the adjuncts dear to the early Presbyterian Church: high-walked pews, the elevated pulpit with its steep, winding staircase, plain communion table, and primitive sounding-board.

Round the church was the green-turfed graveyard, and here year by year were laid reverently the remains of the earliest residents of Galt and the surrounding districts; gravestones were erected with the names and birthplace (nearly all from auld Scotland), engraved thereon; and the little "God's acre" gradually filled with those who had left the old homes for the new. The pews, of course, were rented, and the ground went with the situation of the pew, and was part of each holder's estate. As time went on, and Galt became a large town, new buildings were erected for worship in more convenient situations, but the burial plot remained in use. The day arrived when the destruction of the old wooden church was carried out and the name of Kirkmichael alone was left to mark the resting-place of the dead. Litigation took place regarding some technicalities, but, at last getting consent from surviving relatives of those buried in the graveyard, all the stones were removed and the pretty little square arranged as a park, with flower-beds and seats, from which a wonderfully beautiful view is obtained.

A few years ago a Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire was formed amongst the women of Galt, and after

rendering immense service to different public enterprises in the city the attention of some of the members was attracted to the forlorn condition of the old gravestones of the former burying-ground, and a meeting was called by the President of the Chapter, Mrs. R. O. McCulloch, to consider the matter. With women, in most cases, where there is a definite object in view, to think is to act, and the delightful idea of the present structure was mooted by a member whose travels abroad inspired her memory, and the suggestion of gathering the gravestones into a lovely and permanent abiding place which could be seen from afar and visited by relatives was at once determined on.

The monument is in the form of an Italian pergola, or resting-place, so frequently seen in gardens in sunny Italy, covered with thick vines to shield from the fierce rays of heat.

The walls on either side are formed from some eighty gravestones, set back, joined by masonry, so that the names and epitaphs are read from without; five square columns are formed also by the stones, and the pergola has the Italian roof of broad, solid beams, painted white, set about a foot apart, which in time to come will be covered with carefully-trained grape vines, which already show signs of vigorous growth. The stone floor is approached by a large step made of a single block, and at the entrance is a flag the whole width, on which is cut in big letters the inscription:

"Erected by the Daughters of
the Empire, 1907."

There are many graveyards of the pioneers of Ontario (notably that at Adolphustown), which are nothing short of a disgrace to the districts. There are chapters of the order of the Daughters of the Empire all over Canada now. Cannot some of these take the suggestion so nobly and splendidly carried out at Galt?

*

PRESIDENT Woodrow Wilson, of Princetown University, may become Governor of the State of New Jersey, and it is freely hinted that he is a presidential possibility. In the present chaotic state of affairs in the political circles of the United States, anything may happen, even the election of a Democrat to the position of Chief Executive. President Wilson's wife is a vivacious and charming lady, who has written a book and who contributes frequently to United States magazines under the perplexing pseudonym, "Mrs. Wilson Woodrow."

The following presentment of one of life's little problems, written by her appeared in New York *Life*:

There was a lady who from her youth up had many suitors; but as the years wore on they gradually fell from their allegiance, until she awoke to the fact that of all the many but two remained. This led to some earnest communion with her soul and caused her, for the first time, seriously to consider the question of marriage.

"I'm no longer as young as I was," she remarked to herself, "and although my friends are kind enough to call me charming, their very insistence upon it leads me to believe that I should decide at once which of my two remaining suitors I had better accept."

Then she cogitated long and spent sleepless nights over the problem; but found it ever more difficult to solve.

"Billy," she argued, "is strong and masterful. He will guard me from all rude contact with the world. He will view me a rare and fragile hothouse flower which must be shielded from every rude blast, every varying change of temperature. The sun must not shine too strongly upon me nor the wind blow too keenly. He appeals to my feminine sense of dependence and to my love of being loved; but," and she shook her head soberly, "there is no use disguising the fact that his excessive care of me will prove a bore. He will always be solicitous to see that my throat is well wrapped up and that I wear my rubbers when it is damp underfoot. He will insist on de-

MISS BESSIE ABBOTT, WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED BY LIEBLER AND COMPANY TO STAR THIS SEASON IN "YSOBEL," A NEW OPERA BY PIETRO MASCAGNI. "YSOBEL" WILL BE THE FIRST GRAND OPERA WRITTEN ABROAD AND PERFORMED IN AMERICA PRIOR TO ITS PERFORMANCE IN EUROPE

ciding for me all the questions of life, whether trivial or important; what books I shall read, what religion I shall adopt and, probably, what breakfast food I shall eat. Within two years I shall be a pampered nonentity without either a will or an intelligence of my own.

"Now, I must weigh Jack in the balance. He is a dear, lovable fellow; a charming and amusing companion, but with as little sense of responsibility as a kitten. He appeals strongly to my maternal instinct. I feel that he needs my affection and, in a measure, my guidance; but I cannot deceive myself, I shall have to bear the brunt of everything, decide all important questions and grapple with all the problems that would come to us in our mutual experience. He demands of existence sunshine and roses, a song and a jest; but in times of storm and stress he would be as a broken reed. And yet in fair weather he would be a delightful companion, and I should be a free agent with a chance to let my individuality expand and develop, for I should be the head of the house."

Now, the lady married one of these men. Which? Do you know?

JEAN GRAHAM.

The WAY of LETTERS

HUNTERS and writers do not always agree on the proneness of hungry wolves to attack man. Doubtless everyone knows that if the assertion is true that wolves will not attack man, even in pack and when voraciously hungry, narrative writers have long preyed upon their innocent readers. Of course, wolves are not the same the world over, and if they are blood-thirsty man-killers in Russia, it does not necessarily follow that they are the same in Canada. The Northern Canadian timber wolf has a coward's reputation, and experienced hunters have said that he is equally cowardly whether he forages in company or alone. It seems only reasonable to suppose that a half-dozen wolves would have less fear than one, but in any case it is more picturesque to imagine them as terrifying, slaughtering creatures whose howls at night are weird and blood-curdling. It is better so for the novelist, whose accounts are more likely to be widely read than those of the scientist or even the nature faker. Many writers have made use of the wolf to furnish a thrilling chapter, and the latest, so far as we know, is Reverend H. A. Cody, author of a novel of the Yukon, entitled "The Frontiersman." For sheer fierceness of onslaught and single-mouthed courage, his account outdistances all the others. His wolves have none of the fears that even heroic man himself is heir to. They sit back and await their opportunity. They jump right into fire. They do the conventional things as well, such as devouring each other's dead bodies and howling a long way off as a warning of their approach. Somehow the adventure of *Keith* with the wolves arrogates to itself the function of keynote to the volume, and the reader unconsciously measures the value of succeeding chapters by the standard set in this one about the wolves. That is a misfortune, because there is an abundance of fine material in the book, but when it has the double handicap of a prejudicial standard at the beginning and unskilled craftsmanship throughout, it suffers accordingly.

REVEREND H. A. CODY,
AUTHOR OF "THE FRONTIERSMAN"

One is tempted here to raise the question of the place and worth of a novel in the form virtually of a Sunday-school tract, for that indeed is the elevation to which "The Frontiersman" rises. Mr. Cody depicts the struggles of a medical-missionary in the far North, and while one cannot doubt the genuineness of his inspiration, one is bound nevertheless to observe his commonplace and, at times, even hackneyed style of treatment. Nowadays, original writers do not use expressions such as "his trusty knife," and even that would be excusable if there were not others of a similar calibre. Seven years of missionary work in the far North provided Mr. Cody with a fund of material to draw upon. He had already written and published several short stories, a number of articles (some of which appeared in *The Canadian Magazine*), and a biography of Bishop Bompas. Mr. Cody was born in New Brunswick, and was educated at King's College. (Toronto. William Briggs. Coth, $1.25).

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IN the history of the Nineteenth Century the Indian Mutiny stands out as one of the most dramatic and awful tragedies. To our fathers, the story was one of immediate horror and magnitude. To us, so swiftly does a half-century bear the world along, it has become a dream-like narrative of unrealised hideousness. A recent novel, "The Rajah's People," takes us back in the prologue to those days of slaughter and stress, and we face one of those almost unbelievable scenes when the British officer shot his wife and then himself, rather than fall into the hands of the torturing Sepoys.

The rest of the story belongs to the India of to-day, where dance and tennis game make the young Englishman almost forget the dark scenes of the Black Year. A complication to Anglo-Saxon society is introduced in the person of the Rajah, who would fain regard the English as the dominant race and learn the secret of their power. He has idealised this race, as he finds out to his bitter cost—and from a woman's hand comes the disillusionising touch. However, there appears on the scene an Englishman, Nicholson, of the same name and breed as the great soldier of the Mutiny, who redeems his race and finally wins the Rajah back to belief and happiness. There is a mystery which haunts the story and makes every turn of the plot a thrilling matter—but we shall not spoil the intricacies of this tale, where West meets East, by telling anything about the Rajah's secret. As a story, the narrative is well worth reading, and, while there are scenes frankly melodramatic, the reader is none the less interested for the "purple spots." The author, I. A. R. Wylie, certainly knows how to hold the interest of those who "like to see things happen." (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada.)

*

ONE sometimes wonders what would happen if all the novels concerned with the Civil War were suddenly to be subtracted from American literature. One can imagine the blank feeling which would ensue. The very latest to deal with this inexhaustible subject is Robert Chambers, and his many old-time admirers will probably be glad to know that the change has done him good. "Ailsa Paige" is certainly a more human story than several of the novels which preceded it. The hero is still the fascinatingly bad young man, whose badness is only skin-deep, and the heroine is still strongly emotional; but there are elements of reality in this work which some of the others seemed to lack. The pictures which we get of the war are grim, but not unduly horrifying, and as we are looking upon the struggle from the Northern viewpoint the promise of ultimate victory helps us over the bad parts. It is also

cheering to record that our feelings are not lacerated by the deaths of any but relatively unimportant people. All our story-folk come through unscathed or at the most with slight and interesting wounds. Our hero and his father become reconciled upon the battle-field and their recognition of each other's claims clears the way for the happy marriage of *Ailsa*. Altogether the novel is readable though far from ranking with Mr. Chambers' earlier and better work. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen).

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A WRITER in *The Evening Post*, New York, has discovered that English novelists work harder than Americans, or that at least they produce more books. He gives two reasons, as follows:

"One reason is the much closer connection between literature and journalism in Europe; and the other reason is the much smaller financial reward that attends upon literary success in Europe. Men like Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Belloc, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Max Beerbohm, are journalists as well as writers of original volumes, and they are in the habit of republishing their newspaper work in book-form. In France, this is even more the practice. Political chroniques, literary and dramatic reviews, causeries and feuilletons of all kinds are regularly put into book-form, among a nation whose books are inexpensively published in paper covers and whose publishers call a thousand copies an edition. By such means the journalist author in England and France adds appreciably to his list of book titles. We need only recall how almost unknown the practice is in this country to see what an advantage the foreigner has. It is, of course, a legitimate advantage. If a writer of books is at the same time a newspaper man, it is fair that the time taken from his books should show in the total With us, again, book-writing and newspaper-writing do not go hand in hand. Even moderate success in the former field leads usually to the abandonment of the latter. As to our second reason, it is almost self-evident. If Mr. Chambers derives twenty times the profit from one of his novels that Mr. Benson does, it stands to reason that in the long run he will be under the necessity of writing fewer books than Mr. Benson."

*

THERE are fashions in the writing of books as in all other things. And William De Morgan has much to answer for. Any writer now who collects a vast amount of unwieldy material, connects it loosely together, and adopts a certain curious mannerism in the transcription of dialect, sees in himself the author of a second "Jospeh Vance." But the second "Joseph Vance" does not appear. In "The Dop Doctor" Richard Dehan has the unwieldy material, the lack of cohesiveness, and has been at great pains to acquire the mannerism. He also has a number of characters involved in various happenings which must have been highly unpleasant to all concerned. They are certainly, some of them, almost too unpleasant to read about. Apparently reticence is no more a part of Mr. Dehan's literary equipment than it is of the equipment of a police-court reporter; and many readers prefer to keep medical treatises apart from novels. Such a fault of judgment is a pity in this case, because much of the material is good. *Saxham* and *Billy Keyse* have the air of being taken from life—real life, not that sordid side of it upon which so many modern writers turn their little searchlights, and show us the spot illumined as the whole. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, $1.25 net).

*

NOTES.

—"The King, Canada, and Empire," is the title of a booklet that bristles with sentiment that is popularly known as either loyalty or patriotism. Here is a stanza:

"Hail Canada! the first-born of the Five Great loyal lands wherein brave Britons live!

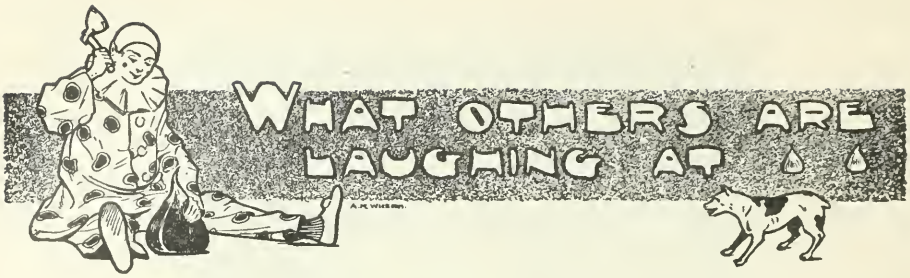
S. A. WHITE, WHOSE NOVEL "THE STAMPEDER" IS BEING PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM BRIGGS

We'll sing thy praise from shore to shore,
And be no nation's thrall.
We're strong in peace, and prompt in war
To Answer Empire's call!
Rise Canada! Strong for your King,
And with Britannia's sons your anthem sing."

Is it not high time that our singers thought more about singing and less about the nation's greatness or at least about singing and fighting about its greatness? The author of these latest patriotic outbursts is Fane Sewell. (Toronto: published by the author).

—"Hamlet: The Tragedy of Inaction," is the title of a critical review by George Herbert Clarke, a Canadian who holds the position of Professor of English Literature in Peabody College for Teachers, at Nashville, Tennessee. It is published in booklet form.

—Reverend William D. Lee, of Waterloo, Ontario, has made selections from the Bible for daily reading in the home and composed prayers for a similar purpose. These he has carried out so as to supply devotional exercises for every day during twenty-six weeks, and it is hoped that, as they have been assembled in book form, revival will be given to the declining practice of family worship. (Toronto: William Brigs).



FEE SIMPLE

Mrs. Young—"I want to get a divorce from my husband."

Lawyer—"What are your charges?"

Mrs. Young — "My charges? Mercy! I thought I'd have to pay you."—Boston *Transcript*

*

Q. E. D.

A member of the faculty of a New England university tells of a freshman who was asked by one of the professors whether he had proved a certain proposition in Euclid.

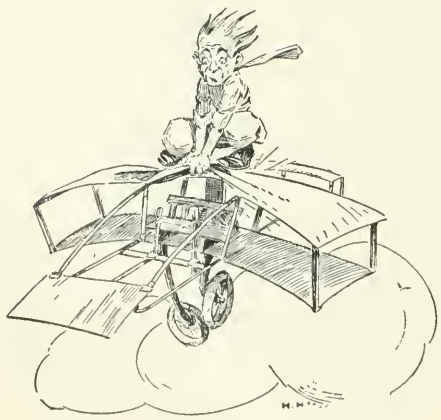
"Well, sir," responded the freshman, "'proved' is a strong word. But I will say that I have rendered it highly probable."—*Harper's Magazine.*

*

UNGALLANT.

1912—"What is a suffragette?"

1913—"A being who has ceased to be a lady and is no gentleman."—*Harvard Lampoon.*



ROUGH-RIDING ON THE PLANES

—*Life*

THE PETS.

He—"It's quite true that there are microbes in kisses."

She—"Oh, the sweet little darlings!"—*Illustrated Bits.*

*

JUSTICE IN THE FAMILY.

"Johnny, did you take that jam? Answer me this instant!"

"What jam, ma?"

"You know very well what jam. Did you take it?"

"That's a leading question, ma. I can't incriminate myself."

"Johnny!"

"And besides, ma, it's no crime to take jam, because there's no mention of blackberry jam in the constitution."

"Johnny, I'm losing patience. Once more, did you take that jam?"

"Ma, I'd like a delay until next fall to prepare my case. My witnesses have gone to Europe."

"You're overruled. If I waited you might destroy the evidence."

"Then I want a change of venue."

"Overruled. This is just as good a place as the woodshed."

"Can I have a *habeas corpus*, ma?"

"Johnny, you're hurting your own case by all this quibbling. Come now, did you take it or didn't you?"

"Ma, I'd like to appeal the case to some court that isn't in session."

"Nonsense. This court is capable of trying it. If you're guilty I want to know it, and if you're innocent I should think you'd be glad to have a chance to prove it. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, ma!"—Chicago *Tribune.*

STUDENT OF POLITICS—"And what be reely this yere Coalition they do be tarking about?"

OLDEST LIVING LOCAL AUTHORITY—"Well, it's like this Some parties says this, an' some says that an' t'other. But what I says, there's no knowins nor no tellins, an'—mark my words!—I bain't fur wrong." —*Punch*

HAD HIS HANDS FULL.

Judge—"Why didn't you seize the thief when you found him?"

Policeman—"How could I? I had my club in one hand and my revolver in the other!"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

THE POET ON WALL STREET.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was shorn;
The hallowed place where little lambs
Came peeping in at morn;
The playful bears and friendly bulls
Who wisely counselled me,
And where I bought at eighty-eight—
And sold at twenty-three.

—*Christian Worker and Evangelist.*

*

HANDS UP.

Eleanor, aged six, had been going to school only a few weeks. She had learned to raise her hand if she wanted anything. One day she put this into effect when she was sent to the chicken-house to get the eggs.

Just as she reached the chicken-house door her mother heard her say, "All you chickens that have laid an egg, raise your hands."—The *Delineator.*

THE TEST CASE.

"Say, paw," queried little Sylvester Snodgrass, "What's a test case?"

"A test case, my son," replied Snodgrass, sr., "is a case brought in court to decide whether there's enough in it to justify the lawyers in working up similar cases."—*Lippincott's.*

*

MAGIC.

Sapleigh—"Ah, speaking of electricity, that makes me think——"

Miss Keen—"Really, Mr. Sapleigh! Isn't it remarkable what electricity can do?"—Boston *Transcript.*

*

ONE-SIDED GAME.

Judge (sternly)—"Three times in a month! What do you make of this?"

Rastus (apologetically)—"Deed an' I don't make nuffin, sir. You fellahs up here seems to be on'y ones dat makes anything of haulin' me up heah."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

*

READY FOR THEM.

Judge—"Will you tell the jury all you know about the case?"

Miss Jabber — "Yes, if they can spare the time."—Brooklyn *Life.*

"You look very bad to-day."
"You look very bad every day."
—*Jugend* (Berlin)

NOT TO BE WASTED

A gentleman lying on his death-bed was questioned by his inconsolable prospective widow. "Poor Mike," said she, "is there annythin' that wud make ye comfortable? Annythin' ye ask for I'll get for ye."

"Plaise, Bridget," he responded, "I t'ink I'd like a wee taste of the ham I smell a'bilin' in the kitchen."

"Arrah, go on," responded Bridget. "Divil a bit of that ham ye'll get. 'Tis for the wake."—*Central Law Journal.*

*

ALL INVISIBLE

Curate (to lady who has taken refuge in ditch)—"Didn't I assure you that a cow is only dangerous when it has lost its calf?"

She—"That's why I was frightened. I couldn't see a calf anywhere"—*Punch.*

*

AN INFORMAL AFFAIR

"Why, auntie, have the magazines upset you?"

"Well, I've got through the advertisements, and I feel exactly as if I had been to a party where all the men came in their underclothes and the ladies wore only corsets."—*Life.*

ADVERTISING.

Angler (new recruit to the gentle art, who is "bogging" the stream)—"Not splash so much? Why bless you, if I don't attract their attention how are the fish to know the beastly things are there at all."—*Punch.*

*

AN ANACHRONISM.

When some celebrated pictures of Adam and Eve were seen on exhibition, Mr. McNab was taken to see them. "I think no great things of the painter," said the gardener; "why, man! tempting Adam wi' a pippin of a variety that wasna known until about twenty years ago!"—*Argonaut.*

*

HIS REVENGE.

Little Boy — "I want a dose of castor-oil."

Druggist—"Do you want the kind you can't taste?"

Little Boy (anxious to get even)—"No sir; it's for mother."—San José *Citizen.*

—Va y avoir au Jardin des Plantes un "Insectarium" ousqu'on verra les insectes dans leur travail.
—C't'idée!.... Des fois que nous nous exhiberions en personne, comme "Insectarium"?
—*Le Rire* (Paris)

Painting by C. W. Jefferys *Courtesy of Robert Glasgow, Publisher*

PAPINEAU THE ORATOR

—*See Page 163*

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE TWA MACS

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

Illustrations by J. W. Beatty

Is sgiath a bhreacain an snamh 's a' ghaoith,
Mar gathaibh or bhuidh——''

A DOOR opened violently. ''Ian, Ian!''

''——or bhuaide no greine——''

''Ian, Ian! where did you hear that teffle of a song?''

''Up the water, sir. Will I be singing it in the English?—

'On the waves of the wind his plaid would run
Like yellow beams of the setting sun?'''

''Be quiet, boy. You will not be singing it at all.''

Sulky silence fell in the barn. Old Angus went back to the table and the potatoes he was sorting, but his hands were not quite steady, and his far-sighted eyes looked out of the window and up the river to the little house on the other bank. He could not see it to-day through the gray sheets of rain, but he knew it was there, as it had been for forty years. And Ross MacLeod inside it, maybe playing on the pipes to keep his spirits up in the bad weather.

''It is forty years,'' said old Angus Maekenzie to himself, ''since I heard him play that chune at a wedding. And he walked home after with his arm about my shoulders. I eannot bear these chunes. I must be growing very old——''

Everyone in the Scotch townships knew of the ''twa Macs'' and their feud, though the cause of it was forgotten. As young men, they had been the closest of friends. They had taken up adjoining quarter-sections of land, Angus on the west bank of the river, Ross on the east. Angus's shack on the low earth-cliffs looked across out of friendly windows at Ross's shack on the rich flats farther up-stream. They helped each other in all their work, shared their troubles, pleasures, and hopes; set out their orchards; and talked long, as young men will, of the growth of their farms, the big houses they would build, and the bonny, soft-spoken brides they would bring home to them.

Then the quarrel came. And, though their orchards blossomed and fruited, their plans did not. Some spring of youth and hope seemed broken in each wild Celtic heart. For forty years they had passed each other in blank silence. For forty years they had lived in the same shanties, and to each the small windows that had seemed so friendly were like the cold eyes of an enemy continually watching. To the younger folk, they and their quarrel seemed a sort of humorous legend; but others saw in it a tragedy.

''There's no kennin' these Hielandmen,'' they said.

Old Angus's thoughts were in the old times as he sorted his potatoes. "Never a lad could play the pipes like Ross MacLeod. He'd draw the soul into your feet and set it dancing there, or out of your eyes in tears. And the young folk gather the chunes from him. But I will not have them around my house. Ian, when you have to sing, you will sing a psalm."

Ian came in from the barn, shaking the rain from his shock of silver-fair hair.

"And indeed, sir," he said with resentful courtesy, "you may have what chunes you like in your own house, or no chunes at all. But psalms are not of much use with the beasts, now. And when I have a house of my own, I will fill it with chunes, yes, from the cellar to the roof, and Ross MacLeod——"

"You will not be mentioning that name to me, Ian, boy. Is the river running high?"

"And indeed, sir, not so high as she might be. I saw Sandy Armstrong to-day at the store. He said he went up to the hills, past the rapids and the narrows. And he said the ice was piled up behind the new Glasgow bridge, and the water behind the ice, and all the melting of the hills feeding it. 'When the ice goes,' says he, 'the bridge will go too, out into the lake, and that will be the third the railway has lost. It will be a bad flood,' he says, 'for never has the ice held out so long and the rains been so heavy in my memory. It is lucky you are to be on the cliffs,' he says."

Old Angus listened, but the hollow rush of the rain on the roof was all he could hear. He shook his head.

"That bad flood has been coming every April for forty years," he said. "and it has not come. I think we may sleep in peace, Ian, boy."

He went to bed at the darkening, and slept, but not in peace. Wild voices wailed in his ears, the voices of the misty north, the songs of the Hebrides. He dreamed, and saw hosts of men upon the hills, wearing the *aiteann*, the wild juniper in their bonnets; and each one had the face of Ross MacLeod. And each one played upon the pipes, a coronach of dead friends.

Old Angus cried out, and awoke.

Yellow lantern-light was in his eyes, a hand upon his shoulder. He sprang up, and saw Ian. The lad was wet to his shining hair; wet, and shaking with fright.

"Wake, wake!" he cried in the Gaelic. "It is flood. The cliffs are falling into the river, and the water is lapping at the barn door, and the cattle are wild with the fear. Wake, wake!"

One other such awakening old Angus had known, years ago, in the misty land of his birth, when the red deer and the sheep were swept down the glens to the sea, and men with them.

"What of the cattle, Ian, boy?"

"I ran and led the bull out of his shed, and turned him to the high field. The kine will follow him, maybe. Eh, sir! There will not be a living thing left in the valley by morning. Hark to the river!"

The voice of the river was in their ears, a great and sullen roar. And another voice also; Angus was scarcely aware that it was he who had cried out, until he saw it in Ian's white face.

"Ross MacLeod. O Ross MacLeod!"

"Indeed, sir, he is no better than dead, unless he took warning."

"Not yet, Ian, not yet."

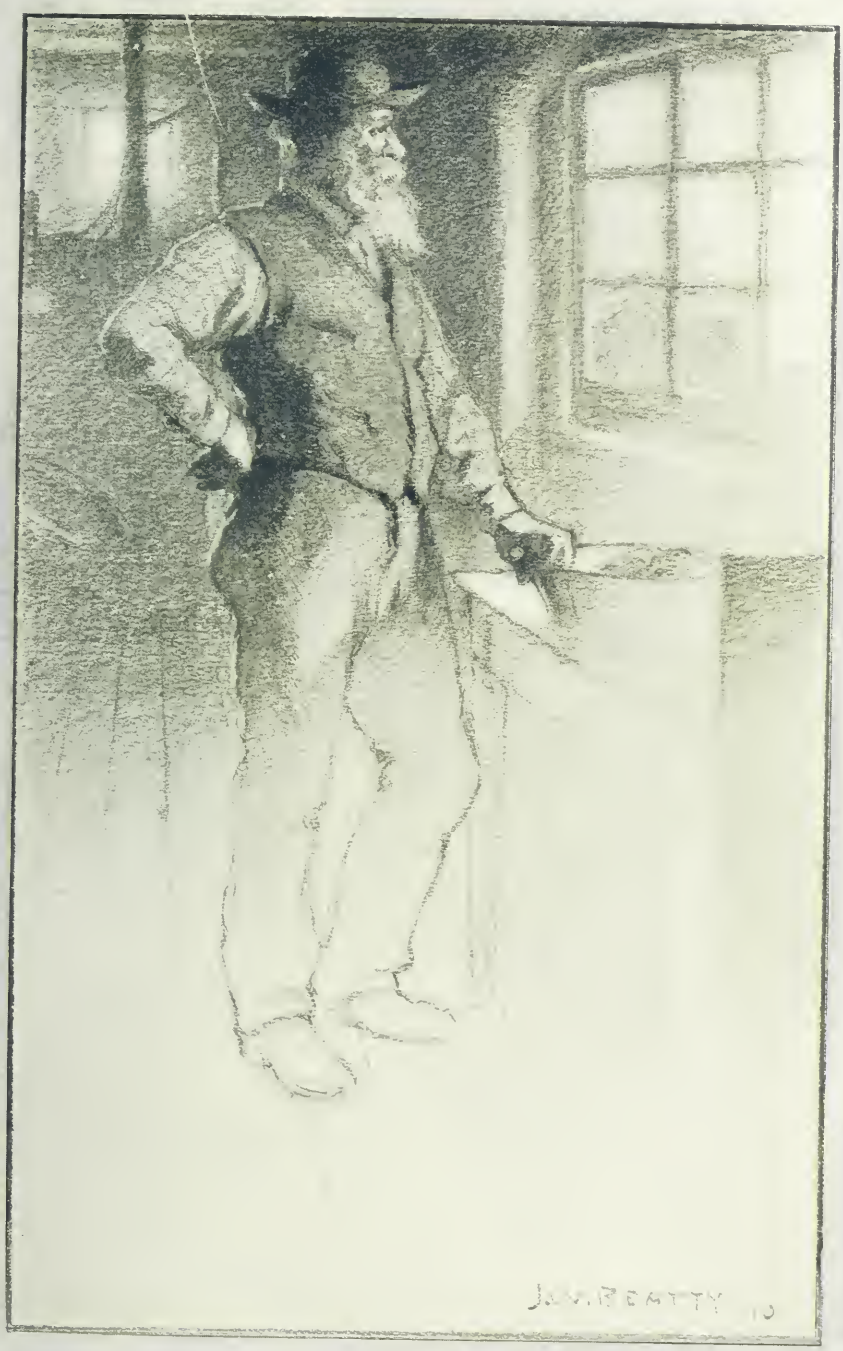
He dashed open the door, and the boy clung to him.

"What would you be doing, Maister Mackenzie?"

"I am going to Ross MacLeod. Who should go to him but I?"

With the opening of the door, the breath of the wet wind, the sight of a dim moon plunging down to the brown flood, old Angus Mackenzie entered into his youth again.

White moon and yellow lantern



Drawing by J. W. Beatty

"HIS FAR-SIGHTED EYES LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW"

showed them waves of dark flood-water lapping among the bushes on the cliff-edge. The ice-dam above the bridge had yielded, and the current was blotted with floating cakes. Dressed lumber, young trees, boughs, a drowned cow or two, were swept past them to the lake. Ian saw a tall aspen growing half down the bank break away slowly; he saw an overhang of earth collapse with a foaming splash. But Angus heeded none of these things.

"What would you be doing, Maister Mackenzie?"

The wet wind lashed their voices away from them, but Angus pointed to the hen-house. There was an old punt laid up behind it. It was Angus who ran to the lean-to for the old sculls. It was the strength of Angus's shoulder that launched the punt through the drowned aspens and the sucking mud. He thrust the steering paddle into Ian's hands, and his voice was blown back on a gust of wind:

"It was I that pulled the stronger oar when we was lads by Dunvegan ——"

Ian took the paddle, and the next moment they were out on the wild flood-water.

The storm-scud, driving past the moon, sent racing blots of shadow forever flying down-stream. It was impossible to tell which was shadow and which free ice until the punt's blunt bows struck with a swerve and a jar, and the cake scraped along her bottom. The shadow of the bank slid away behind; the brown current reeled past; yellow foam stung Ian's face, the wind caught his breath. He could feel the old man's strength fighting with the river. But Angus Mackenzie was old no longer; he was young; and, as he battled with the river, he sang a song of his youth—

"Swift as the hawk's wing
Sweeps to the heather,
Send the boats southward,
Rowing together.
The deer to his covert,
The herd to his cattle,
The lass to her lover,
Clankenzie to battle,
Tulach Ard!"

"He is fey," said Ian to himself. The tug of the water almost tore the paddle from his hands, but Angus's grip on the sculls was firm. His strong voice was blown back to the boy:

"Do you see a light up river, Ian?"

"I'm seeing no light, sir."

The old punt staggered in the current. Almost inch by inch, Angus was fighting his way up-stream and across. To Ian the whole world was driving cloud and driving water, the only clear thing in it the old man's face and his hair blowing in the wind.

"Do you see the old willow yet, Ian?"

"Nothing but the watter and the rush of it. A-ah!"

Out of the confused darkness continually rushing upon them something still more black leaped suddenly, reared high, and plunged in a spout of foam like a great fish. It was a young cedar, and the roots grazed the punt as it whirled down, bucking and springing strangely. They were drowned in foam. Out of the smother the old man's voice came quietly:

"Will you be seeing anything yet, Ian?"

"Nothing but the watter and the moon that seems to run with it."

The punt lay lower in the water. The river tore and plucked at her planks as if with angry fingers. She dragged heavily against the oars. A murky wave of wreckage, stretched straight from bank to bank, bore down upon them, and the punt rose high and higher, tossing upon the eddies that followed. All the ice-bound waters of the hills were running to the lake that night, freed from their long imprisonment. But old Angus was a match for them.

A stinging squall whipped across the moon. Ian shook the wet out of

Drawing by J. W. Beatty

"'WAKE, WAKE,' HE CRIED IN GAELIC"

Drawing by J. W. Beatty

"THE SHAKEN ROOF-RIDGE OF THE HOUSE BLACK ABOVE THE GLIMMERING RIVER, AND AN OLD MAN SITTING ON IT

his eyes. He was aware of nothing but the ceaseless jerk and wrench of the oars, the leap of brown spray alongside, spinning ice, plunging shadows, his own red knuckles clenched upon the paddle. It was like a monotonously bad dream, with nothing real in it but the river pouring from darkness to darkness, and the voices of the flood. How long was this going to last?

"The stag to his covert,
The herd to his cattle,
The lass to her lover,
Clankenzie to battle,
Tulach Ard!"

"A night like this blows away the years. Is there anything yet, boy?"

"Shadows, and the slide of the watter. But there seems foam ahead."

"Shoal watter, Ian. MacLeod's meadow will be under that foam."

Presently they were in the muddy racing waves. Old Angus felt his muscles like steel bars. He had a blade to meet every danger of that flood, as it might have been the seatides of Dunvegan. He edged the punt from eddy to eddy, from shoal to shoal, from pool to pool. Watching him, Ian lost count of time and cold and darkness.

Something rattled softly against the sides of the punt. They were the branches of Ross MacLeod's young apple-trees, breaking into woolly buds, fragrant as spices. There was a strain in old Angus's voice as he called to Ian.

"Is there anything yet, boy?"

"I am hearing something, sir."

A drowned moan came out of the mists ahead, and the boy gasped with sudden terror of the night. For a moment the wind died. Angus's hands gripped the oars till the old wood all but cracked. The punt leaped forward, whispering through the sunken trees. The flood in the river was nothing to the flood of thoughts in the old man's heart.

"Is that you and your pipes, Ross MacLeod?" But Angus's voice was quite calm.

"It is I and Shiela and the pipes, Angus Mackenzie. But the watter hass got into the chanter."

The punt hung steady on the current. The moon plunged clear of cloud. Ian saw the shaken roof-ridge of the house black above the glimmering river, and an old man sitting on it, wrapped in a plaid, with a collie pup under one arm and the pipes under the other, quite quiet and peaceful.

"I was waiting for you, Angus Mackenzie."

"Give the collie to Ian, poor beast. And here is my hand to help you down the roof."

Their hands had not touched for forty years. Ian, wondering, tucked the shivering dog between his knees. Ross MacLeod dropped nimbly into the punt, holding the precious pipes above his head.

"I will take you to my house, Ross MacLeod. And after you are dried and warmed, we will be having some chunes."

Then Angus turned to Ian.

"Take the sculls for the pull back, Ian, boy. I am not so young as I was."

So Ian took the sculls for the pull back, so much swifter though little less perilous, to safety.

Halfway over old Angus spoke dreamily.

"It is a good thing we have kept the Gaelic. There are so many words in it for 'friend.'"

That was all. As the townships said, "There's no kennin' they Hielandmen."

THE BOMBSHELL

BY ROBERT BARR

IT was nearly eleven o'clock at night when Richard Janson came down the stairway which led from the editorial rooms to the street, and, with a hand that shook perceptibly, dropped a letter into a box over which were painted the words "Business of *The Daily Enterprise.*" Under the glare of the electric light his smooth-shaven face showed ghastly pale, and his under-lip quivered as if he endeavoured to keep control of himself, and was not quite succeeding. The letter being beyond recall, he stood there for a few moments, meditating on the decisive nature of his action in letting it slip from his fingers. He remembered now with what startling suddenness the fury of Mr. Peel had abated the moment he sat down at the latter's table, and dashed off his impetuous note. The man had even slid an envelope across the table to be ready for him when he had folded the communication. Now the next man who would see it would be the business manager when the office opened in the morning.

It had always been Janson's pride that he was able to keep his temper, no matter what crisis confronted him. One cannot be a good newspaper man if one gives way to outbursts of anger. Technically, on this occasion, he had kept his temper, while Peel had raged like a roaring lion, yet Janson had done the decisive thing, and, on the very moment of its accomplishment, his greatly perturbed mind began to doubt the wisdom of the plunge. A belated beggar in rags, hopeful of a coin or two and a consequent drop of drink before he selected sleeping accommodation in a doorway or on the Embankment, loafed across the street to make a whining appeal; but catching sight of that drawn face under the white light, recognised instinctively that here was misery greater than his own, though it was mental and not material.

Absorbed as he was, the young man noticed the momentary halt, and the later avoidance of the beggar. The shock of this avoidance, slight as it was, did something to make Janson pull himself together. He laughed a little, but the sound was so unpleasant that the beggar looked over his shoulder in fear.

"Come back," commanded Janson. "You were going to ask me for some money, and thought better of it. Why?"

The man in rags whined that luck had been against him.

"So it has with me," cut in Janson curtly.

"I am out of work," moaned the unfortunate wretch, but the young man interrupted him impatiently.

"So am I," he said. "Nevertheless, here's ten shillings. Be careful of it, or squander it—just as you please. Get drunk on it, or buy a supper and bed, or go and stop at the *Hotel Cecil*, if they'll take you in. Good night," and with that Janson turned, braced his shoulders back, and walked rapidly down to the river, leaving rags amazed at the unexpected windfall.

The reporter leaned against the stone parapet of the Embankment, and, taking off his hat, allowed the

cool air from down the river to soothe his heated brow. The lantern over Parliament House shone steadily like a great evening star, advertising to the world that the Talking Shop of the nation was in operation. This gigantic candle seemed to attract the journalistic moth, and Janson walked slowly towards it, head bowed and hands clasped behind him, pondering deeply on the situation.

"If it wasn't for the wife," he muttered, "I wouldn't mind, but the thought of her takes all the nerve out of me. How, in the name of Heaven, am I to tell her?"

The cool air was whispering common-sense to him, now that it was too late to take advantage of it.

"Oh, dear!" he groaned. "I should have thought of her before I dropped that letter into the box. I have acted like a heedless fool. If it were not for that letter they would be compelled to pay me six months' salary, and then I should have had time to turn round. What did Peel's abuse matter to me? Lord knows I've been warned often enough against him as the kicker-out of the establishment. The brute gets his salary merely because he can goad men to desperation with his scurrilous tongue. Yet why curse him? It's the system of which he is merely the creature. The fault lies there, or perhaps in my own incompetence. If I had proved myself a valuable man, they would have been keen enough to hold me. I wish I'd stayed in the north; London is too much for me. Conceited, illimitable ass that I am, thinking in a moment of anger to be independent, and no man's slave, so here I am, penniless and workless, with a wife waiting for me at home."

He stopped in his slow promenade. He had the Embankment to himself, except for the dim, sleeping figures on the benches, worse off than himself when all was said and done, for he was young, determined, industrious, sober, and honest, in spite of the fact that the alert *Daily Enterprise* regarded him as a squeezed orange. He raised his two hands to the dark heaven above him, and cried in agony:

"Oh, God, give me another chance, and if I misuse it, cast me off!"

In his self-absorption he had not noticed the quick approach of a stalwart man with a slouch hat set well back on his massive head. The oncomer stopped abruptly as the uplifted arms fell to the young man's side again; then, with a cry, strode forward.

"For Heaven's sake, Dick, is this you?" he cried. "What's wrong? Are you practising for the stage, or just plain drunk?"

"Hello, Fred!" said the reporter, cordially grasping the outstretched hand. "What do you do on the Embankment when you should be serving your sovereign constituency in the House? I see the light is still burning."

"Oh," cried the other with a laugh, "the Workley Division of South Braunt has been practically unrepresented by its Labour member this night. I haven't been listening to the debate at all, for I was working hard in a Committee Room. We have just finished, and I have come out here to catch a breath of cool air. I think I'd have walked on to Whitechapel if I hadn't met you. You see, this stalwart body of mine resents these late hours and hot rooms. However, I keep telling it the rooms are not so bad nor so hot as the coal-pit it was accustomed to; nevertheless, I have to get out and work my arms as if they were swinging a pick, and walk myself tired."

The Labour member had swung his friend round, and they were marching toward the east, the brawny arm of the bigger man thrown over the shoulder of his junior in affectionate *camaraderie*.

"You see, Dick," said the Member of Parliament, "I make this explanation to you which I wouldn't to anyone else, for you're the boy that elected me."

"You were elected," replied Janson

calmly, "first through your own merits and eloquence; secondly, because both Tory and Liberal ran, and, as the Tory couldn't have got in in any case, you split the Liberal vote, and here you are."

"I was elected, Dick, because of the ripping articles you wrote for the *Brauntford Herald*, and because your wife—God bless her—together with mine—God bless her too—canvassed every vote in the division. Lord, it was a great contest, and don't you go casting doubt on your share of the business. There's not a man in England can write a shoulder-hitting article like you can, and quick the London *Daiy Enterprise* was to see it and well you deserve your promotion."

"Promotion!" groaned the unhappy man.

The Labour member stopped, took his friend by the two shoulders, and turned him until the nearest gas-lamp shone on his face.

"Thunderation!" he cried in alarm. "What's the matter with you, Dick? Are you ill? You look as if you'd just got up from a sick-bed."

"I feel rather that way," said Janson bitterly. "The truth is, they've kicked me out of the *Enterprise*. They say I'm a failure—that I can't write, and I don't bring in any news. During the last three months I have undergone every humiliation they could put on me, changing me from one department to another, always getting lower and lower. Of course, they couldn't reduce my salary, for there was a contract; but to-night I was rated like a pickpocket, and then, being a fool, I resigned."

The Labour member listened with knitted brows. The expression on his face showed anger at his friend's humiliation, and yet also a trace of bewilderment that denoted a certain lack of appreciation of the others sensitiveness, for Fred Kemp had experienced harder conditions than these.

"I'd never mind that," he said, when the other paused. "It's annoying, but not important. I'd sweep the office, if they asked me, as long as they paid the money."

"Yes," sighed Janson, "that's the common-sense view, and I realise its soundness now it is too late. About an hour ago I returned to the office, and was told Peel wished to see me. He was pacing up and down his room, apparently labouring under strong excitement. The moment I entered he turned upon me like a tiger, and for about ten minutes poured out on me a torrent of Billingsgate such as I had never before listened to. He rated me as a thief, a maligner, an incompetent, unscrupulous person—I was, in fact, everything that was vile. I had acquired my situation by false pretences, and was daily cheating the innocent, if opulent, proprietor by accepting money I failed to earn. The man's aspect was terrific. Those steely eyes of his blazed and seemed to shoot forth sparks like a Roman candle. His wiry hair bristled with rage, and his hands clenched and unclenched as if he could barely restrain himself from physical violence. I made no reply and attempted no defence, but having received as much as I could stand, I said, 'Oh, very well; I'll resign,' and so dashed off my letter of quittance to the business manager. Peel calmed down the moment he heard the scratch of my pen, while I became angrier and angrier, until I had dropped the letter into the manager's box. So here I am, with only the money that's in my trousers pocket, not knowing where the next penny is to come from. It's not very pleasant."

"How on earth did you come to do such a foolish——"

"I know—I know," interrupted Janson impatiently. "I've censured myself even more severely than you can blame me. I was busy at that when I met you. The practical question is: What must be done to-morrow? I'm out of a job, and everything else fades into insignificance before that fact. Do you know the

editor of any other London paper?''

''Not one,'' said the Labour member definitely.

''I suppose I'll just have to tramp round from office to office until I find something to do, but it seems a rather hopeless task when a fellow's unknown.''

''Why not go back to the *Brauntford Herald*, Dick? They'd take you on again like a shot.''

''I couldn't do it, Fred. I'd sweep a crossing first.''

''Why, in Heaven's name?'' cried Kemp. ''Think of the send-off they gave you—the dinner at which I presided. They'd extend to you a hearty northern welcome, Dick, my boy. Pocket your pride, Dick, and go back north.''

''Quite impossible; it would be a confession of failure. I couldn't face it. Lord, if I only had another chance, and on a decent paper, I'd give them value for their money if hard work would do it.''

The mind of the ex-collier, less subtle than that of the writer, failed to see any valid reason why his friend should not go back to the place where a situation awaited him. However, Kemp understood by the determined tone of his friend that any advice urging a return was counsel thrown away, and although his latent fear of London inclined his judgment to an abandonment of the struggle in the metropolis, something of his own stalwart stubbornness secretly commended the course the reporter had resolved upon. He remembered with a glow of gratitude the strenuous fight Janson had made during the election; the stirring appeals he had written day by day, which had done so much to assure the triumph of the Labour party, and knowing that it was these articles which had drawn the attention of the London newspaper proprietor to the young leader-writer, and thus directly led to his appointment upon the staff of the *Daily Enterprise*, the Labour member vaguely felt that he was in a measure responsible for his friend's present predicament.

They were nearing Blackfriars Bridge when the Member of Parliament paused, turned to the stone parapet, and rested his arms upon it, looking across the river, as Janson himself had done a few minutes before. The light on the Clock Tower burned brightly, as if to chide the truant member for his absence. By the bend of the stream it seemed now to be situated on the Surrey side, and the moonface of the great clock was partially eclipsed by tall buildings. Kemp gazed at the light like one hypnotised, yet mentally defying it, knowing well it was useless to ponder further, for he had already determined what he should do. True, he had pledged his word, as all his colleagues had done, and he knew he would be the only one to break his promise that night. He said to himself it was no torch of truth standing thus against the black sky, but the flare of an assembly that still passed what laws it dared in favour of the rich and to the grinding of the poor. The Labour leaven had not yet lightened the lump. Why should he keep faith with this false light, when, by speaking now, he might save one of his own kind from the tread of the millionaire's remorseless heel? He cursed under his breath, with clenched teeth, then turned his broad back resolutely to the beacon of the Talking Shop.

''Dick,'' he cried, ''it's just us two against the world, and damn the rest. We're a pair of men from the mining regions, and although you handle the pen, and I have handled the pick, we're brothers in thought. I owe my election to you, and to-morrow, if you play your cards right, you'll owe one of the best newspaper situations in London to me. I'll give you a piece of news that will open any editorial door in this city to you. To-night it is of the utmost importance; in twelve hours it will not be worth that,'' and he snapped his fingers in the air. ''You can write shorthand?''

"Yes. And I'll be glad to do it."

"Have you got your note-book?"

"Yes."

"Then let's move on under a lamp and pay attention to what I say. Did you read the speech the Home Secretary made in the House last Tuesday?"

"Yes," replied Janson, as they moved still further east, and took up a position under a lamp-post, the reporter with fountain-pen and note-book ready. "Yes, very outspoken against your Labour Bill; received with applause by the Opposition Benches, and with silence on the Government Benches. The leader in the *Dome* called it a courageous utterance, and the Home Secretary is praised by all the Opposition journals, while those on the Government side are hedging and non-committal, waiting to see how the cat is going to jump, apparently."

"Quite so. Well, the cat has jumped, and the account of that jump constitutes your item of news. We learned that this speech had almost caused a split in the Cabinet. The Labour party said nothing, but sent an ultimatum to the Government. Either the Labour Bill was to be made a Government measure, or hereafter, during the continuance of this Parliament, the Labour party, as a unit, would march into the Opposition Lobby against every measure the Government might hereafter propose. There has been the devil to pay inside the Cabinet although they still present a united front to the House. This morning the Home Secreary asked for a conference with the Labour Party, and that conference took place to-night in Committee Room 113. The Home Secretary was eloquent, persuasive, threatening, cajoling, brow-beating, flattering, denunciatory; everything by turns and nothing long. We stood solid and silent as this wall." The Labour member beat his huge fist on the granite coping. "We didn't argue, we didn't answer his questions, we made no reply to his declamation. The Bill as it stands, or nothing, was our last word. We rejected quietly every attempt at compromise, and scouted the proposal to leave the matter to arbitration. As the gamblers say, we stood pat. The Labour Party was this stone parapet"—again Kemp brought his fist down upon it —"and we let the Home Secretary beat his head against unyielding masonry. At one time he was actually on the verge of tears, but he melted not one that was opposed to him."

"And the result—the result?" cried the reporter, all aglow with excitement, for his news instinct showed him the overwhelming value of this information.

"The result was a complete surrender. The only concession we made was that instead of attacking the Government as we intended, the Labour Party will keep as silent in the House to-morrow as it was in the Committee Room to-night. The Home Secretary will make a speech, and climb down the cliff by whatever tortuous path his political instincts can discover. He will doubtless try to make it appear that second thoughts are best, and that since last Tuesday he has had an opportunity of thinking twice. We are not to make it harder for him, and, indeed, will say nothing; perhaps our leader will make a formal little speech of thanks for his change of front, although he will not call it that. We will do the mild and humble in the House, and let the Government chew the leek as if they liked it. And now, if you will write, I'll give you the Home Secretary's words as nearly as I can remember them."

When this dictation was finished, the Labour member heaved a deep sigh, and turned around to meet the accusing luminant eye from the Clock Tower, but the light had gone out, and Big Ben was booming forth the hour of midnight. Richard snapped the rubber of his note-book, and pocketed his pen.

"Good-bye," said the Labour member gruffly, as if the enthusiasm of his declamation had left him exhausted and out of humour. He turned on his heel without giving his friend time for thanks or farewell, and almost instantly disappeared in the gloom.

Janson was too good a newspaperman not to recognise to the full the far-reaching importance of the information he had received. He also knew its transient nature. Time was the essence of the contract, as the lawyers say, and he was well aware that his huge sand castle of news would dissolve and disappear as the tide of the morning hours crept slowly up the beach. The news was like the manna that fell from heaven; good only if used at once, and he resolved on the spot to present it to the *Dome*, that great daily journal which did not discard its men like a reckless poker player, hoping to get better cards on a next draw. He walked briskly away, head held high, and courage tingling at his finger tips, feeling like an unarmed man in a robber's cave who had unexpectedly grasped a loaded revolver in the darkness, and now was able to defend himself.

Suddenly a staggering thought struck him like an unseen blow between the eyes, and he stopped dead, to experience one of those mental processes which largely nullified his success on the *Enterprise*. More than once during his short London experience he had balked at some task given him. What he called his conscience, as Peel termed it, intervened. Peel sneered at conscience as an adjunct in getting out an up-to-date morning paper. Curiously enough, the present attack of conscience in those vital minutes between twelve and one in the morning did not touch a vital spot, but was a surface blow, although a stunning one, and it might have counteracted all the good Kemp's perjury was intended to do him. So great was his faith in his friend that he had never for a moment questioned the purity of the source through which the news came to him, any more than if Kemp had lent him a sovereign would he have thought of asking if that sovereign had been stolen. Such knowledge would have been vital, for Janson's conscience would not have allowed him to use for his own benefit information that cost the breaking of a man's word. The disquieting thought was in another direction altogether. He remembered that his resignation had not been accepted. Technically he was still a member of the *Enterprise* staff, and therefore the astounding news he had received belonged to the *Enterprise*, and to no other paper. He could not, as an upright man, present his treasure-trove to any rival journal. Until his resignation was formally accepted the fateful story of the Home Secretary was the property of the *Daily Enterprise*. He did not argue with himself about it, but indulged in one deep sigh, for he knew the character of the men with whom he had to deal, who would take his news, and still cast him out, for, as Peel had often said: "There is no sentiment in modern business." It was all very well for the *Dome* and other old-fashioned sheets to stand by their veterans and pension them off at last, but the *Daily Enterprise* knew a trick worth two of that.

Peel looked up as Janson came in, and smiled genially on recognising him. On the surface of the broad table that stood between them, Janson saw his letter of resignation. The alert Peel had evidently taken no chances, but had sent down to the business box, and secured the resignation which saved six months' salary to the newspaper.

"Mr. Peel," began the young man, "I have been so fortunate as to secure a very striking piece of news."

"Oh, indeed," said Peel, smiling still more broadly, "and I suppose in return you would like to withdraw your letter of resignation." He pick-

ed up the document, and glanced fondly at it.

"Yes," replied Janson honestly, "I should like to withdraw that letter, which was written in the heat of the moment."

"Exactly so," said Peel, laughing outright, "but, my dear boy, that trick is too thin. It has been tried before. These clever Yorkshire devices don't work in London. Your resignation is already accepted, the acceptance being written by my own fair hand, and here it is."

He handed the young man a sealed envelope.

"Then I am no longer a member of the *Enterprise* staff?"

"No, dear boy, and you haven't been for the last hour or more."

"You don't want my news, I take it?"

"Oh, yes; we've no prejudices where news is concerned. You hand your item to me, and if it is any good we'll use it and pay you space rates."

Once more Janson sighed, but this time it was a sigh of deep relief which the smiling man opposite him quite misinterpreted. Janson thrust into his pocket the acceptance of his resignation unopened.

"Good-night, Mr. Peel," he said, turning away.

"Good morning, Mr. Janson," smiled Peel. "You're not going to leave me your item, then?"

"Oh, if I can't make a better bargain with it elsewhere, I'll come back with it. Space rates are not tempting."

"Ta-ta, then. See you later. Remember the hour we close the forms, Janson."

"I'll remember," and with that Janson disappeared for ever from the editorial floor of the *Daily Enterprise.*

* * * * *

Next day there was an upheaval in the *Daily Enterprise* office. The devil was to pay, and nothing on hand to liquidate the debt. The proprietor, in Peel's room, raved like a madman. In his clenched fist a yellow telegram was crushed. It was signed "Labour Member," and told the proprietor that the astounding news in that morning's *Dome* was not only true, but had been refused the night before in the *Enterprise* office; that Janson of the *Enterprise* staff had got the news, and would hereafter work for the *Dome.*

"Great Heavens, Peel!" roared the enraged proprietor. This bombshell of exclusive news comes from that old grandmother the *Dome.* The most astounding sensation in ten years, and we miss it! Likely to smash the Government, and the *Enterprise* without a single hint of it!"

"So are all the other papers, except the *Dome,*" pleaded Peel; "and, besides, you told me to discharge——"

But the language of the proprietor passes the bounds that print permits.

THOMAS MAXWELL, ESQUIRE

BY J. J. BELL

"WELL, what is it, Maxwell?" said Mr. Kedgery impatiently.

The little fat clerk (Heaven alone knew what made him fat) glanced from his gray-headed employer to the younger man sitting by the fire, and hesitated.

The younger man made as if to rise.

"Pray don't move, Harrington," said Mr. Kedgery politely, and turned again to the clerk. "Go on, Maxwell. You may speak before this gentleman, the director of our London house—Mr. Harrington."

Mr. Harrington nodded pleasantly; Maxwell bowed humbly, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

"What on earth is the matter?" Mr. Kedgery cried. "Anything wrong in the office? Been making mistakes again?"

"Oh, no, sir." The clerk swallowed a lump of something—resentment or misery; possibly both. He was tempted to quit the private room with some sort of apology; but he knew that his employer would be leaving business in five minutes or so, and that this was his last chance of making the request towards which he had been summoning his courage for the past three days.

"Sir," he began in a low voice, his round face red, his eyes fixed on the inkstand on Mr. Kedgery's desk, "I should be exceedingly grateful if you would be so kind as to permit the cashier to advance me the sum of two pounds."

"Again?"

"Once more, sir; only once more. I will manage better in future, I assure you, Mr. Kedgery. I have had unavoidable expenses of late——"

"More children?"

"Oh, no, sir! Our youngest is but six months old——"

"Was that the ninth or the tenth?"

"Inseed, sir, she was only the seventh. I was going to explain that the extra expense has been due to illness, which I trust may not happen again. And then, of course, Christmas is upon us, sir, and the children——"

Mr. Kedgery made an impatient sound, seized a pencil, and scribbled on a scrap of paper, which he threw across to the clerk.

"The cashier will give you the money," he said coldly; "but this must not occur again—I say it must not occur again." He cut short the clerk's thanks with a grunt, and dismissed him with a wave of the hand.

Mr. Harrington was lighting a cigar as the door closed.

"Poor chap!" he murmured.

"Silly idiot!" snapped Mr. Kedgery. "And he may thank you, Harrington, for getting off so comfortably. I thought I had better spare your tender feelings." He laughed sarcastically. "Besides, I didn't want a sermon from you on the Christmas Spirit, which you were talking about at lunch. We find the Business Spirit quite enough in this branch of Harrington, Ked-

gery and Co., Limited. There's far too much sentiment floating about these days."

The younger man smiled. "What do you mean exactly by sentiment?" he asked. "Well, never mind that. Tell me, is your stout clerk of the incapable order? You said something about his making mistakes."

"He isn't particularly incapable. I daresay most of his mistakes have been made about the times of the arrival of his brats. Did you hear him say he had seven? Scandalous, I call it. And he has been married about ten years, I believe. What right has any man to have seven children on two pounds a week? Tell me that, Harrington!"

"Two pounds a week—poor beggar! Seems a bit unfair."

"Unfair! Great Heaven——"

"I was just wondering what Heaven would say about it. What right has any man to pay another man with seven children only two pounds a week, eh, Kedgery? What have we bachelors done to receive our thousands a year? Strikes me your stout clerk and his wife ought to get medals. How long has he been with the firm?"

"Twenty years—possibly more. But——"

"Dear me! One would think we were running a bank! What were you going to say?"

"I was going to say," said Mr. Kedgery stiffly, "that Maxwell is simply lying in the bed he has made for himself. He might have been cashier four years ago, when Grogan died, but his absurd family prevented that. I wasn't going to trust the handling of money to a man in his position. I don't believe in trying a man's honesty."

"Ah, well." said Harrington after a pause, "it does seem rather rough that these children should not only cost the father so much, but prevent him increasing his income. When did he get his last rise?"

"Don't remember. May I ask why you take such an interest in Maxwell, whom you've never even seen before?"

"That's a question I might ask myself without getting an answer to satisfy—you, my friend, at any rate."

Mr. Kedgery smiled drily. "Still hugging your idea of raising everybody's screw because the business happens to be paying good dividends?"

"No." Harrington's smile was quite good-humoured. "I've dropped that. Our shareholders would kick, naturally enough. But if it's not interfering too much, I'd suggest that you raise your stout clerk's screw by say twenty pounds."

"Why on earth?" Mr. Kedgery stared across his desk. He did not forget that Harrington, though years his junior, was a far richer man than himself. "There is absolutely no reason why Maxwell's salary should be raised a penny," he continued. "I could get plenty of others——"

"Can't you do something without a reason for once in your life, Kedgery?" Some passion had come into Harrington's voice. "Did you see the man's face—an honest face, if ever there was one—when he was begging you to advance a miserable couple of sovereigns? Did you see it? It was sweating with shame at having to ask, with anxiety lest you should refuse. You did not disbelieve his explanation. Illness!—fancy illness on two pounds a week, in a house, too, where the man and wife have to keep up a certain absurd show of respectability that the artisan on nearly as good a wage escapes! Christmas! — imagine Christmas on two pounds a week with half-a-dozen expectant little beggars to make happy! Think of the pinching until those two sovereigns are repaid and the weekly income is back to normal."

"My dear fellow, I've no doubt there are thousands of smilar cases——"

"The probability of many doesn't alter the miserable fact of the exist-

ence of one. Can't you imagine the interior of your clerk's home this Christmas Eve?"

"I thought we should come to that," said Mr. Kedgery. "Would you have got up all this sentiment, Harrington, if the date had been the —say the 24th of July?"

"Probably not. But that is no reason why you should avoid helping a fellow on the 24th of December. Raise the man's wages, and let him know of it to-night. I'm sure you won't regret it." Harrington rose and picked up his hat. "You'll do it?"

"Certainly not," the other replied quietly. Then as if the matter were closed, he said: "Are you going by the four-thirty? I would have asked you to wait for the late train, but I can't offer you any festivities."

"Aren't you dining anywhere to-night?"

"I never dine anywhere. At seven I have my steak and potatoes as usual, after which my books await me." Mr. Kedgery was inclined to be cocky about his simple life.

They parted at the office door, and Harrington made his way to the Station Hotel. The first thing he did on his arrival there was to consult the local post-office directory under the letter M. Having entered a jotting in his note-book, he retired to the smoke-room, and at the writing-table proceeded to make, not without thought and frequent hesitation, a longish list of extremely miscellaneous articles having no connection with the factories of Harrington, Kedgery and Company, Limited. The four-thirty express train started without him. So far as he knew, there was no one in London waiting for him that night, but he preferred to be alone on Christmas Eve. The girl he was to have married had died on Christmas Eve nearly twenty years ago. People envied Harrington his success and wealth, but until lately he had seemed a hard and disappointed man. At forty-five he was still sad and lonely, but he had found a way towards lessening the bitterness of life—not on Christmas Eve only.

II.

As a rule, the stout clerk knocked loudly on the door of his home, summoning his beloved mob to bid him noisy welcome. To-night, however, he used his latch-key, and it was the closing of the door from the inside that warned his family of his return. The eldest daughter, a woman of ten, received rapid instructions from her mother, who then left the kitchen alone, to the chagrin of the little ones. "You'll see daddy in a minute," the eldest daughter assured them. "It's because it's Christmas Eve that he came home early and didn't knock," she added mysteriously, gathering them about her like so many chickens.

"Is there going to be a surprise?" asked the eldest boy.

"Very likely," she answered bravely, dandling the youngest but one on her knee. Fortunately the youngest was asleep.

Mrs. Maxwell joined her man in the chilly parlour, her eyes on his face as he turned up the peep of gas.

"Well, Milly, they let me have it," he said, facing her with a smile.

She smiled back to him without saying anything.

Then, having done their best to deceive each other, they looked down gravely.

Maxwell brought out his purse and emptied it on the table. Four sovereigns and a half-sovereign. The latter was the firm's annual gift. Maxwell fingered it and laughed.

"I didn't ask for the advance until I had that and my screw in my pocket," he remarked, with an unbecoming air of 'cuteness. "Not that I think he would have stopped it," he added apologetically. He picked up the coins and placed them in her rough palm.

"I suppose it's all needed, Milly?"

She nodded, hesitated, and looked

up. She had no beauty left save in her eyes.

"I'm afraid it is, Tom," she said gently. "Was—was he nasty about it?"

"Oh, no—nothing to speak of. I always say that Kedgery's bark is worse than his bite. Anyway, we've got what we needed, haven't we? It will carry us through—eh? And that is something to be thankful for—only I wish to goodness you could spend the half-sov. on yourself. Couldn't you now?"

"I don't require anything, Tom." She blinked at the gold in her hand. "How much did you think of spending on the children this year?"

"A thousand pounds or so." He went over to the fireless hearth. "Could we manage five bob?"

There was a short silence.

"Do you think it would be wise to spend so much, dear?" she asked.

He gave a groan and returned to her side. Laying his hand on her shoulder, he said unsteadily: "My girl, I sometimes wonder if you aren't sick of being wise and patient."

"Nonsense!" She spoke quickly, but not impatiently. "Come along and see the children, while I get tea ready. We'll talk about their presents afterwards. Go, Tom, and I'll put out the gas."

For a brief space after he had gone she lingered in the darkness. . . . Then, telling herself that she was the luckiest woman in town, she followed him briskly to the kitchen.

*

It was after seven o'clock, and three children remained to be bedded, ere Maxwell got another word with his wife in the parlour.

"We must get the little things something, Milly," he was saying; "they expect it. They were all asking me what the surprise was going to be?"

"I know—I know. But we've got to be careful Tom. . . . I wish you would get yourself something to smoke. It's so long since———"

"I've lost taste for it—solemn fact! . . . Besides, we'll get out of the mess in time. If it hadn't been for the doctor and the physies and other extras——" Maxwell was looking through the blind. "Hullo!" he exclaimed; "here's a cab stopping at our door. Jarvie lost his way, I suppose. I'll see what he wants."

On opening the door Maxwell found himself confronting a tall commissionaire, bearing a turkey in one hand and a large parcel in the other.

"Mr. Maxwell?" said the commissionaire.

"Oh—yes."

"Some other parcels in the cab for you."

"For me? Impossible! Must be some mistake. My name's Maxwell, but—but I'm afraid not the Maxwell you want."

"196 Rudd Street—Thomas Maxwell, Esquire," the commissionaire read from a label on the turkey.

"Good lord!" gasped the clerk, and, turning, shouted, "Milly, come quickly! Am I Thomas Maxwell, Esquire, 196 Rudd Street?" he asked feebly when she appeared.

"If you'll take these, I'll fetch along the other things," said the commissionaire, grinning genially.

As in a dream Maxwell took the turkey, his wife the parcel. They carried them into the parlour, laid them on the table, and stood staring blankly at each other.

Following a discreet cough the commissionaire entered, his arms full of parcels of varied size and shape.

"If you'll take these some 'with care,' sir——" Maxwell and his wife relieved him in silence. "Thank you, ma'am. There's more to come." He hurried out.

"More!" whispered Maxwell, and sank on the sofa.

"Just a few left, sir," remarked the commissionaire on his next arrival. But Milly had to do the re-

ceiving. Tom was quite helpless.

The "few" turned out to be a lot, and having got rid of them the commissionaire handed Maxwell an envelope without superscription, saying, as if the words had been committed to memory: "A well-wisher may possibly call upon you in the course of the evening." Thereupon he saluted and took his departure, ignoring a rush of questions.

Maxwell, sniggering foolishly, opened the envelope, and unfolded a couple of five-pound notes.

"Milly! This is——" His voice broke.

His wife flew to him with outstretched arms.

And just then a sound from the doorway arrested them both, and saved the situation from—as Maxwell afterwards expressed it—considerable dampness.

In the doorway were huddled five little ones, wide-eyed, open-mouthed.

"Is it the surprise?" asked the oldest boy.

"Is it the surprise?" the others echoed.

Maxwell jumped up with a shout, kissed his wife, and began to caper about like a madman.

"It is, my children!" he cried; "it is the surprise of all surprises since the world began! Who's for a dance with daddy?"

"Me!" said every little one. But they crowded round the table, where their mother was endeavouring to sort out the parcels and trying not to sniff. The eldest daughter had already flown for garments for the two mites in night attire.

Pleasant pandemonium was let loose as the parcels were opened. Grunts of satisfaction from Maxwell, gasps of amazement and joy from his wife, shrieks and squeaks of delight from the children.

Behold!—

A turkey, with sausages! A ham! A tongue in glass! A huge cake of sublime richness! Another almost as big, of simpler composition but gorgeously mounted in sugar! Fruits—fresh, dried, sugared fruits—pounds and pounds of 'em! Curious and dainty little jars, and lovely boxes that seem crying to be opened! And what is this? A box of cigars! (Maxwell smells them and declares they make his eyes water). Cigarettes also! A dozen of claret! And this—this long, thin package? What can it be? Hush!—an umbrella—for a lady—a lady indeed! Was ever such a beautiful umbrella! (To think that its first drop of water should come from a woman's eye!) And now for this enormous package! Snip goes the string! Rip goes the paper! "Oh! my chickabiddies!" cries Maxwell, "it's a blessed miracle!" Books and toys, and toys and books; more books, more toys, more books! "Stop, stop!" exclaims Mrs. Maxwell, getting her wits; "wait till we see which is for who." "It's a whole toyshop," says her husband; "I never——"

The tinkle of a bell came through the merry din.

III.

Mr. Kedgery's face hardened as he gripped the bell-handle a second time. He had come to 196 Rudd Street, wondering whether his clerk had met with an accident or committed suicide, and his ears had at first been greeted by sounds of festivity. Now, however, the house was silent enough. He was about to pull the bell again, when he fancied he heard lowered voices talking rapidly within. What was the meaning of the summons that had reached him whilst he was enjoying his steak and potatoes? He was calling himself a fool for having obeyed the summons so promptly, and was making up his mind to give his clerk, should the latter appear in the flesh, a month's notice—when the door was opened.

"Mr. Kedgery! You sir?" Maxwell's wits all but deserted him.

"I have called," began Mr. Ked-

gery, and halted as his clerk burst into low laughter almost like sobbing.

"Ah, it was you, sir, it was you! Come in! Milly, Milly! Come instantly! Here is Mr. Kedgery—our well-wisher!"

And Mr. Kedgery, his right hand imprisoned between two warm hands, found himself dragged into a narrow passage, there to have his left hand taken shyly by a woman who did nothing but look at him as no woman had ever looked before.

"Come away into the parlour, sir. This way, if you please, sir," stammered Maxwell. "Excuse our confusion, but we are just all overcome—absolutely overcome, sir—by your great generosity. Such kindness, such wonderful generosity—ah, sir! I couldn't have dreamed of this!" And the stout clerk, a big tear on either cheek, wrung his employer's hand.

A dazed man, Mr. Kedgery stood in the parlour while five pairs of young eyes regarded him curiously, if not suspiciously.

"Children," said Maxwell, and blew his nose, "say 'thank you, God bless you' to the kind gentleman."

Four small voices repeated the words gravely and correctly. The fifth did its little best "Sank you, Dod!" it piped cheerfully.

And for the first time in his life the stout clerk saw and heard his employer laugh.

"Won't you be seated, sir?" interposed Mrs. Maxwell, who was greatly confused and also secretly distressed that she should be caught in her work-a-day attire. Her Sunday dress was quite decent, she reflected, though it was five years old. "You'll forgive the want of a fire, sir," she went on, "but we lost our heads when the things arrived. And no wonder. Oh, Mr. Kedgery, we'd thank you if we could—wouldn't we, Tom?"

"God knows," said Tom softly. Then he woke up. "Milly, Mr. Kedgery must taste our wine—his wine. Who has a better right?"

Mrs. Maxwell flew from the room. The children returned to examining the toys.

"Look here, Maxwell," said Mr. Kedgery, with the air of a man pulling himself together, "you're evidently labouring under a delusion."

"Delusion, sir?"

"Precisely. What on earth made you think I had sent you anything?"

"Oh—but you did, sir."

"I didn't!"

The clerk fairly staggered against the table. "Then who? . . . We haven't a rich friend in the world. . . . I don't understand. . . . But you sent a message that you would call."

"I sent no message."

Maxwell seemed to have nothing more to say. He looked crumpled and disappointed.

Mr. Kedgery cleared his throat. "I say, Maxwell, you had better go and explain to your wife before she returns. It will make things less awkward for her, also for me. You can add that my reason for calling"—he coughed—"was merely to mention that your salary has been raised twenty-five pounds as from beginning of October last, so that you have some arrears to get. . . . Be quiet, man! Hold your tongue, and go and explain to your wife."

Left to himself, Mr. Kedgery looked furtively at the children, his thumb and forefinger in his waistcoat pocket. The children were undoubtedly cleaner than he had expected them to be. He wondered they did not feel the coldness of the room. What a devil of a time Maxwell and his wife must have, to be sure! He hadn't quite understood things before.

"Children!" he whispered suddenly. "Come here!"

After some hesitation they came and, taking hands, stood before him.

"But—er—I want you to hold out your hands—to get something, you know."

They held out their hands; rather

grubby some of them, to be sure.

"Don't lose it," said Mr. Kedgery, putting a sovereign into each.

To the youngest he said, with a rather grim smile: "And now who do you think I am?"

"A man," was the somewhat disappointing reply.

Said the second eldest boy: "I know! You're Mr. Surprise!"

"I believe you've hit it," muttered Mr. Kedgery. "I'm certainly a surprise to myself."

* * * * *

The parents reappeared. Mrs. Maxwell's eyes were red—perhaps with looking for a long-neglected corkscrew. She set a tray on a vacant corner of the table, gave Mr. Kedgery a look, the memory of which might comfort a man in Hades, and devoted herself to persuading the children to choose one toy each and retire. The eldest daughter had already collected the sovereigns for safety, and taken them to a drawer in the kitchen.

Maxwell opened a bottle like a man unused to the job, and poured wine into three tumblers. He handed one to the visitor.

"Milly, you've got to take this little drop," he said, handing her another.

He drew himself up. "Sir," he began. But the toast he wanted to give would not go into words. So in a husky voice he said: "God bless you, sir; God bless everybody," and took a gulp and turned away.

Mr. Kedgery's reply, however, was not any more brilliant. That gentleman was feeling extremely awkward, besides being half frozen, and as soon as possible he took his departure.

Hailing a cab, he was driven to the station. In the cab he re-read a crumpled telegram.

"You are earnestly requested to call at 196 Rudd Street."

"That was a pretty lie I told," he said to himself crossly.

He reached the station less than a minute before the London train started. Running along the platform, he at last discovered Harrington. Harrington let down the window and leaned out smiling.

Mr. Kedgery flourished the telegram in his face. "Confound you, sir!"

"Ah! You've been there!" laughed Harrington.

"Look here," said Mr. Kedgery, "I don't know what the game cost you, but it's going to cost the firm twenty-five pounds a year."

"Hooray! Christmas Eve—eh?"

Mr. Kedgery chuckled drily. "No, my friend. He gets his rise from first week in October last! I'm not sentimental."

"Same thing, only more so."

The train began to move.

"It isn't the same thing," roared Mr. Kedgery. "And, look here, Harrington. I had to lie about the dashed thing. I couldn't explain about your wire. I had to pretend I had called on my own account." He was trotting along the platform now. "And don't you see what he is going to cost me?" he panted. "The beggar will think I'm—I'm a silly, generous——"

"I see! Only thing you can do now is to live up to your lie!" Harrington waved his hand as the other dropped behind. "Merry Christmas, old man!"

Before he knew what he was doing Mr. Kedgery had shouted: "The same to you!"

RAT-HOLES OF EDINBURGH

BY NEWTON MACTAVISH

Illustrations from Etchings

WITH the human weakness that induces wanderers to the eating-places or the drinking-places, I began to consider what I might order and where. To you, I fear, that circumstance has every semblance of simplicity. Even to me, it would be regarded as a trivial moment had it not made possible the most enlivening incident of my Edinburgh experience.

I had dined well somewhere near the Border, and now to this great centre of Scottish culture I came, after nightfall, enthralled, yet looking for a modest supper. I stood at the corner of Princes street and the thoroughfare that leads over North bridge and across High street—the General Post-Office and Waverley station in front of me; the Register House behind; Calton Hill and its castellated crown rising up on the left; the street at the base curving back into unalluring retreats; the Scott monument enhancing the middle foreground on the right; and, back of that again, the black turrets of the Castle forming an imposing outline against the moon-ensilvered cloud-bank beyond. Supper, somehow, had found place in the thoughts of one who was thus confronted for the first time with this world-renowned spectacle. That is the unseemly part. And yet, who of us, even in ecstatic periods, is not driven by some one of the humanities —the child to its toys, the maiden to her dreams, the old man to his couch, the woman to her sweets, the smoker to the lounge, the *roué* to his haunts, the inebriate to the dram-shop, the glutton to the trough? And so on this occasion I was being driven, and for the present at least I am distinctively classified.

I was considering what I should order and where. Custom almost dictates the combination of ale and beef in England, wine and chicken in France, beer and sausage in Germany, rye and potatoes in Ireland. So I began to cast about for the stranger's privilege in Scotland. Scotch whisky and haggis came readily to my mind, but whether I decided on either, or both, I shall leave the choice to the individual conscience.

Soon I was moving, perhaps by impulse, along Princes street, and there I was accosted by a ragged youth who had matches to sell. Had I any use for matches? Who hasn't?

"I'm sae hungry!" he moaned.

But I couldn't be bothered by unbuttoning my coat and going down into my pockets. It couldn't be expected of me. Anyway, there was no end to that kind of appeal.

"I'm sae hungry!"

I gave him a curt refusal and quickened my pace. Then I felt a scruple of conscience; I might have given him a three-penny bit and been done with it. Still, there is always the chance of not finding the bit, and a man's pride (humanity if you prefer it), drives him to the length of the sixpence or the shilling. Nevertheless, by some device or other a brilliant idea got into my lethargic brain, and I began to enlarge it to the extent of thinking that it would be a novel thing for me to forgo my

CHESSEL'S COURT

own supper and give to the lad the amount that it might cost, just as if the idea had never before been conceived, let alone put into practice.

That is another of the humanities. We think things out, receive generous impulses, perform even extravagant acts, and all because we are pampering the miserable little idea that we ourselves are the originators of particular ideas.

But I wasn't going to turn around and go back and humiliate myself by saying to the boy, with my coat flying open and my hands in my pockets, "Here, my lad, I am a philanthropist; take this two-shilling piece and get a good supper for yourself." (Oh! I had no intention of including the usual tip in my alms, for I knew that he would go to an eating-place where tips are not known).

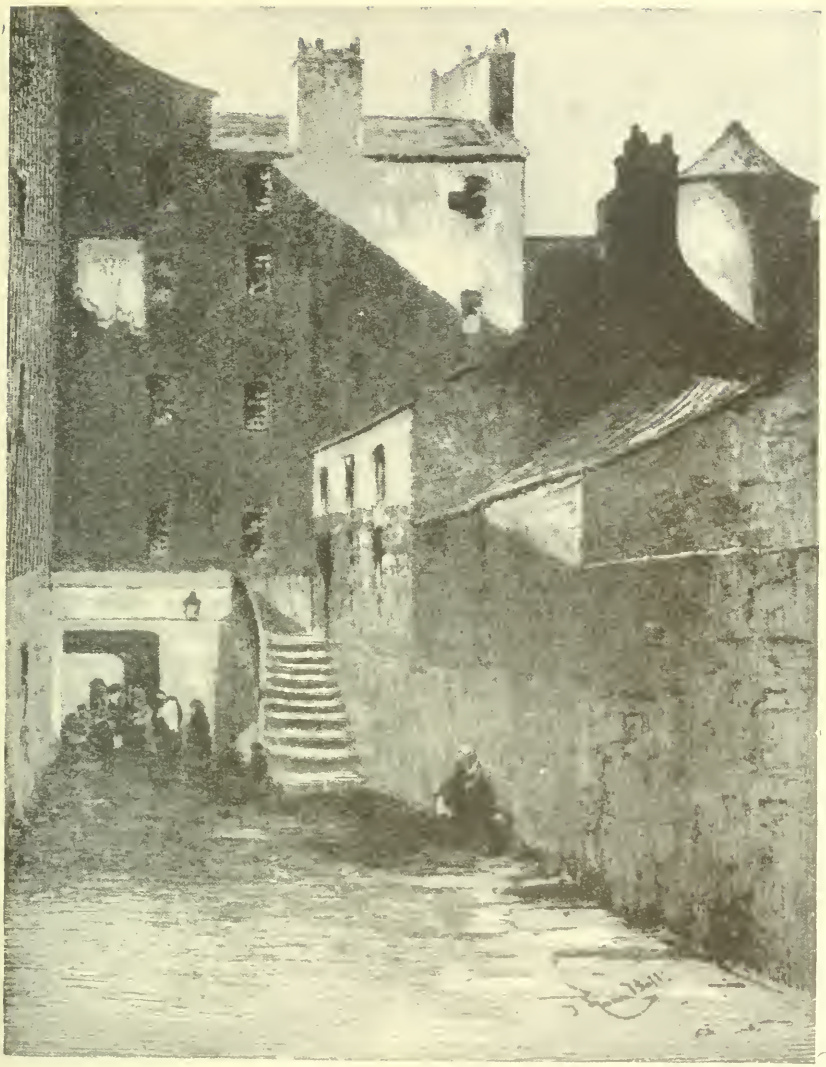
But I wasn't going to perform that humiliating kind of generosity at all. What I had in mind to do was to go back and give the youth a chance to accost me a second time. Would he do it? I was actually fearing that perhaps he, too, had some pride and that he would not meet me half-way. I didn't wish my idea to fail of fruition, so I gave good opportunity. I walked slowly. I tried to affect that devil-me-care bearing of the one to whom a nickel on a holiday means nothing.

I passed him. He was huddled within a corner shadow. He was not alone, for I saw nestling close up against him another lad, a younger than he, one of perhaps six or seven years, and together they seemed as if bemoaning their ill-luck. I had no intention of going up and proffering my alms. He would have to come. But by this time I was past, and he had not come. So I stopped in front of a shop window, just to give him a chance, and appeared to be much interested in the display of hair-pins and laces.

Did he come? No, he did not come. That was the galling part of it. He had stepped out from the corner, and accosted, without success, one or two passers-by; and then he caught sight of me looking into the window. I could see him without turning my head. He came hurriedly towards me, but, remembering that I had curtly refused before, he turned away, and the expression of his countenance was one of exquisite sadness. So it was for me, after all, to encourage his advance. I turned my head slightly, and with the amazing intuition of the street urchin, he divined my purpose and turned again towards me. My heart thumped perceptibly, and my fingers were fumbling the silver coins in my pocket. He thrust out his hand with the matches, but before he had time to speak, I carelessly tossed a half-crown at his feet and felt a recall of dignity in the mere sight of him getting down upon his hands and knees to pick it out from a crack in the pavement. As he rose and hurried away, no word escaped him, and I felt that for once in his life he had realised with a look the complement of eloquence.

I had thought that he would go back and rejoin his young companion in the corner, but now I seemed to see him, with the greed that belittles humanity, hurrying away as if he feared the other would learn of his good fortune. As I walked slowly after him, I heard a singularly low yet penetrating whistle, and a moment later the younger urchin from the corner scurried past. I was too far behind to hear anything that was said as the one overtook the other, but I saw the arm of the larger almost envelop the smaller's puny form, and then the two, half running, half dancing, hastened away into the gathering gloom.

I followed quickly. The pair turned to the right, went over the bridge, up the incline, and down along High street, where for the moment I lost sight of them in that kaleidoscopic movement of submerged humanity. The scene interested me, so I moved along, and presently caught a last glimpse of the two mediums of my big idea turning, still with the arm



LITTLE LOCKEND CLOSE

of one enfolding the other, into what looked like a hole in the wall; and as I hurried to the spot and stood there, at the entrance, I received my first impression of one of the rat-holes of Edinburgh.

The entrance was a little higher and not much wider than an ordinary doorway, but its depths were extensive and mysterious and cavernous. The time was not late, so I ventured a closer acquaintance, and had it not been for the sea of children that came at me like a swarm of bees I might have made at least a fair survey of the coastline. The surging mass shouted almost as one mouth, "Poor oot! Poor oot!" which was intended as a mild intimation for me to pour out of my abundance upon their unoffending heads. I had started as one who acts the philanthropist in a humble way, and thus far I had had some of the joys and exaltations of giving, without having given much. Here, however,

WHITEHORSE CLOSE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE

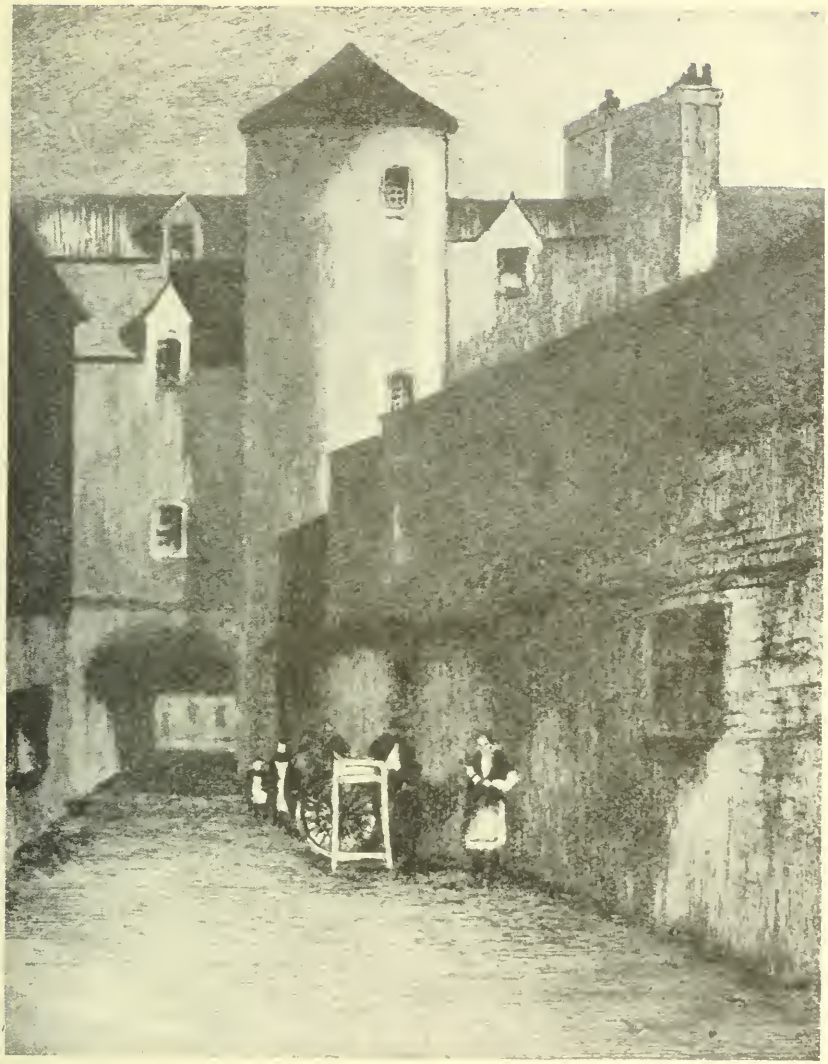
was rare opportunity, and yet I fled from it. But the rabble pursued me, and I soon interpreted their jargon as a volunteer competition in the recital of local history. The difficulty from my standpoint was that all talked with a broad lowland accent, and all together, and all with the same lingo, just as if they had memorised a chapter from some guide-book.

All this might have been expected, because High street is steeped in history, and the children are steeped in High street—in its wynds and its closes and its courts, characteristics that have made it different from all other thoroughfares and that now make permissible the appellation, "The Rat-holes of Edinburgh." Because they are little more than holes in the wall in comparison with the magnifient parallel promenade of Princes street, scarcely more than a stone's-throw away.

"Poor oot! Poor oot!"

The young historians thus interrupted their recital in order that the one purpose of their enthusiasm might be kept well before me. But I had no small coins, and I consoled myself with the thought that, were I to give a shilling, the one to first grasp it would bolt down street and evade the others, an instance of honour among beggars such as I had witnessed in a small village on the road to Waterloo. But the concourse was increasing, so I entered a shop and changed some silver for half-pennies. Then, going again into the street, I heaved a dozen or more of them into the air, and with the scramble that ensued upon their descent I managed to escape.

Now I was free to look about. Women with shawls over their heads and jugs in their hands passed to and from the tap-rooms, and in the middle of the street, and indeed everywhere, were groups of men whose stature and appearance gave them no title of Scotchmen. I thought that something important had happened and that they were discussing it. I had just heard about Jenny Geddes having thrown her stool at Dean Hannay as he began to read in St. Giles' Cathedral the service of the Church of England. Although it was news to me, the incident occurred away back in 1627, and was the first stroke in the great struggle for freedom of conscience. But the groups, unlike me, hadn't this event in mind at all, and then it occurred to me that perhaps they were criticising Robert Louis Stevenson's admiration for High



OLD PLAYHOUSE CLOSE

street and the environment. I soon learned that they were permitting Robert Louis to rest peacefully in his grave, but I had yet to know that they weren't even discussing the indelicacy of Smollett, whose novel-writing had been done in a house approached through one of the holes in the wall. I didn't even know that they weren't at fever heat over the fact that criminals' ears had been cut off and nailed to the gallows hard by the old market cross. They used to do that away back in 1600: at least, they nailed something to the gallows, but whether it was the ears or what remained I couldn't discover.

These things were all new to me, and when I asked an amenable looking civilian who was standing slightly apart from one of the groups—when I asked him, as courteously as I thought was necessary, whether it was true that old John Knox used to preach three times on week-days and only twice on Sundays, he took me

GENTLE'S CLOSE

aside, saying that he had had nothing to eat since morning. Then he took me in.

The groups in the street had got on my nerves. They stood here and there all the way down the mile that leads from the Castle to Holyrood Palace. But while they were on my nerves, the characters who used to frequent these haunts were in my mind. In fancy I could see Sir Walter Scott standing on the Heart of Midlothian, a spot in this street that is now marked by the form of a heart outlined with granite inlaid in the pavement. But surely the groups weren't discussing that. Every few steps I took I passed a rat-hole, and heard tunes lilted here and the pipes skirled there and a fiddle stroked a little farther on. Into and out from these closes and wynds bedraggled looking folk went singly and in pairs. Sometimes they flitted in like a shadow, and I followed them with my eyes, to see their unattractive forms melt into the mists and glooms of those mysterious recesses. Who would not lament the degradation into which these places had fallen? Here at one time, when Edinburgh was a walled city, embracing little more than High street (from the Castle to Holyrood), the great of the city abode, and some of the buildings still show remains of costly and elaborate finish and decoration.

The groups in the street were still at it, while I went along making mental notes of the names above the entrances to the closes: Campbell's close, Ramsay's close, Panmure's close, Forsyth's close, Dunbar's close, Rae's close, Gibb's close, Covenant close, and Geddes's entry. I feared that I might discover MacTavish's outlet, but

the Macs were not conspicuous, and then I remembered that the Highlands were still some distance beyond. Saloons were at hand on all hands, and there appeared to be sociability in the meeting of bleary-eyed men and women for good measure together in the public bar. From these places slattern forms would issue, and I saw unkempt, haggard and besotted men and women sitting in undignified abandon under the very eaves of the building where John Knox used to thunder forth the foundations of the Scottish faith. And they all seemed to come from and go to the rat-holes, the closes, the wynds, from the gloomy places. What would Smollett think if he could see it now? What would Scott think? And Allan Ramsay the poet? And even Robert Louis Stevenson? And, if modesty would permit it, what did I think? I thought that I should like to know what important topic had caused so many groups to come out from the holes in the walls into the street. When I asked a young chap who had the stamp of honesty upon his face to please tell me whether there had been a fire, a scandal, or an election, he ran his fingers through his hair, struck an attitude which served his purpose perhaps as well as if he had struck me, and then proceeded to deliver the first of a series of lectures on the newest form of socialism. Soon we had a group of our own, but I moved on, wishing to be alone with my thoughts about the trouble King David I. must have had founding the Abbey of Holyrood at the foot of the hill. You see, these matters of mere history were in my mind, and I naturally took some pride in my knowledge. And after I had been alone long enough with thoughts of David, I ventured an observation in the presence of a citizen who acted with the independence of one who has just paid his taxes.

"These groups in the street," I said, with a subtle insinuation of inquiry in the tone, "seem to have some interesting, apparently some important, topic of discussion."

He looked at me, almost in pity, as I now see it, and then moved quietly away. But I felt that he had misunderstood me, so I followed him a few paces.

"These groups," I said, "pardon me, seem to be engrossed in some subject. Is there, has there—"

"Och, no," he interrupted, full of what must have been disdain, "they're jist haein' a bit crack afore turnin' in."

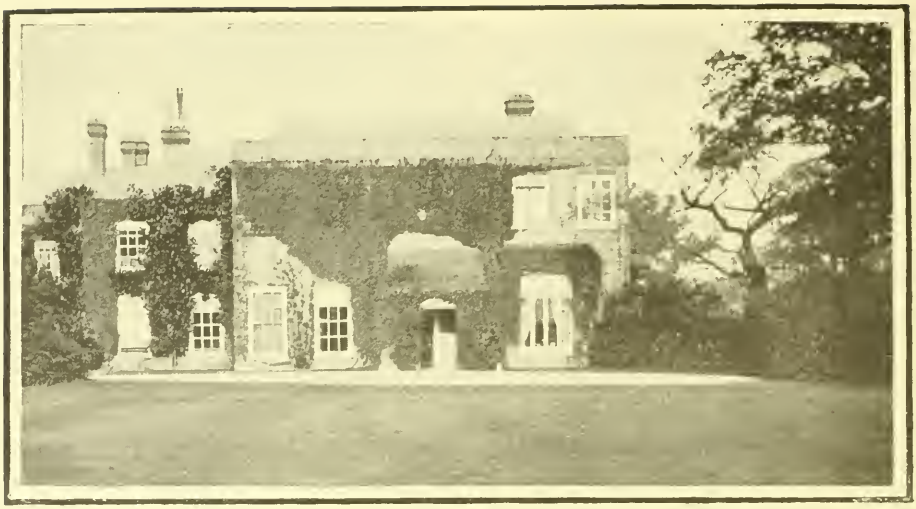
That reminded me that I might do very well with a snack myself, as it was late. So I invited my informant to join me, feeling that a dram or two of something might not go amiss in a strange land. We went in, and soon became engaged in an animated discussion of the ethics of philanthrophy. From him I received some good ideas, particularly when, just as we were saying good-bye, he asked whether I could not let him have a couple of "bob" until Saturday night.

The groups in the street had disappeared. Many of the lights had been put out, and the shop windows looked dark. I passed on alone, for my informant had disappeared into one of the holes, and just as I was about to turn aside to hail a cab, I saw something revolve in front of me on the sidewalk, then stand erect and say:

"Poor oot!"

No heart but of stone could resist an appeal like that, so I tossed him a sixpence, and then saw him fade into the enfolding night.

He was the younger of the two whom I had encountered at the outset.



MORTIMER HOUSE, NEAR READING, BERKSHIRE, ENGLAND, THE EARLY HOME OF PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

MEMORIES OF MY HOME

BY GOLDWIN SMITH

MY father married again. His second wife was Katherine, daughter of Sir Nathaniel Dukinfield, Baronet. She was an excellent woman, managed her household admirably, and was very good to the poor, who thronged to her funeral when she died. She was a relic of the old style, saying "goold," "Room" (for Rome), "sennight" (for week), "dish of tea." About 1848, my father, having independent means, gave up his profession, in which, however, he had been very successful, and retired to a country house at Mortimer, eight miles from Reading. The country there, though unrenowned, was lovely, with a rich view of English landscape from every eminence. The parish, while it was thoroughly rural, was social, containing several mansions. A new curate when asked by the Bishop whether his cure was not very interesting, could reply, "Very interesting, indeed, my Lord; I have seven parishioners who give fish and soup." Still, even here the lot of the labourer was hard, and his life of toil was too apt to end in the grim workhouse which marred the beauty of the landscape. There was deep pathos in the melancholy complacency with which he looked forward to a decent funeral. I am glad that I stood on the platform with Joseph Arch, who had a good work to do and did it honestly, with simplicity, and well: though, like other agitators, he may have found it difficult to end the campaign when his battle had been won.

The neighbourhood was not unhistoric. Hard by was Silchester City with its massive walls, a monument of Imperial Rome. Our windows looked on a rising ground with trees which in their disposition still bore the trace of a Plantagenet hunting lodge. Old Upton Manor House, with its hiding places for the hunted Jesuit or priest recalled the religious

struggles of the early Tudor times.

The farmers in those days were conservative. They ploughed with four horses, they voted with the Squire. They attended the Parish Church, from neighbourly feeling fully as much as on religious grounds. The labourer went to church rather under pressure, preferring the little Methodist Chapel in a sly corner of the Parish, the eyesore of the Parson and the Squire, though he looked to his Parish Church for Christening, marriage, and burial. A change was fast coming over the relation between the farmer and the labourer. They now no longer eat at the same board. The farmer's wife has become a lady with a piano, looking down on the farmhands. What has wrought the change?

The Parson was the social, as well as the spiritual, guide and the almoner of the Parish. Much depended on him, especially where the Squire was not regularly resident. Our Parson, Harper, afterwards Bishop of Christ Church, New Zealand, was excellent. But in some neighbouring Parishes, especially where the living was in the gift of very close Colleges, and the Incumbent, truly so called, was an old Fellow of the College who had spent half his life boozing in Common Room while he was waiting for preferment, things were not so well. One of these spiritual Pastors going up to a College festival and taking his Churchwarden with him was by the Churchwarden put to bed in his boots. I fancy that though the peasantry could not fail to be grateful for the services of such a Parson as Harper or Fraser, there was always in their minds a lurking suspicion of the black police.

Squires differed as much as Parsons. On the average they were not so good; for a man must be made of fine clay if he will conscientiously perform his duty when he is not obliged. Some Squires were agricultural improvers, builders of model cottages, just to the poor. Most of them, in those days, at all events, were resident; globe-trotting had not come in; the passion for life in pleasure-cities was not so strong as it is now. Nor had agricultural depression and loss of rents begun to drive the lord of the mansion from his home. Some years ago, revisiting England, I was the guest of an old friend in an historic house to which it was evident he had difficulty in clinging. In walking we came to a point where we looked across a valley to the new palace of a Jewish financier, and I could read my old friend's thoughts in his face.

Rural society in England has been changing, and so have its outward features. Some years ago I commissioned an artist in England to paint for me a series of drawings representing things as they had been in our neighbourhood when I was young. It was with difficulty that an old homestead and thatched cottage were found. The Churches, all but one, had been restored by Ritualism, which, though a change backward, was a change.

Country houses were beautiful; but in country society there was no enchantment. You rolled eight or ten miles to a large dinner party; you talked horses and roads, heard perhaps after dinner some lady play her grand piece on the piano; and rolled home again. There were county balls, and, in summer, archery meetings. Garden parties were not yet. For the men the coverside was the Club. Next to the Lord Lieutenant in importance was the Master of the Hounds. Our Master of the Hounds, when I was first at Mortimer, was Sir John Cope. He lived at Bramshill, a palace built by James I. on the skirt of what was then a forest country as a hunting box for his son Prince Henry, whose guest Archbishop Abbot was when he accidentally killed the Keeper. Sir John was a type of his class. He hunted a wide country. In winter his life was spent in the

saddle; in summer in training horses. He swore in good old style. "Sir John's pretty well in his swearing, sir," was his groom's answer to my father's inquiry after his health. Having no wife or child he lived alone in that vast pile. At length he became paralysed and could only sit on the terrace to see the hounds meet. His last solace was to have them called over by the Huntsman at his bedside. The end of the fox-hunter's life was apt to be dreary. I remember another of them, who, having outlived his Melton set, living, like Cope, alone in a great mansion, and, like him, paralysed, had no solace but shooting rabbits, which he did sitting in a cart on a music-stool, the stool enabling him to turn his paralyzed side enough for a shot. The rabbits, which he preserved, probably eat up a quarter of his rents.

Not far off was the country of Assheton Smith, paragon and pride of all fox-hunters, who hunted his own hounds when he was past seventy, and performed marvellous feats of horsemanship, clearing a canal by leaping on and off a barge, leaping up hill a rail over which, when he had carried away the top bar, nobody could follow. His horses were so thoroughly trained to take everything at which he put them that one of them, when the rider was looking back after a lag hound, jumped with him into the middle of a pond. Assheton Smith went to hunt with old John Warde, a relative of my stepmother, called the Father of Fox-hunting, at Squerries, Warde's place in Kent. There was a frost. But Warde had the hounds out to show them to his guest. Smith desired to see them find a fox. Warde consented, but said he must whip off at the edge of the cover. Smith gave a look which Warde understood and said, "If that's what you mean, get upon Blue Ruin"—Warde's favourite horse. Smith got upon Blue Ruin, had a run of twenty minutes over a frozen country, and killed. Warde deserved his sobriquet. Winter after winter he left his beautiful mansion to hunt some distant county, lodging where he could, and telling his wife that any room was large enough for a gentleman in which he could put on his stockings without opening the door. He would take at once into his service, without inquiry into character, any bold rider or good driver, sometimes to the dismay of his wife, a worthy woman, who tried to civilise these waifs. Looking out of window at Hatchett's, in Piccadilly, he saw an urchin drive a four-in-hand coach up to the door in good style. He went down at once and took the urchin into his service. They were sitting in the drawing-room at Squerries one Sunday evening when the urchin was announced to say his Collect. Mrs. Warde, who was rather deaf, went into the next room to hear him. The door between the rooms being left ajar, they heard the urchin, instead of his Collect, repeat, "Dickory, Dickory, Dock," etc., at the end of which he was praised for saying his Collect so well and rewarded with a shilling.

There was a fellow-feeling among fox-hunters, at least among the veterans. My father found himself on his travels, in a city where he was not known, short of cash. He went to a Bank and tendered a cheque saying that as he was unknown to them, he would call in a day or two for the money. But the Banker cashed the cheque at once, saying: "I saw you cross the street; I knew from your gait that you were a fox-hunter; you are sure to be honest." I had myself once to meet in conference a Tory Peer who evidently regarded me, as a Liberal, with some suspicion; but it happening to come out that I followed the hounds his brow seemed to clear, and our conference proceeded happily. He probably thought that

in any man who followed the hounds there must be a remnant of good.

There were still hunting parsons. We had one in our Parish, who, however, had given up his profession and was said only to put on a white tie when he was going to deal for a horse. There was another near us who, when sentiment grew stricter, was called to account by the Bishop. "Mr. Blank, I have not a word to say against your ministrations. But this is a tattling world and they tell me that you hunt." "It is indeed a tattling world, my Lord. They say your Lordship goes to the Queen's balls." "It is true that when I am invited by Her Majesty I do not think it proper to decline. But I am never in the room in which the dancing is going on." "That is just my case, my Lord. I have only one old mare, and I am never in the field in which the hounds are."

James Fraser, afterwards Bishop of Manchester, was rector of the next parish. He was no less first-rate as a horseman than he was afterwards as Bishop, the firm seat and light hand perhaps still coming into play. Kingsley was to be met in the hunting field. Perhaps this helped him with Sir John Cope, who was patron of the good living of Eversley.

The farmers in those days could afford to share the sport, and, provided you kept clear of young wheat and beans, had no objection to your riding over their fields. This will hardly continue. Fox-hunting will share the general change. Already it has become rather artificial, and more like a steeplechase than a hunt, little notice being taken of the working of the hounds, which had been the great point with the fox-hunters of old. However, it gave me some merry days and an addition to my rather scanty stock of health. As Freeman, the scourge of fox-hunters, is gone, I may venture to say that few pleasures can equal a good run. To shooting I did not so much take. If I enjoyed a season in the Highlands it was more for the air, the scenery, the heather, and the lunch when the ladies came out to meet us by the burn's side, than for the grouse. Not in Scotland but in America I once shot a deer. I did not kill it and they had to cut its throat. I shall never forget the pitiful look of its soft eyes. Never would I have shot at another deer.

Not being a smoker—for they would not let us smoke at Eton and nobody smoked in my College—I have often wondered in what the pleasure of smoking consists. Is it an anodyne for the over-wrought brain? Whenever there was a long check, out came the cigars. But those brains were not over-wrought.

We were in the near parish to Strathfieldsaye, the country-seat of the Duke of Wellington. The old Duke performed all the duties of life and among them, when he could, that of country gentleman. When his work in town permitted, he came down, called on his neighbours, entertained them, and showed himself to his people. I turned up one of his ample visiting-cards with his "F. M." the other day. There was a farm which ran into his estate and which he wished to buy; but it was held at too high a price. One day on his arrival at Strathfieldsaye he was greeted by his bailiff with the glad tidings that the owner of the farm was in difficulties and was forced to sell at a low price. "I don't want to take advantage of any man's difficulties," he replied; "go and give him the fair price for his land." He rode with hounds, but had a loose military seat and was sometimes thrown. He did not like this to be noticed, and was far from pleased when a farmer said to him, "I see your Grace often parted from your saddle. Ye should tak oop your stirrups and ride as I do." He was tenacious of his character, as sportsman, and was greatly hurt when, on account of his age, he

ceased to be invited to the Prince Consort's shooting parties. He kept a hunting stud to the last, though he could ride no farther than the cover-side. He had not much taste, and when a Roman villa was opened on his estate and drew visitors he had it covered up, saying that if people wanted to see curiosities they must go to Italy. The Church at Strathfieldsaye was in the park and was an unecclesiastical structure in a cruciform shape with a cupola, bespeaking the fantastic taste of the last Lord of Strathfieldsaye. Gerald Wellesley, the Duke's nephew, who was Rector of Strathfieldsaye, had often begged the Duke in vain to build something more like a Church. One day, however, the Duke said, "Gerald, I begin to think you are right. That building is not like a Church. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll put a steeple on it." The last time I saw the Duke was at the door of that Church. He was told that one of his old Generals had just died. He looked grave for a moment as if he felt it to be a warning. Then he said, "He was a very old man, though;" put his arm in that of Lady Douro; and trudged sturdily away. The Duke was cold and aristocratic, or rather undemocratic, for he did not think much of titular rank. His soldiers trusted rather than loved him. He took too little thought for their claims or for their comfort and spoke of them with too little feeling. But he was a noble model of simple devotion to duty, perfectly free from vanity, at least while his mind remained unimpaired. A worshipper, it was said, went up to him and begged to be allowed to take the hand of the victor of Waterloo. "Don't make a damned fool of yourself," was the hero's reply.

The second Duke I knew well and was his guest at Strathfieldsaye. He had something of his father's features, though without the forehead, and a spark of the intellect, but nothing of the character. He was a mere sybarite. He was married to a beautiful woman and neglected her. It was said that when she complained to the old Duke, who was very fond of her, the answer was, "My dear, the Wellesleys have always been bad husbands." Of the history of the old Duke's marriage there were different versions, but no version was happy. The common one was that he had formed the engagement when the lady was in her beauty and had kept it as a point of honour when she was pitted with smallpox. This certainly was not true. The fact, I believe, was, that she rejected him; that he went abroad, and, on his return, when his love had cooled, was persuaded by a friend of the lady to offer himself again. But Wellington, the soul of duty, was not warm-hearted, or likely to be a very loving mate.

Punctual in the performance of all the duties of life, the old Duke at Strathfieldsaye went regularly to Church. He had a gallery to himself with a fireplace, the fire in which, growing deaf, he was apt to poke rather loud.

In a paddock at Strathfieldsaye, "Copenhagen," Wellington's charger at Waterloo, ended his days. "A low-shouldered brute" the second Duke irreverently called him to my father. He was a half Arab, and the breed, I believe, is apt to be low in the shoulder. The formation, I fancied, was perceptible in the Equestrian Statue which stood over the arch on Constitution Hill, and which, grotesque as its position was, the old Duke did not like to have removed.

The second Duke showed me a collection of likenesses of Napoleon; I told him there was one he had not; a bust taken at the time of the Egyptian expedition, differing from the rest, as I thought, by showing something more of enthusiasm and less of the hard look of settled ambition. It was in possession of Jérôme Bonaparte at Baltimore. The Duke asked me when I returned to

America to get him a photograph. The first attempt was a failure. But afterwards Jérôme showed himself a genuine Bonaparte by the development of a cancerous tumour, of which he died. A photograph of the tumour was taken for submission to physicians at Paris. The photographer then got a good impression of the bust, which I suppose is still at Strathfieldsaye.

It was difficult to find anyone who had seen Napoleon. I made that remark at a dinner party when a voice near me said, "I saw Napoleon." It was Lord Russell, who had paid Napoleon a visit at Elba, accounts of which are already in print. I asked Lord Russell whether the common portraits were like. He said they were. I asked him whether there was not in the face that hard look of selfish ambition. This he had not noticed; but he said, and repeated with emphasis, that there was something very evil in the eye. When Lord Russell spoke of war, Napoleon's eye flashed, showing, what was certainly the fact, that the lust of war was with him in itself a ruling passion. It is difficult to divine what else could have led him to invade Russia. He evidently had no intention of restoring Poland. He was immensely fat, Lord Russell said, and this might account for his fatal lack of activity in his last campaign.

At Three-Mile-Cross, not far off, dwelt Miss Mitford, the authoress, whose "Belford Regis" portraying under feigned names the characters of Reading, amused in its day. She had won a large sum in a lottery. It was squandered by a worthless father to whom she remained a most devoted daughter. Her great friend and literary allay was Talfourd, whose "Ion" though now forgotten is not without classical merit.

Another notable neighbour at Mortimer was Sir Henry Russell, of Swallowfield, a retired Anglo-Indian of distinction, who had long been the Resident at Hyderabad. He was a fine specimen of the old Anglo-Indian school. It being in his days a six months' voyage from England to India, he had passed his life in Hindostan and had learned to identify himself with the people. No such word as "Nigger" ever passed his lips. He seemed to regard a Hindoo gentleman as his equal, though of a different race and religion. Missionaries he abhorred. "No gentleman," he said, "ever changed his policies or his religion." He was a man of refined tastes, a good writer and a model of urbanity. When he was dying his medical man pressed on him a useless draught, telling him it would do him good. "I am sure it will," he said, "if it comes from your hand." He had brought away from India a healthy frame, as he said anyone might who would be temperate and careful. He was an active local improver and a practical pioneer of the reform of the Poor Law.

At Bearwood, not far off, lived the mortal enemy of the new Poor Law, John Walter, of *The Times*. The mighty Radical, as he then was, had pitched his tent among Tory Squires to whom his name was a terror and with whom he for some time lived at war. He had a very strong temper, was firm in friendship, and inflexible in hate. When he was rebuked for the rancour with which he assailed a public man who he thought had betrayed him and reminded that the Bible told you to forgive your enemies, his answer was, "Yes; but it doesn't tell you to forgive your friends." My father was in treaty for the purchase of a house which had a road running too near it. Application had been made at Quarter Sessions for permission to turn the road. The vendor happened to be a particular enemy of Walter. Time after time Walter came with the only two local allies which he had to Quarter Sessions and opposed the turning of the road. My father happening to meet him, asked him what could be

the motive of his opposition. It turned out that he had fancied that the turning of the road was a condition of the purchase and that the sale was hung up on that account. Learning that he was mistaken, he ceased to oppose the turning of the road.

In Mortimer lived Sir John Mowbray, the high Tory member for the University of Oxford. His high Toryism did not interfere with our friendship, which was kept up by correspondence when I had left England. The value of the English rule which forbids politics to interfere with social relations is felt when one's lot is cast where that rule does not prevail and people feel at liberty to indulge their personal propensities under cover of political opinion. Mowbray was very interesting for he was an epitome of the House of Commons.

We had visitors at Mortimer, one of them was Admiral, afterwards Lord, Lyons, a man of keen intelligence and thorough knowledge of the world, as well as a great naval commander. He had been Ambassador at Athens, and told some good stories of those days. There was to be a Court Ball. A British Consul and his family came to Athens for it. Lyons lunched with them on the day. A little boy asked for something on the table. Being refused, he asked for it again, threatening to tell if they would not give it to him. Again they refused. He flourished his spoon and shouted "Grand-mamma's dead." It had been agreed to keep the old lady's demise quiet till after the Ball. Lyons gave a diplomatic dinner to propitiate an offended Oriental. There was an iced pudding, which, being taken to the guest of honour, first, he, seeing something unctuous, helped himself to it and put a large piece in his mouth. He jumped up, furious, spluttering and rushed out of the room. Lyons followed and found him implacable. His mouth was burnt; it was an abominable trick; else why had the pudding been taken to him first? He went away unappeased, and diplomacy missed its mark.

Other visitors were Sir Roderick and Lady Murchison. Sir Roderick was a cavalry officer who had taken to science, and, being rich, became its Amphytrion. Lady Murchison was very bright. She and I went to see Maple Durham, a fine Elizabethan house near Reading. Across the grounds there was a public path from which there was a good view of the mansion, to the lord of which the path, trenching on his privacy, was an eyesore. We were standing on this path to look at the house when a servant came up and said, "Strangers are not allowed to stand here." "Are they not," said Lady Murchison, "then will you kindly fetch me a chair." Sir Roderick had been invited by the Czar Nicholas to survey the mining region of the Urals. He became intimate with the Czar and testified, there is no doubt truly, to the Czar's perfect good-will to England.

Who now lives in the old house, thinking nothing of its former inmates? Who strolls beneath those elms in the summer evening and looks over the lawn to the farm on the hill which marks the site of the Plantagenet hunting-seat? Whose is now the room from the window of which, rising to my early studies, I used to see the moon and the morning star together in the sky? If you wish to give yourself a fit of the blues, you cannot do better than think of the haunts of your youth and call up the forms once familiar which have now long since become dust.

I cannot help mentioning my father's household as almost a relic of old times. It was a household in the true sense of the term. In it were five upper servants whose united terms of service with my father, my step-mother, or both, were two hundred and thirty years. They thoroughly identified them-

selves with the family and its interests, and when the household was broken up, took their pensions, and went into no other service. I am afraid they were not highly educated; I doubt whether they could have produced a grammatical letter among them. The old coachman who had been with my father more than fifty years, could neither read nor write. He was excellent in his calling, and not without refinement of feeling. When his mistress was dying he sent her up a rose as his farewell. Growing very old he had a fit upon the box. They wanted him to give up the reins, promising him as a pension his full wages and his house. But he said that if he ceased to drive the family he would die; the medical man said he believed he would. The master and mistress seldom left home and treated the domestics, not as servants, but as members of a household. Households are hardly possible now; in America it seems almost unexampled.

THE GATES OF DAWN

(Suggested by the picture painted by Draper)

BY JOHN BOYD

AN angel stands by the gates of dawn,
A rapt look in her face,
The light is softly breaking on
Her form of heavenly grace.

Heralds of joy to all the world,
The rays that spring o'erhead;
A new-born day has dawned on earth,
The darksome night has fled.

The lingering mists are fading fast
Before the brightening beams,
The sun is rising in its strength,
On earth its glory gleams.

So shall she stand in that dread hour—
A brighter presence far—
When death shall with its heavy pall
Our onward vision bar.

Then shall the Sun of Suns appear,
With splendid lustre shine,
And we shall hail the glorious light
That tells of love divine.

MR. CRAMPTON REBELS

BY MARY STUART BOYD

"I DON'T like mince," Mr. Crampton said, surveying with distaste the dish before him. "We seem always to have it for lunch."

From the opposite end of the table his elder daughter regarded her father with disapproval.

"What else would we make of the cold meat, papa? Would you have it thrown out?" she asked.

"With your teeth, papa! You know mince is easy to assimilate," chimed in her sister, with a well-intentioned but blundering attempt at conciliation.

"Tush!" retorted Mr. Crampton, a frown of impatience upon features that were cast for smiles.

"Rice pudding again," he protested, when the succeeding course was served. "Really, Sophia—you know I never interfere with the housekeeping or with your management of the servants—but need we have rice pudding every day?"

"Be just, papa," Sophia answered coldly. "It was semolina pudding we had yesterday."

"Yes, and tapioca pudding on Sunday," added Ella.

"I don't care what you call it. I detest milk puddings. Why can't we have something nice? A plum-pudding now, or an apple-tart, or——"

"Plum-pudding! Pastry! With your digestion, papa!"

"There's nothing wrong with my digestion," retorted Mr. Crampton testily.

"Remember what Dr. Spencer said when you were so ill. He positively and strictly forbade——"

"But that's years ago. My digestion is as good as it ever was, and my teeth are all right. I'm not an octogenarian, that I should be fed upon spoon-meat."

"You know, papa, that it is your tastes only that we consider." Sophia wore an aggrieved air.

"Tush!" once more replied her father, rising from the table with a curt intimation that he proposed going for a walk alone.

"You've vexed poor Sophia, papa," Ella said reproachfully, as she helped her insurgent parent into his top-coat and insisted upon encumbering him with a muffler. "You know how devoted she is to you."

Mr. Crampton said nothing. He might be an ungracious beast, he told himself, but he did wish his daughters were a shade less zealous in their watchful care over a health that he knew to be robust.

It was a glorious day in late October. A soft west wind wafted fleecy white clouds across a sky of tender blue. The sun-warmed air was full of vitality, but Mr. Crampton left Marine Villa in little mood to enjoy it. Since, half-a-dozen years earlier, he had retired on his Civil Service pension to the pleasant South-coast town of Budcombe, his daughters had united to guard his welfare with a degree of solicitude that had gradually become a decided burden. Because his active life had ceased, they had assumed that he must necessarily be treated as a frail old man. A clear injustice, when he was as hale as he had ever been.

For some time he had felt their attention irksome, though this was the first occasion on which he had openly rebelled. And as he walked quickly along, he was in a state of mental irritability foreign to his genial nature. In place of taking his usual afternoon saunter towards the bowling-green he kept to the beach, and soon began ascending the track that led to the cliffs west of the town.

The path was a steep one. So steep, indeed, as to have called forth protest on the part of Mr. Crampton's solicitous guardians whenever he spoke of ascending for the purpose of enjoying the view from where the flag-staff graced the highest point some distance off. With the new-born spirit of revolt firing his blood, he resolved to reach it now.

Mr. Crampton was naturally sweet-tempered; and as he rested, panting a little, on a seat placed half-way up the first slope, and watched the waves breaking in scarves of foam on the beach, his resentment quickly lost strength.

Feeling his top-coat a burden, he took it off, and, stuffing the muffler into one of its pockets, resumed the ascent with greater ease. It was a long time since he had gone so far alone. The solitude gave him an unwonted sense of freedom.

The higher he climbed, the higher his spirits rose. The sense of petty annoyance that had culminated in his outburst at lunch ceased to gall him. He felt again a youth, or rather experienced something of the exhilaration of a truant school-boy. And when, after crossing the chine and ascending the farther slopes where the heather was beginning to wither, he reached the flag-staff, he was proud to find himself comparatively fresh.

As he rested, enjoying the wide prospect and rejoicing in his achievement, he caught sight of feminine headgear moving towards him through the tall furze bushes that lined the path. When the wearer of the hat neared him he recognised Mrs. Welford, a widow, also resident in Budcombe, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. Mrs. Welford, who carried a basket, was moving as lightly as a girl, in spite of her fifty odd years.

"Mr. Crampton!" she exclaimed, as he rose to greet her. "Fancy you coming so far!"

"Now, why should it be too far for me, if it isn't for you?" demanded Mr. Crampton, with a slight return of his former testiness.

"Oh, of course, it isn't. Not at all. Only I have never happened to see you here before, though it's a favourite walk of my own."

"Well, I haven't been here before," Mr. Crampton confessed. "I —I was under the impression that the distance was greater than it appears to be. Now that I know what a comparatively easy climb it is, I'll come often."

He spoke the words as though registering a vow against unseen opposition; and Mrs. Welford, who was tactful as well as kindly, dexterously changed the subject by talking of her own affairs.

"Every Tuesday from April till late autumn I come to gather wild flowers on the landslide just beyond this. Then I post them on to the Seamen's Hospital at Plymouth. The flower season is nearly past now, but when everything else is over I gather tinted leaves and berries."

"Let me help you," Mr. Crampton pleaded. And after making the condition that he would pick the blossoms with as long stalks as possible, his companion agreed.

An hour later found Mrs. Welford and Mr. Crampton seated side by side on Mr. Crampton's overcoat (he was glad now he had brought it) drinking hot tea from Mrs. Welford's heating-flask and sharing some of the little pastry-cakes for which the local confectioner was justly famed.

"Do you like milk puddings?"

Seized by a sudden desire for sympathy, Mr. Crampton put the question.

"Milk puddings?" Mrs. Welford was a trifle bewildered by the sudden change of subject. "They're very wholesome and nourishing, and all that—aren't they? But don't you find them just a little uninteresting? When I was in the nursery I got enough minced beef and milk puddings to last me for life."

Here was a woman after Mr. Crampton's own heart. "But if you hadn't mince, what would you do with the cold meat?" he asked breathlessly.

At the absurdity of the question Mrs. Welford laughed outright. "Oh! with good management there needn't be much cold meat. But, in any case, numbers of nice dishes can be made with it, you know. Curry and croquettes, and shepherd's pie, and Irish stew—oh, and lots of other things. Though, by the way, I wonder why a dish that is made with English potatoes and Welsh mutton and Spanish onions should be called Irish stew—don't you?"

The conversation had taken a material turn that was hardly in keeping with their idyllic occupation of tying the blossoms into clusters, but when one has reached the pleasant backwaters of life the food question ranks as one of the significant things.

Mr. Crampton was late for the tea that was always served at four o'clock precisely. So great a flutter of apprehension did his absence cause, that when about five o'clock he approached the house with lighter step than he had left it, both of his daughters were at the door looking eagerly for his return.

"Oh, papa, where have you been? We've been so anxious about you! When tea-time came and you didn't return we thought something terrible must have happened to you!"

"Yes, papa. Sophia and I have been dreadfully unhappy about you. Where have you been? In five minutes, if you hadn't come back, we'd have gone out to search for you."

"Tush!" said Mr. Crampton, for the third time that day. "Absurd nonsense. One would think I was in leading-strings, the way you girls talk. Bless my soul! Can't a man stay out an hour later than usual without people working themselves into fits over it?"

"But where have you been, papa?" demanded Sophia again. "The tea is quite cold."

"Out walking, and I don't want any tea," retorted her parent, so curtly that the questioning came to an abrupt close.

At dinner that same evening Mr. Crampton further astonished his family by delivering himself of unexpected views on the vexed subject of the final disposition of cold meat.

"Now, instead of making your eternal mince out of the remains of this," he said, pointing with the carving knife he held to the joint before him, "wouldn't it be quite as easy to tell cook to make something tasty with it? How about a curry now, or an Irish stew, or shepherd's pie?"

At this exhibition of unguessed culinary knowledge the sisters exchanged glances, but they remained discreetly silent.

"Somebody's been putting papa up to it," Sophia declared when they were alone. "He would never have thought of that himself. Ella, I wouldn't be surprised if Minnie Ainsbury is trying again to get a hold of him."

A circumstance which occurred next day seemed almost to justify their suspicions. Mr .Crampton got his hair cut, without, as was his custom, having delayed until his daughters had proclaimed it disgracefully long. Thereafter, two pairs of keenly interested eyes kept watch over his doings; although, when the remainder of the week passed without the discovery of further corroborative circumstances their owners' vigilance gradually relaxed.

The following Tuesday, as Mrs. Welford gathered the vivid scarlet seed pods of the Gladwin iris about the tumbled slopes of the landslide, she was surprised to see Mr. Crampton descending towards her, prepared to share her charitable labours.

On the Tuesday succeeding that, Mr. Crampton, wearing a new and becoming grey felt hat, awaited her arrival at her happy hunting-ground. In spite of the increasing scarcity of bouquet materials the weekly strolls proved so pleasant that they bade fair to become an institution. And it was a keen disappointment to Mr. Crampton when the last Tuesday in November proved both wet and stormy. There could be no question of walking in the wind and rain, even if Mrs. Welford's charitable labour had not ended for the season. Yet, as the accustomed hour approached, Mr. Crampton became restless and seized upon the excuse of exchanging a book at the library as a pretext for going out.

Having flouted Sophia's advice to avoid a chill by remaining indoors, and fallen victim to Ella's entreaties to ensure himself against the danger of damp feet by wearing goloshes—encumbrances which he secretly kicked off into the laurel bush by the gate—he set forth.

To change the book was the work of a minute. That achieved, Mr. Crampton stood at the door of the library and looked furtively up and down the deserted rain-washed street. No one who could avoid it was out. Then, if everybody else was indoors, Mr. Crampton, struck by a daring idea, assured himself, Mrs. Welford would be certain to be at home. Why shouldn't he call on her? It was true that she had not suggested it, but then how could she guess that this sudden break in the weather would prevent what he had come to regard as their weekly picnic?

Putting up his umbrella, Mr. Crampton took two hesitating steps in the direction of Marine Villa where his daughters anxiously awaited his return; then, turning, strode boldly off towards High Terrace where the wealthy widow's residence was situated.

Mrs. Welford was at home, and her visitor found himself shown into the sitting-room, where she sat alone tea and toasted crumpets, Mr. tea and toasted crumpets Mr. Crampton found himself thinking—and saying—that his hostess had carried indoors the sunshine that he had learned to associate with her.

Meanwhile at Marine Villa matters had not been at a standstill. Johnnie Durant who lived next door and who had recently enrolled himself in the ranks of the Boy Scouts, while occupying his leisure by tracking the spoor of a cat, had discovered Mr. Crampton's goloshes hidden under the laurel bush. When Johnnie handed them in, the recognition of the familiar articles had given rise to certain uneasy conjectures in the minds of the Misses Crampton. Most acceptable of these was Sophia's conviction that at that moment the absent one must be paying a visit to Miss Ainsbury.

"Minnie can't come here because we never returned her last visit. So she gets papa to go alone to see her. I always knew she was sly."

"Yes, and don't you think our not going to see her has probably been just what she wanted? It enabled her to have papa call without any fear of our finding him there!"

"If that's the way of it," cried Sophia, "we'll call at once."

Ten minutes later the Misses Crampton were ushered into Miss Ainsbury's drawing-room to find that lady alone and apparently greatly surprised at their having chosen such a stormy day on which to pay their long-deferred visit.

They returned home, oppressed by the conviction that their call had merely served to re-open their house

to an undesired guest, to find Mr. Crampton seated in his armchair quietly reading the library book he had gone out to fetch. Still, as Sophia afterwards said, Minnie was so sly that you really could not tell. She might have let him out by the garden gate while they waited at the front door!

Christmas Day was approaching. The Misses Crampton prepared to keep the festival after their customary fashion. Three friends—Mr. Walpole, a bachelor regarding whom Ella cherished secret expectations, and Sir John and Lady Sweetman were coming to dinner.

The invitations had been formally given and as formally accepted, the stereotyped arrangements had all been made, when Mr. Crampton chose to upset matters by suggesting that he would like to invite an additional guest.

A ray of hope flashed to Ella. Perhaps papa's guest might be a masculine acquaintance, somebody even more eligible than Mr. Walpole —who, when all was said and done, was really a do-no-better. But Sophia was wary. She had almost ceased expecting romantic things to happen. Besides, papa had flushed a little when he made the proposition, and there was a bashful note in his voice.

"Another guest, papa? I'm afraid it is impossible. The table only seats six comfortably."

"Can't you have a leaf put in?"

"When the table is extended there is so little room for waiting. Besides, six people are as many as Jane can wait on, and seven makes an odd number, and——"

"You needn't cudgel your brain to find any more excuses," Mr. Crampton, who had been listening in ill-concealed impatience, burst out. "The truth is, you refuse to ask a friend of mine."

"But the people who are coming are all friends of yours, papa, or else why would they be asked to your house?" Sophia spoke with dignity.

"They are asked because you and Ella want them, that's why. Walpole—what do I want with Walpole on Christmas Day? I see enough of him at the club. Old Sweetman is an intolerable bore, and his wife is a confounded gossip. A nice set for a Christmas party, I must say!"

"The Sweetmans are always most punctilious about inviting us to dinner, you forget that, papa; and in——"

"But papa hasn't told us who it is he wants to invite," interrupted Ella, who was still curious.

"No, I haven't. And what's more, I don't intend to," Mr. Crampton said decisively. "It's a strange thing that though I'm master of this house, I can't even suggest asking a friend to dinner without your throwing a dozen obstacles in the way."

"I'm sure I only said——" Sophia was beginning, but Mr. Crampton had not waited to hear her attempt at self-exculpation.

On Christmas Day the little bustle of the final preparations kept both the Misses Crampton so busy that their careful supervision of their father's outgoings was relaxed. When Sophia went to the study to warn him that it was time to dress for dinner she sustained the shock of finding the room empty. No one had seen him go out; but for the material evidence offered by the absence of his hat from the hall-stand, Sophia could have imagined him vanished into thin air.

A dinner-party without a host! The situation was inconceivable, yet disaster seemed closely to menace the occasion. Mr. Walpole, who retained his reputation for punctuality by invariably arriving ten minutes too soon for any entertainment, was already in the drawing-room. And the Sweetmans' fly was trundling along the Parade when the missing man returned, and, darting upstairs with an agility unbecoming to his years, changed his garb with such alacrity that before the Sweetmans had ponderously descended

from their hired equipage, had toddled up the garden path, and been divested of their enveloping wraps, he was in the drawing-room ready to welcome them with a cordiality that bespoke good-will towards the entire universe.

The suggestion of elation in his demeanour puzzled his daughters, who wondered what the cause of his secret exultation could be. He was in the most jubilant of spirits, laughed at Sir John's thrice-told tales, and forgetting the shyness between them even addressed Sophia as "dear!"

A chance remark of Lady Sweetman's hinted at an explanation.

"I saw you passing this afternoon, Mr. Crampton. What lovely roses you were carrying. I quite envied the lucky recipient."

At the playful sally, Mr. Crampton blushed boyishly, even twittered. Sophia glanced at Ella, Ella glanced at Sophia, and when the guests had gone the Misses Crampton held a whispered council of war. Why had papa seemed so happy? they asked each other, as though a bliss unsanctioned by his daughters were to be accounted a crime.

"Oh, Sophia, do you think he can have proposed? Minnie would be sure to jump at him. And what shall we do if papa marries her? She hasn't a penny of her own. And papa couldn't afford to give us a house where we could live as we have been accustomed. Perhaps we should have been nicer to Minnie. Don't you think it would have been wiser to ask her to dinner to-night, if it was she papa meant?"

"It's no use regretting anything," Sophia declared stoutly. If she had any doubts as to the wisdom of their method of dealing with their rebel father she concealed them. "What we must do is to find out how far things have gone and act accordingly. If papa leaves the house tomorrow as he has been doing, we must follow and see where he goes."

The next afternoon found them waiting in walking-skirts and strong boots, with hats close at hand, prepared to follow where their errant father might lead.

They had not long to wait. Mr. Crampton had slipped out, shutting the hall door softly behind him, but not too softly for the listening ears to hear. A moment later the hats had been pinned on and Sophia was in the act of taking her second best umbrella out of the hall-stand, when somebody knocked at the door.

It was the rector's wife come to pay a parochial call. Wondering the while how she had failed to encounter and detain Mr. Crampton as he left the house, the baffled conspirators received the visitor with polite words on their lips, and burning wrath in their hearts. Then, struck by a brilliant idea, Sophia slipped from the room. In the adjoining garden the valiant Boy Scout was amusing himself.

"Johnnie," she whispered across the low euonymus hedge that separated the front lawns, "you saw Mr. Crampton go out just now—didn't you?"

"Yes. He hid in the greenhouse when he saw Mrs. Prior come in at the gate. And when she had gone into the house he came out and hurried away." Johnnie, who prided himself upon his perspicacity, pointed westwards.

"Well, you know how papa laughs at your scouting. Says he doesn't believe you could track anything. Now wouldn't it be a joke to track him? I'll give you a shilling if you can follow him and come right back and tell me where he goes. Only he mustn't suspect that you're tracking him—you understand?"

Here was a task after the Boy Scout's own heart. Almost before the last words were out of her mouth, Johnnie was off; and Miss Sophia was free to entertain her guest.

Half an hour later, when Mrs. Prior had just gone, a weird whoop

sounded without. The scout, panting but successful, had returned.

"I tracked him! He went up to the flag-staff."

"Nonsense, Johnnie." Sophia was certain her emissary was romancing. "Papa would never climb the cliff path."

"He did though, certain sure. And a lady met him there. And then they walked on, down by the landslide. They're there now."

"A lady?—who was it?"

"I couldn't get near enough to see. She had a red umbrella up."

A red umbrella! There remained no further need of questioning.

Wasting no more time, the ladies started in pursuit. Flushed, but persistent, they at length reached the flag-staff, and, acting on their scout's report, walked on towards the landslide.

Suddenly Sophia clutched her sister's arm. The afternoon was sunny. In a hollow a scarlet umbrella gleamed beside a familiar gray felt hat. Their footsteps making no sound on the springy turf, they had, unobserved, advanced so near that they could see that the couple were sitting hand in hand, when a movement of the umbrella revealed the face of its unconscious owner.

With a gasp of surprise, Sophia stopped short. Then, clutching the arm of her astonished sister, she turned and hastened up the slope.

"What is it? Aren't you going to speak to them?" asked Ella, who was shortsighted.

"But it isn't them. At least it isn't Minnie. It's Mrs. Welford."

"Not Minnie?—but Sophia, I'm sure papa was holding her hand!"

"Yes—but it was Mrs. Welford's hand." Sophia was actually beaming. "And papa had his arm round her waist."

"Yes, that's evidently what the mystery was about. Aren't men stupid? But, after all, Ella, I must say papa has done rather well for himself!"

THE HOMESTEADER IN THE STRAND

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

I.

HERE 'mid life's million-noted drone,
Entombed by walls I ne'er may know,
I watch the streets of steel and stone,
I mark the City's ebb and flow.

Amid their centuries of sleep
I see the busied idlers fret—
The hands that have no fields to reap
Beyond life's acres of regret.

They toil not here amid deep grain,
They stoop not over busy looms:
Idly they come and go again
Like idle ghosts amid their tombs.

And on each shoulder dimly weighs
Some yoke of close-recorded years,
Some sorrow of remembered days,
Some heritage of time and tears.

And tide by saddened tide they roam
Close up and down their citied hive,
Until I ponder on what comb
The dreamer and the drone may thrive.

Then lo, I learned how age by age
Into their past each pathway led;
How they no longer turn and rage
Above their unregretted dead.

Too closely hemmed, they pace a cell
Walled in by o'er-memorial stone.
And on their Babel turrets dwell
Enisled in glories not their own

Content to dream of elder days,
To know a splendour built on bones,
Content to pace their storied ways,
O'er-proud of tombs and ivied stones,

Where through the low and ceaseless hum,
Through all the restless City's rout,
The echoes of lost ages come,
The voices of the past cry out.

II.

Yet as I watched, and ill at ease
Remembered we were of one race,
I seemed to feel the prairie breeze
Once more upon my homesick face.

I knew that past the plunging Lakes,
Out where the Foot-hills meet the West,
There lay a land where all Time's aches
Died on a young and wider breast.

There lay a land that never turned
Back unto Sorrow's twilit slope,
But where the trails of daring burned
Forever faced the hills of hope.

A land where men with lighter heart
From wider space and clearer skies
And careless youth became a part
Of their New World's immensities.

A land that waits through sun and rain
And knows it marks To-morrow's home—
From pine-clad hill to laughing plain
A million leagues of hungry loam.

A land that is not strewn with rose,
Nor over-writ with storied names,
But still its wilder beauty knows
And still its vaster glory claims.

A land of youth and sun-washed slope,
A land that calls to him who needs,
And out of hunger fashions hope,
And out of dreaming, wakens deeds!

THE OVER-LOOKING OF GIDEON

BY PETER McARTHUR

ONE spring, eighty years ago, the great strength of "Stout Gideon" McPherson melted from him like water, and his big manly voice became a quavering echo of its former self. It was in vain that he drank Peruvian bark and wine, then considered a universal panacea, and tried all the cures suggested by wise women and Indian medicine men. From day to day the decline progressed, and he was beginning, like a true Scot, to consider his latter end when someone made the startling assertion that he had been over-looked with the *Evil Eye*. This explanation of his ailment at once appealed to his superstitious nature, and many were the futile exorcisms he tested. But as the person with the baleful glance was unknown, it was impossible to get a lock of his hair with which to effect a cure, and it was perhaps as well that no one was suspected; for in those simple and direct times he would have been scalped with scant ceremony in order to secure the needed remedy.

During the spring and summer of Gideon's affliction the story of his sad case was carried to every part of the Huron Tract, and had it not been for the wisdom and ridicule of Tiger Dunlop, Canada West might have had several pages added to its history fully as sooty as those of Salem. He laughed long and loud at the story of the *Evil Eye;* but when it was suggested that something should be done to help McPherson and his motherless daughters to reap their twenty acres of wheat that had been sown on the previous fall when Gideon was himself, he was the first to volunteer. Packing his medical case, for he was a full-fledged Doctor as well as literary man and politician, and taking with him his celebrated box of whisky bottles which he had irreverently called "The Twelve Apostles" he undertook the journey over the corduroy road that he himself had done so much to build.

On his arrival at Cnoc-Darroch, or Oak Hill as the McPherson homestead was called, he found over twenty of the stout pioneers of the settlement preparing to attack the field of wheat with their cradles and rakes The "Tiger" was welcomed uproariously; but he made no pretence of being an expert reaper, and instead of joining in the work he sat under a shady oak and questioned Gideon about his sickness.

"Ah was takin' rail teemer oot o' ta swamp when ah felt ta tribble; but ahm theenkin' ah may hae been ower-lookèd when ah was veesitin' in York at the New Year," Gideon explained.

"Umph," said the "Tiger." "Pit oot yer tongue."

Gideon protruded for his scrutiny a tongue like a razor strop.

"That will do. Let me try yer pulse. Umph. Yer in a bad way. Noo tell me all ye hae tried."

Gideon began the narrative, which would have made a fair-sized treatise on the quackery of the day, if it had been preserved, and the Tiger listened with barely concealed amusement. Before he had finished the

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

"'PIT OOT YER TONGUE'

cradling had commenced, and without suggesting any further treatment the Doctor began to comment on the progress of the work.

In those days it was the custom for the best cradler to cut the outside swath, and the others followed in the order of merit. The champion of the settlement was a big Irishman named McNulty, and when he stepped forward and ripped his "turkey-wing" into the rattling grain there was no one who felt at liberty to dispute his claim. One by one ten cradlers fell into oblique line behind him, each bringing along his swath a few steps to the right of the man who preceded him, and ten stout binders followed the cradlers. After them came a couple of men whose task it was to shock up the sheaves, and it was not long until the grog-master appeared on the field with a pailful of Canadian whisky, which then sold at a shilling a gallon. Doctor Dunlop acted as advisory to this functionary and prescribed for each man the amount he needed to keep him full of courage without getting befuddled. To Gideon, whose case he had by this time diagnosed, he prescribed mighty potations and set the necessary example.

"Drink, mon," he would say. "Ye are no lang for this warl at the best, so droon yer sorrow. Ye ken what Solomon says on that heid, an' wha are ye to question his weesdom. 'Gi strong drink unto him that is ready to perish.' An' it wull preserve yer corp, mon. Shakspeer says 'a tanner wull last ye nine year,' but I sweer a mon beeried wi' a skinfu' o' Canada fusky wull last auchteen."

Gideon shook his head feebly but obeyed the instructions of his physician and long before noon his soul was stirring within him mightily. His fine harvest was in a fair way of being reaped and he was unconsciously forgetting his troubles.

Up to this time there had been no racing among the reapers and all had gone smoothly; but the Tiger was too fond of excitement and practical joking to let the day pass without a taste of his robust humour. Now it so happened that the first "straight-finger" cradle that had ever been seen in the settlement had been brought to the "bee" by Harry Campbell, a young man who had modestly taken his place at the end of the line. His cradle had excited much mirth among the devotees of the "turkey-wing" and many predicted that the "purty toy" wouldn't last through the first swath. It had been imported from Four-Mile Creek in the Niagara district and was the master-piece of its maker. The snath was of willow instead of hickory and the slender fingers of seasoned ash. In consequence it was lighter by several pounds than any cradle on the field, and as the fingers had no more curve than was absolutely necessary to keep the straw from tangling and tumbling off, only a slight dip was needed to free it of its load when laying the swath.

Campbell bore the ridicule of his friends good-naturedly, and after the reaping began they were too busy to notice how well the new cradle was serving its purpose. The Tiger saw the improvement, however, and began to urge the young man to "cut the fellows out." That meant that he should push forward until he was ahead of the others, then cut his way to the outside and take the lead instead of the redoubtable McNulty. He resisted the tempter; but when Mary McPherson, the youngest and handsomest of Gideon's daughters, was seen coming to tell that dinner was ready, and Gideon also urged him on, he yielded.

So when the cradlers started down the long side of the field, Campbell suddenly increased the rapidity of his swings. In a moment the man who was immediately ahead of him noticed that he was going to cut him out if possible, and leaned forward with all his strength. In that way the race was communicated up the whole line, and when McNulty rea-

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

"... CUTTING ACROSS THE INTERVENING SWATH, TOOK HIS PLACE AHEAD OF THE CHAMPION"

lised what was in the wind he gave a roar of defiance and plunged forward like a war-horse that snuffs the battle.

The sight was one to stir the soul, and it was by no means lost on such an audience as Gideon, the Tiger, and Mary. The land ahead of the reapers was clear of stumps and snags, and all had a chance to do their best. Onward they rushed with the rhythmic sweep of a mighty machine. The cradles rang as they bit the ripe straw and dropped their loads on the long swaths with a hissing swish. The broad backs of the reapers showed every muscle under the toil-soaked shirts, and the binders, who were equally anxious to share the triumph, raked, stooped to bind and rose to run forward, raking again with almost the precision of clock-work.

Presently the strain of such work under the August sun began to tell on the combatants and several dropped back. They were promptly cut out by those who had been pressing on them, and in a few minutes the whole interest centred on the contest between young Campbell and McNulty.

It was a glorious battle between the old idea and the new and between youth and maturity. For the first fifteen rods the result seemed to hang in the balance. The great strength of McNulty enabled him to take deep bites with his "turkey-wing," which fully made up for the advantage of the quicker recovery and more rapid swings of the "straight-finger," but Campbell heard the voice of Mary shrilling to him through the tumult. Swifter and swifter, deeper and deeper went the true strokes, and at last he could barely see McNulty from the tail of his eye as he swung to unload his cradle on the swath. Judging the distance carefully he suddenly wheeled to the left, and, cutting across the intervening swath, took his place ahead of the champion.

But McNulty did not accept his defeat wisely or like a gentleman. When he reached the end of the field in the second place, he dropped his cradle and announced with much irrelevancy and a searching Irish oath that he could "lick any man in the crowd." He was bound to pick a quarrel with young Campbell, and began to insult him with unreasoning abuse. The young man protested that no offence had been meant, but McNulty, like Rachel, would not be comforted.

"Fat's this," roared Gideon, who had lost track of the progress of events while laughing with the Tiger. "Fechting uz ut? Zen, *hu dhorra he* she'll tak a hand herself. Ut wuz herself put ze boy up to ut, Tom McNulty, and eef anyone uz to fecht ut wull be herself."

McNulty replied with a curse, and Gideon hurled himself upon his opponent like an avalanche. They clinched and their fall shook the ground. They wrecked the profane vocabularies of three languages, English, Irish and Gaelic, and tore up the sod like a couple of wild bulls. In a moment the Irish and Scotch had taken sides, for they were at feud in the Huron Tract, and the engagement became general. It was in vain that Tiger Dunlop knocked down a couple of the combatants in the interests of peace, for the whisky was in and the blood was up; but presently an unexpected diversion occurred

Mary sat down, pulled off a shoe and stocking, and, slipping a smooth stone into the end of the latter, undertook the rôle of peace-maker. With this terrible slung-shot she scattered both friends and foes, and was quickly mistress of the situation. It is even said that she gave Campbell a taste of her strength, probably for his guidance in the future, but that is merely tradition. In the meantime Gideon had vanquished McNulty.

Sullen peace was restored and the jovial Tiger soon managed to patch up a truce with all except McNulty. Vanquished and bruised, the bully

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

"IN A MOMENT THE IRISH AND SCOTCH HAD TAKEN SIDES"

left the field to which he had come in the fine neighbourly spirit of those hearty days.

"A round more peefore deener," shouted Gideon as he picked up Campbell's cradle and led off the line, leaving the new champion to walk to the house with Mary.

The Tiger laughed and chuckled to himself, for he knew that Gideon's malaria, or "dumb ague," would be broken by the whisky, excitement and toil, which had induced a copious perspiration. But he was too fond of a practical joke to give the scientific cause of the apparently miraculous cure. He assured Gideon that it must have been McNulty who had overlooked him and that by blackening the evil eyes he had broken the spell. His explanation was accepted, and to this day the valley of the Ashkoonie is not a comfortable place for a man whose eyes do not seem to shed a beneficent light.

By nightfall the whole twenty acres of wheat were reaped, and after a plentiful supper Mary unblushingly convoyed Harry Campbell through the moonlight as far as the ford of the Ashkoonie, and from that day they were considered betrothed.

TO AN UNNAMED LADY

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

When there are others by, in vain I dream
To dwell within the orbit of thine eyes,—
Or should there dart a sudden starry gleam
It hardly lives and lightens ere it dies.

But, sweetheart, how they "swim into my ken"
When we're alone, how ruth and trust and pride
Smile in their shining depths! Amen, Amen,—
For there th' eternal verities abide!

THE SHACK ON THE PORTAGE

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

Illustrations by Jack Hamm

ABE MANZER'S shack stands on the portage-trail that leads around the Push-and-be-Damned rapids on Big Ox-Bow.

One June morning, when Abe sat on the stoop of the kitchen door, smoking his rank pipe and trying to convince an uneasy conscience that it was not a suitable morning for potato-planting, he sighted an object on the trail that promised relief. It was a red canvas canoe, bottom up, advancing slowly on a pair of long human legs. Abe knew, even by the little he could see of him, that the person under the canoe was young Charlie Crimm, of Loon Lake.

"Mornin', Charlie," said Abe, as soon as the bow of the canoe came in line with the kitchen door.

Charlie halted, hoisted the canoe up from his head and shoulders, gripped the middle bar firmly with one hand and one hooked elbow, turned it over and lowered it softly to the ground. "Mornin', Abe," he replied, mopping his face with a red handkerchief.

"Hot, ain't it?" remarked Abe.

"Ay. Them as works for a livin' get het up."

"An' don't I work, ye limb!" cried the man on the door-step.

"I reckon so—at eatin' an' sleepin'," replied Grimm.

"Look-a-here, Charlie, if ye don't talk more civil to me I'll tell Julie somethin' that'll knock the resin out o' yer seams," threatened Abe.

"An' what would ye tell her?"

"Oh, I reckon I could study out somethin'."

Abe Manzer's gift for the invention of unpleasant fiction was known up and down Big Ox-Bow. Charlie Grimm's expression and attitude changed.

"Ye wouldn't tell her no lies about me, Mister Manzer," he pleaded.

"I be that fond o' Julie it would drive me clean demented to have her turned agin me."

"She ain't promised ye yet, has she?"

"Not—not exactly what ye'd call promised, maybe; but I reckon I've kinder caught her eye at last."

"But ye'd better catch her heart, Charlie. There is more nor one young man has caught her eye."

"By ginger!" exclaimed Crimm, "if any feller comes an' butts in between me an' Julie I'll make him wish he hadn't!"

"Gentle an' soft," cautioned Abe. "Ye can't scare Julie, an' maybe ye can't scare the other fellers. Ye want to go slow, butter yer pan-cakes on both sides an' trust to me. I'll put in a good word for ye, Charlie, every now an' then. Julie, bein' a good daughter, sets great store on what her pa says."

"Thank 'e kindly," replied the young man from Loon Lake. "I'd take that as mighty civil on your part, Mister Manzer. Where is Julie now?"

"That I can't rightly say; but I guess she went down to Brown's on a errant for her ma," said Abe. "But she'll be back by dinner-time, so ye'd best wait."

"I'd like to, fine; but there's a sport from the city a-waitin' for me down at Bent's Landin'. Lake trout is what he's after—an' I guess I can show him the goods."

"Ye'd best wait an' have a bite with us. Then ye can make the Landin' by sun-down, stop the night there, an' bring him up to yer camp to-morrow."

Charlie Crimm scratched his head perplexed. He did not want to offend Julie's father; and, on the other hand, he did not want to spend a long summer morning in his company. As for seeing Julie—well, Brown's place was just a mile below the foot of the rapids, and he could easily run his canoe ashore there and devote half an hour to the wooing of that uncertain young woman

"Guess I'll move along. Business is business," he said.

"Didn't know ye was so sot on business," returned Abe, drily. "Thought it was Julie ye was after." He looked significantly at the young man. "An' seein' as how ye want to be my son-in-law so bad, I thought as how ye'd maybe lend me a hand with these here few potaties," he added.

Charlie Crimm wavered.

"But in course, if ye don't want to obleege me," continued Abe, reflectively, "it be yer consarn, not mine."

"I'll stop an' help ye," cried Charlie, hastily.

Until noon the guide from Loon Lake dropped and covered potatoes with heroic energy, the while his hoped-for father-in-law sat on the fence and complained of rheumatics. Dinner-time came at last; and to Charlie's unspeakable chagrin it was discovered that Julie had not yet returned from Brown's. He swallowed his food in angry silence and hurried from the kitchen. The thought that was stinging him was that young Rodney Brown was one of Julie's admirers. He hoisted the canoe to his shoulders and finished the portage in ten minutes. Launching viciously in the clattering tail of the rapids he snatched a paddle from under the gunnel and sped away.

The swift water and the strong strokes of the paddle soon brought Charlie Crimm to Brown's place. He ran the canoe ashore and went up the steep bank to the little, weather-stained house. Mrs. Brown was standing in the kitchen door. After greetings were exchanged Charlie continued to stand sheepishly before the door, leaning on the paddle. The woman invited him to step inside and have a glass of milk and a piece of pie; but the guide only shook his head. Then she tried her best to make conversation, but his vague yeses and noes did not help.

"For the land's sake, Charlie Crimm, what be ye a-waitin'?" she cried at last.

"I was just wonderin' if Julie Manzer was anywheres here-abouts," he stammered, blushing.

Mrs. Brown laughed. "She was here to dinner," she said; "but she started for home about fifteen minutes ago, an' Rodney along with her."

Charlie turned without another word and went down to his canoe. He reached Bent's Landing, where the end of a branch railway fades into nothingness, an hour before sunset, and found his sportsman from the distant city awaiting him with fretful impatience.

II.

It was an hour past noon of the next day when Charlie came again to the shack on the portage. Again he bore the red canoe on his head and shoulders; but now a stranger walked behind him, laden with a rod, landing-net and a pack of provisions. On this occasion it was Julie's voice that halted him when he came in line with the kitchen door. He lost no time about freeing himself from the enveloping canoe. He turned to her anxiously, a tender greeting on his lips; and behold! her eyes and atten-

Drawing by Jack Hamm

"UNTIL NOON THE GUIDE FROM LOON LAKE DROPPED AND COVERED POTATOES WITH HEROIC ENERGY"

tion had already veered to the stranger.

The light of Charlie's face dulled to sulkiness; and he stood beside the canoe, motionless and silent, staring at the girl. The sportsman from the city advanced to the door-step, let his load fall to the trail and raised his cap with an impressive flourish. He had not expected to encounter a beautiful young woman on Big Ox-Bow, and he did not try to hide his delight and surprise.

Julie flashed her fine eyes at him and smiled radiantly, then shot a swift and sidewise glance at Charlie, to see how he was taking it. The guide caught the glance; but the meaning of it escaped his dull but honest wits.

Keyton, the city man, began a frivolous conversation with the girl; and she maintained her share of it with rustic vivacity. The guide stood by his canoe, silent and glowering

Presently Abe Manzer and his wife joined the girl in the doorway. Abe beamed upon the sportsman, shook his hand effusively and invited him to step inside and have a cup of tea. Keyton hesitated for a moment; but, after a glance at Charlie's sulky visage, he grinned and stepped into the kitchen. Abe and Mrs. Manzer followed him; but Julie moved swiftly across to the guide and whispered angrily, "What you need, Charlie Crimm, is *sand*!" Then she turned and ran into the kitchen, and the disconsolate and bewildered young man from Loon Lake was left alone with his bitter reflections.

Mr. Keyton and Abe sat very close together at the kitchen table. Keyton devoured milk and Washington pie, and Abe whispered in his ear. Abe whispered of the fine salmon pools on Big Ox-Bow, and of his own incomparable knowledge of the river and the ways of the fish. Also, he mentioned the fact that the catching of lake-trout is poor sport. Beyond a shadow of doubt, this Abe Manzer was the meanest and laziest man on the river! Keyton finished his slice of four-decker pie and asked a few questions.

After twenty minutes of furious inactivity Charlie Crimm looked in at the kitchen door. "Look-a-here!" he cried, "if ye're comin', come! If ye ain't, don't!"

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed Abe, "what a terrible bad temper ye have, Charlie."

Julie, who was working by the stove, hid a smile. Keyton got to his feet, angered by the backwoodsman's insolence. "I'm not going any further with you," he said. "I've had quite enough of your cheek. How much do I owe you?"

"Not goin' any further!" repeated Charlie, bewildered for the moment. Then he saw the game that Abe had played on him. "Ye don't owe me nothin'! Keep yer dirty money!" he cried.

Rage against Abe Manzer and the city sportsman occupied Charlie Crimm until the portage was completed; but later, as he forced the canoe up against the swift water, surging on the long pole, Julie's inexplicable behaviour smote him with full force. He felt an angry certainty that her glances had worked more strongly toward changing Keyton's plans than had Abe's confidential whisperings.

"Darn it all!" he exclaimed, "she ain't worth gettin' het up about! She says I ain't got enough sand, does she? I guess I got enough to know when I ain't wanted 'round. An' a strange city sport, too. Darn it! That's more'n I can stand. I've got kinder ust to bein' cut out by the fellers I know, but to be chucked over fer a sucker-eyed, lop-sided city sport's too much fer me. T'ell with it!"

For three hours he poled in silence, his brain fuming over a vision of Julie and Keyton; but as he ran the nose of his canoe against the bank, preparatory to making the short "carry" across to Loon Lake, his mind turned to Abe and again he lost con-

Drawing by Jack Hamm

"JULIA FLASHED HER FINE EYES AT HIM"

trol of his tongue and temper.

"Darn his measly old hide!" he exclaimed. "An' after me plantin' them danged potaties fer him, too! Darn *him*!"

Next morning, when Charlie awoke in his familiar bunk in his little camp on the edge of the lake, he found that his just indignation had changed to anxiety and heart-ache. He loved Julie—had loved her for more than a year; and of late it had seemed to him that he was beginning to win her regard in return. But now? Surely no girl who really cared would behave as Julie had.

And yet he had dreamed so many dreams!

It seemed impossible that the first glance of a total stranger should bring them in ruins about his head. He had *almost* brought his courage to the

desperate point of asking her to marry him. Yes, he had *almost* asked her six times. Also (with this marriage in view) he had worked hard at trapping and guiding and saved a neat little sum of money.

And this was the end of it!

For five long dreary days Charlie Crimm remained in and about his camp on Loon Lake, robbed of his peace of mind by Julie Manzer and of his occupation by her father. On the morning of the sixth day he packed a small bag with provisions and a change of clothing, brought a fat wallet to light from a hidden recess in the wall and stuffed it into his hip pocket, nailed up the door and windows of the camp and launched his canoe upon the lake. He had decided to run down to the main river, miles and miles away from Julie and the Ox-Bow country, and spend the remainder of the summer at work in one of the big saw-mills. He hoped that long hours of uncongenial work might cure him of his hopeless infatuation.

There had been no rain for ten days, and Big Ox-Bow was drindling toward low-water mark. The channel lay close to the right bank all the way from Loon Lake down to the Push-and-be-Damned rapids; but in the rapids themselves the deepest water was fair in mid-stream. Though not more than a quarter of a mile in length, Push-and-be-Damned was one of the worst rapids in the province. At the seasons of high water it was impossible to negotiate it from either end; by no skill could a canoe be run down its roaring, weltering slope without being swamped or ripped to tatters, and by no human strength could one be forced upward against that churning tumult. But in midsummer, when the most dangerous rocks and snags were in sight and the waves were somewhat reduced in size, it was possible for a master-canoeman with a sound knowledge of the channel to run through without mishap. In the past twenty years it had been done twice—once by an old Maliseet chief, called Smoky Sam, who was inspired to unusual haste and daring by the knowledge that a couple of game wardens were only half a mile astern; and again by a reckless sportsman from New York, for the pure fun of the thing. Others had tried it, however; and the tale of their foolish endeavours was illustrated by several broken canoes and one drowned man.

Charlie Crimm was within a hundred yards of the head of the rapids, employed with bitter reflections, when the roar and clatter of the torn waters aroused him. He glanced up; and in a second he had asked himself a momentous question and answered it.

"I'll not pass the shack! I'll run through!" he muttered.

He settled himself more firmly and fixed his gaze on the long, white "ripple" that marks the crest of old Push-and-be-Damned. Just where the landing for the portage is usually made, he swerved the canoe into midstream. The racing waters gripped the long, slim craft and shot it forward like a red arrow. The broad paddle dipped and held, and the cut water spurted white before the straining haft. To Charlie's steady, alert eyes the silver and green fury of the rapids seemed to be sweeping up stream to meet him. He clenched his teeth, bade his heart take courage and settled low on his haunches. Then the canoe trembled and leapt to the first curling hedge of foam.

III.

Breathless, soaked with spray, with the canoe half full of water, Charlie won to the quiet pool at the foot of the rapids. He could remember nothing of the mad flight save a vision of white spray, churning eddies and smooth, black, twisting sinews of water; but the masterless spirit of the rapids filled him with a strange, exultant recklessness. As the canoe drifted heavily onward he began to bale the water out of her with his wide hat, absorbed all the while with the wonder and exhilaration of his victor-

Illustration by Jack Hamm

'THE CANOE TREMBLED AND LEAPT TO THE FIRST CURLING HEDGE OF FOAM

ious flight down old Push-and-be-Damned. He baled slowly and the canoe drifted steadily. He was aroused by a shout, and looking up he saw Rodney Brown standing at the edge of the river.

"I seen ye come through, Charlie," yelled Rodney. "Are ye gone clean mad? What the devil did ye do it for?"

Crimm returned his dripping hat to his head, took up the paddle and swung the canoe in for shore. "I didn't want to carry past Manzer's place," he said, as he stepped over the gunnel, "fer fear old Abe would set me to some sorter farmin'—so I jes run through. Tain't much of a job—when it's over."

"I thought you was done for, halfway down," said Rodney. "Lord! I wouldn't try it fer two hundred dollars! Where're ye bound fer?" he asked.

"Fer the main river," replied the other. "I reckon on findin' a job in one o' Paxell's mills fer the summer.

"D'ye feel that bad about Julie?" asked Rodney, looking at him with wonder in his dull but honest eyes.

"Oh, t'ell with the whole bilin' o' Manzers!" exclaimed Charlie, turning and gazing up stream toward the tail of the rapids. Then, in a milder tone, he asked, "How're they gettin' along, anyhow?"

"Well enough without you an me—now," grinned young Brown. "I never had no chance with Julie, now's I study it over. You was her choice, sure as beans is beans—but Abe was everlastin'ly teasin' me to do odd jobs fer him an' tellin' me as how he'd say a good word fer me to Julie."

"The measly old skunk! He done the same to me."

"Then along come the city sport, an' neither Julie nor Abe had any more use fer either of us."

Charlie nodded, and seating himself on a sun-warmed boulder began to cut tobacco for his pipe. "The sport still here?" he asked.

"Ye can bet yer bottom dollar on that, I can tell ye, fer sartain."

"Catchin' much?"

"I guess he don't give much thought nor time to the salmon. He's got Julie on a string, an' no mistake. An' sarve her right, I say. She's made fools of us all, an' its her turn to be made a fool of."

"That so?" returned Charlie. The madness of old Push-and-be-Damned was still pulsing in heart and head. He stood up.

"I guess I'll just step up the trail an' tell that sport what I think about him," he said. "Not that I care a darn for the girl, ye know—but that measly slob ain't got any right to come on Big Ox-Bow an' make a fool of anybody."

"I reckon I'll come along with ye," said Rodney, anticipating diversion.

"An' I reckon ye won't," cried Charlie, with a gleam in his eyes and a clang in his voice that were new and terrifying to the other. Then he climbed the steep bank to the narrow path that skirted it and set off toward the shack at a brisk pace.

Charlie had reached a point of the narrow, rocky train just above the last swirling eddies and furrows of the rapids when he came face to face with Mr. Keyton. Before a word was said, Keyton (at sight of the woodsman's eyes), drew back and changed colour. This brought the other's smouldering rage to the flaming point. He would settle this account, anyway, before going into exile on the main river.

"Ye darn skunk!" he cried. "Ye'd make a fool o' Julie Manzer, would ye?"

He rushed forward and caught Keyton by the throat with his right hand. Keyton staggered back, wrenched himself clear from the choking grip and struck the guide heavily in the face. Charlie closed again. For a few seconds they staggered in the narrow path, locked knee to knee, breast to breast. They heard a girl's scream, the sound of flying feet on the trail and Julie's voice crying, "Don't kill him.

Charie! Don't kill him!" And at that moment they reeled over the edge of the path and, still embraced, rolled down the steep bank into the swirling water.

Julie reached the edge of the river just as Charlie Crimm struggled out of the eddy, dragging the limp and unconscious Keyton with him.

"I guess he's all right," he panted. "He bumped his head, that's all."

The girl dropped to her knees beside Keyton. "Yes, he is alive, thank God!" she whispered.

Charlie, standing dripping above them, looked down at the girl with a colourless face. "D'ye care—as much as all that, Julie?" he asked.

She glanced up at him and swiftly down again. "I don't care—for him," she whispered, "but I was afeared that you—that you'd be a murderer, Charlie."

Charlie was certainly dull. "Ye're right," he replied, with an heroic attempt at a commonplace tone of voice. "I come all-fired near killin' him, an' that's a fact. But I guess he ain't hurt much—an' if he be intendin' to do the square thing by ye, Julie, then I'm sorry I troubled him."

Julie sprang to her feet and faced him across the prostrate sportsman, who was now beginning to stir.

"Oh, Charlie," she cried, with tears in her eyes and laughter in her voice, "you drive me mad! Oh, you stupid! Isn't there anything I can do to—to learn you sense? Will I have to *marry* someone else — before you know?"

Then understanding came to him; and as he took Julie into his wet arms, Mr. Keyton sat up and rubbed the back of his head.

THE CHRISTMAS QUEST

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

"LITTLE lonely shepherd lad,
Wherefore dost thou weep?"
"Sir, my father seeks a star;
I must watch the sheep."

"Very lonely is the plain,
Very high the star,
Pray thee, didst thou meet a lamb?
One hath wandered far!"

"Nay, I met no wandering lamb,
Little shepherd lad;
Is it but the lonely plain
That doth make thee sad?"

"Sir, my father and the rest
Heard a heavenly sound;
I heard nothing save the sheep
Bleating all around!"

"Wondrous things they heard and saw
(Though the night was still);
I saw nothing save my lambs
White on yonder hill.

"Light was on my father's face
When he went away,
Fain I, too, had sought the star,
But he bade me stay."

"'This high thing is not for thee,
Who art but a lad.'
That, in truth, good sir, is why
I at heart am sad."

"Nay, thou little shepherd lad"
(Sweet the stranger smiled),
"When thy father finds the star
He will find—a Child!"

Drawing by Helene Carter

THE RECRUITING OF TEN IKE

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY

"I suppose you chaps think you're the best bunch I ever handled?" said the drill sergeant. "Well, you're not," he added, "not by a long shot. The best company I ever put through the book was a bunch of lumbermen up near Parry Sound."

"Go on," said someone, "we'll forgive the insult."

"As I was remarking," continued the sergeant, as he crumbled a pipeful off his plug, "the best bunch was "K" Company of the Northern Rangers.

"You see, there was a little place called Lemonville, stuck on the side of a timber slide up there, and as all the drives centered there for the winter's work, I wasn't a bit surprised to be sent over to recruit up a company.

"When I lands at the hotel I wasn't much stuck on the place; in fact, it was about the godforsakenest hole I ever crawled into; but when I walks into the bar and sees old Al Goodison, who used to soldier with me in Toronto, a-slinging beer, things seemed to spruce up.

"I was still in my plain duds, so I jumped into my blue serge and patrols up and down the street. I looks over at the Orange Hall and sees my crates of uniforms dumped inside, leaving me wondering how in the name of thunder I could use it to drill in.

"When I gets back to the hotel the bar was full of lumbermen—great, big, hulking six-footers—and in I struts, a five-foot-seven banty with a chest like a drum major's.

"Then, giving Al the wink, I went up to a big, likely-looking chap and slapped him good-like on the back.

"'Well, old sport,' says I, 'how'd you like to join the new regiment?'

"Well, do you know the beggar giggled and blushed like a girl of sixteen in an art gallery.

"So I tries another chap, and by all that's holy, he was worse than the first, as he giggles out, 'No, General,' and tee-heed for an hour.

"Well, I tried for half an hour, inviting them to have drinks and using every mortal means a man could, but all I got was giggles and blushes, till I walks up to Al and says:

"'For heaven's sake, Al,' I said, 'put me wise on this job. Have I struck a girls' school, an asylum or a hospital for the deaf and dumb, or has all these fellows took to quittin' drinking?'

"'Well,' says Al, 'they've been talking of joining fer weeks, but,' he says, 'I reckon they think you're a bit too fine for them, and that accounts for the gigglin', and, as far as the drinkin' is concerned, trade was good until you showed up.' And with that he souses some of the dirty mugs in the pail and dries them.

"'Well,' I says, 'I'm lost. If they was only human and would have a drink, I could manage them but, having always been a drinkin' man myself, I can't understand the workin's of a brain that's uninspired by booze. What'd I better do?'

"Meanwhile the crowd was thickening, and all were staring at me till I near giggled too.

"'Well,' says Al, 'there's a chap called Ten Ike, sort of a Dutchman,

who lives out on the Scotch line; he can lick any three of these chaps, and if you get him to join, the rest will.'

"'But, my heavens, Al! I don't want a man like that; there'd be the very divil to pay the first night in camp; and if I leave here, where will the crowd be when I get back?'

"'Oh! he's the meekest man you ever saw. Take a buggy out and wait till you see his wife; the crowd will wait all right.'

"So I drove like mad out to the turning and along the Scotch line to Ten Ike's little clapboard shanty. When I walks up, the dog made for my legs, and a big, bony woman about forty feet tall opens the door and yells, 'Come in.' I begun to understand Ten Ike's meekness all at once, and came in.

"Presently she comes in with a lamp and three other giants, only the male sex. They set down around me and looked clean through me, admirin' each shinin' button individually and successively like the book says.

"So, after an hour's talking, it seemed, Mrs. Ike says to me, 'Will he wear a suit like yourn, Colonel?' You see, she took me fer Colonel Hughes, whom she read about. 'Yes, ma'am,' I says, very meek, 'only where my coat is blue his'll be red.'

"'Well, then, Ike, you'd better jine,' she says, and Ike, admiring the set of her jaw, jined and said to the other two colossusses, 'Come down to the hoe-tel, boys.'

"So we drove back in state, and I says to Ike, 'Can you read and write pretty well?' 'Sure,' he says, 'I kept time on the drive once.'

"'Then,' says I, 'I'll make you colour-sergeant, like river-boss, you know; and he swelled out his chest about a foot when I told him.

"When we reached the hotel he asked how many men we wanted, and I told him forty. He walks into the crowd like a policeman, and taps one here and one there, saying, 'I'll take you an' you an' you.' Why, I was out of it altogether!

"Well, in ten minutes we had the company formed up, and then we marched down to the Orange Hall. Here, under the very nose of King Billy, we issued the duds, the men stripping and dressing as they got them. Such a sight I never saw, and Ike superintending the whole.

"But when I came to fit out Ike himself I was in purgatory; there wasn't a pair of pants or a tunic could go on him; and no wonder, for he had a forty-four inch chest.

"Say, I never saw a man come so near cryin', but I managed to soothe him by saying I would have one made specially in Toronto for him, and that it would have gold braid on it.

"Then I put them through a little drill and let them go; and each man went and called on his girl wearing his uniform, with his old duds under his arm.

"I bet Ike got it hot when he came home in plain clothes, while his two cubs strutted home in scarlet.

"But by the end of a week Ike's suit with the gold braid chevrons arrived, and also an officer, who swore the men in one by one and took all the glory.

"And that's the way it always is; the sergeant's the back-bone of the army, but he's so well hidden under the fat of the officers that until the crows start at the bodies he ain't appreciated."

And with these enigmatical words and "Good night, gentlemen," he stalked out into the street.

PAPINEAU: HIS PLACE IN CANADIAN HISTORY

BY W. S. WALLACE,

INSTRUCTOR IN CANADIAN CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

"YOU will believe me, I trust, when I say to you, I love my country; I have loved her wisely, I have loved her madly." Thus Louis Joseph Papineau, on the occasion of his last appearance in public, made the *apologia pro vita sua*.

An old white-haired man of eighty-four years, with one foot in the grave, but with the fires of his eloquence still unquenched, he summed up in these words the case for the defence of his career. He could not have taken his stand on better ground. Love of country has always been regarded as covering a multitude of political sins; and if ever any man loved his country, or at any rate that part of it in which he was born, it was Papineau. Whatever else may be said about him, he must always be given credit for his Roman patriotism; he was more an antique Roman than a Dane. One further thing must be said about him. No politician has ever sat in a Canadian legislature whose hands were cleaner than his.

"I do not agree in many things with what Papineau has said and done," said Joseph Howe, in 1862, "but I am bound to say, as one who in early life had marked his course, that whatever might have been his faults and errors, no man had ever dared charge Papineau with corruption." Of how many present-day politicians could this statement be made?

But patriotism and incorruptibility are no sure passports to the niches in the temple of history. Village Hampdens remain village Hampdens, and mute, inglorious Miltons remain mute and inglorious still. Some positive and tangible services to the State or to humanity are demanded by Clio of those who would be her favourites. A man must win a battle, or make a discovery, or subvert a dynasty, or railroad a bill through parliament, before he can hope to become a great historical figure, or have a place in history.

What were Papineau's services to Canada? In those "vile Liberal tracts" which do duty in Ontario for text-books of Canadian history in the schools, Papineau appears commonly as the protagonist in Lower Canada of the struggle for responsible government. He in Lower Canada and William Lyon Mackenzie in Upper Canada are the heroes of the movement which gave Canadians a voice in the executive government of their country.

Now, it is true that Papineau was a factor, an unwitting and unwilling factor, but still a factor, in the movement that culminated in responsible government; but it cannot be said too often or too emphatically

that if there was one thing Papineau did not struggle for it was responsible government. The principles underlying that system of government (for example, the principle of the solidarity of the cabinet and its dependence upon a uniform majority in both houses), he never really understood, even after it had been many years in operation. What his main efforts before 1837 were devoted to securing, was an elective legislative council or second chamber, in which the French-Canadians would have a preponderating influence, and where the legislation that his henchmen passed in the legislative assembly would not be thrown out. But of any scheme for making the executive council responsible to the assembly, he was guiltless. When he was offered a seat in the executive council in 1822, he refused the honour; and when Dominique Mondelet accepted a seat in the council in 1830, Papineau and his friends pursued him with the most malignant invective, and finally expelled him from the assembly as a traitor to his race. And yet, as Sir Etienne Cartier pointed out a quarter of a century later, the inclusion of Dominique Mondelet in the Governor's Council was a preliminary step toward responsible government.

It is a little difficult even to understand the importance which has been attached to Papineau's name in connection with the Rebellion of 1837. Papineau himself disclaimed all right to the title of leader in the rebellion.

"I was," he said in 1847, "neither more nor less guilty, nor more nor less deserving, than a great number of my colleagues; but being by their benevolence placed during a long period in a position the most honourable in the country, the Speakership, conferred upon me by vote of the representatives of the people, I was thereby, more than others, exposed to the observation of friends, as well as to the animadversions of political enemies."

Any attempt to lay the responsibility for the rebellion in Lower Canada on Papineau must be a failure. When the rebellion broke out, Papineau took almost no part in the organisation of the rebel forces; he abstained from taking part in any of the engagements; and there is reason for believing that he acquiesced in the appeal to arms merely out of deference to the opinions of his friends. Such, at least, was his own version of the affair.

The prominence which Papineau's name has acquired in connection with the rebellion is largely the outcome of his personal ascendancy over the minds and hearts of his compatriots. It is not too much to say that he dazzled his contemporaries.

"Few men," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier after the Riel Rebellion, "have wielded greater sway over their fellow-countrymen than did Mr. Papineau at a certain time in the history of Lower Canada, and no man ever lived who had been more profusely endowed by nature to be the idol of a nation. A man of commanding presence, of majestic countenance, of impassioned eloquence, of unblemished character, of pure disinterested patriotism, for years and years he held over the hearts of his fellow-countrymen almost unbounded sway, and even to this day the mention of his name will arouse throughout the length and breadth of Lower Canada a thrill of enthusiasm in the breasts of all, men or women, old or young."

All our accounts of Papineau go to show that he was a man of the most attractive personality. He had the manners of a *grand seigneur*, and the reputation of being the best talker in the country. "Uniting," said the historian Christie, who had known him intimately from boyhood, "the erudition of the man of letters with the urbanity of a gentleman; possessing also the highest of conversational powers, and in an eminent degree frank, communicative,

and convivial, he is, out of politics, all that can be desired, and in the domestic circle unrivalled for the amenity and kindness of his manners and disposition."

All this, of course, is somewhat vague. We are not given, for instance, any fragments of Mr. Papineau's table-talk. Perhaps, if we were, we should be disappointed; perhaps it would be found to be of that voluminous and exhaustive sort which our great-grandfathers admired, and which no longer amuses us in the slightest. Certainly, the oratory of Papineau is not of the kind which would be popular to-day. The point to be noted, however, is that Papineau's conversation and Papineau's oratory exercised a great influence before 1837; and they go far to explain the notoriety which has become attached to Papineau's name in connection with the rebellion.

Papineau cannot be described as in any sense a great, or even a clear-sighted, political thinker. He was widely, if not deeply, read in political and constitutional literature; but his views on government were largely of that doctrinaire and *a priori* character which precludes any regard for actual conditions. He thought that an elective legislative council would be a panacea for all the ills of Lower Canada, when, as a matter of fact, it would only have made the racial situation more acute.

Much-needed reforms proposed by the governor's party, Papineau was almost always found opposing. And during his tenure of the speakership he betrayed such an ignorance of and disregard for the principles of the British Constitution as would forever disqualify him as an authority on constitutional history and law. As has been pointed out, it may be doubted whether he ever really understood, for instance, the working of responsible government in the colonies. Moreover, his views were by no means constant. As a young man, he professed himself a loyalist and an Anglophile. He fought in the British ranks in 1812; and in 1820 he delivered at Montreal an oration in praise of the Constitution of 1791 and the benefits of British rule.

"George the Third," he said on that occasion, "a sovereign revered for his moral character, attention to his kingly duties and love of his subjects, succeeds to Louis the Fifteenth, a prince then deservedly despised for his debauchery, his inattention to the wants of the people, and his lavish profusion of the public moneys upon favourites and mistresses. From that day the reign of law succeeds to that of violence; from that day the treasuries, the navy, and the armies of Great Britain are mustered to afford us an invincible protection against external danger; from that day the better part of his laws becomes ours, while our religion, property, and the laws by which they were governed, remain unaltered; soon after are granted to us the principles of its free constitution—an infallible pledge, when acted upon, of our internal prosperity."

Fifteen years later Papineau had espoused republican principles, and was openly advocating annexation with the United States. The secret of this *volte-face* is explained in a pregnant sentence in Robert Christie's "History of Canada." "Personally acquainted, indeed intimately so, with Mr. Papineau from boyhood (from 1807, if not before), closely observing his career through all its stages . . . I conscientiously can say," writes the historian, "that he always seemed to me to move with the masses rather than to lead them."

When the people of French Canada were content with British rule, he was content; when they became dissatisfied, he became dissatisfied, too. Mr. Kingsford bluntly described him as a demagogue. Lord Elgin, who had a strong antipathy to him, and called him "Guy Fawkes Papineau," accused him of being always ready to wave "a lighted torch among the combustibles." But the

truth is that Papineau was nothing more or less than a representative voice up to 1837; he was a spokesman and not a leader—*vox et praeterea nihil.*

From what has been said it will be clear that Papineau deserves prominence neither as one of the fathers of responsible government, nor as one of the real leaders of the armed rebellion of 1837, nor yet as a political thinker. His real importance for Canadian history dates from the period following his return from exile in 1845, a period on which little stress is generally laid in an account of his career. In Paris he had consorted with extreme radicals like Louis Blanc and Béranger, and when he returned to Canada he gathered about him a number of the French-Canadian irreconcilables, and formed the nucleus of what was later the Parti Rouge. It is as the father, or, at any rate, the godfather, of this party that Papineau deserves an outstanding place in Canadian history.

The Parti Rouge included in the planks of its platform the repeal of the Act of Union, the annexation of Canada to the United States, and the introduction of the elective principle into every branch of the administration, legislative, judicial, and military. It was anti-clerical in its attitude, and, above all, it stood for the conservation of the French-Canadian race. This last was an object which Papineau pursued consistently during his whole career. He opposed the proposed Bill of Union in 1822 because it threatened the identity and integrity of "La Nation Canadienne;" he bitterly attacked the Union in 1840 on the same grounds: and in 1857 he condemned on the same score "Confederation, the most culpable of all, now for three months in operation."

The Patriotes of 1837 cherished the ideal of a French-Canadian nation on the banks of the St. Lawrence; and in 1849 the idea was revived by Papineau and the Parti Rouge, and was taken up by the Institut Canadien as a propaganda.

The Parti Rouge has been an important factor in Canadian politics. It exerted a very lively influence on the political situation before Confederation; and it has contributed more than one statesman of outstanding merit and ability to Canadian public life. Antoine Dorion, one of the ablest statesmen that Canada has produced, and the present Prime Minister of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, both started life in the ranks of the Reds. Both these gentlemen fell away from the party in the course of time; but the party continued, and it has perhaps persisted down to the present time in the guise of the Nationalist party, headed to-day by the redoubtable figure of Henri Bourassa.

The Nationalists have discarded some of the anti-clerical and radical principles of the Parti Rouge; but they are one with both the Patriotes and the Rouges in presenting an irreconcilable front to English connection and English domination, and in dreaming of a Canadian nation on the banks of the St. Lawrence, composed of French-speaking people.

Papineau retired from public life in 1854. He had inherited from his father the seigniory of La Rivière de la Petite Nation, on the Quebec side of the Ottawa River; and here, in the midst of his books and surrounded by his family and friends, he passed the declining years of his life. The château, which passed under the name of Montebello, was a replica of a French castle, the only example of an old-world edifice of this kind in Canada. Here Papineau kept open house to his friends. "One felt at home at once under the roof of the charming Manor House of Montebello, with its vast apartments, affording through noble bay windows, widely extended views of the beautiful waters of the Ottawa." Such is the conclusive testimony on all hands.

As a French-Canadian writer has pointed out, Papineau was a Pierre

Leroux in theory only; his tastes and habits were those of an aristocrat. In many ways he reminds one of Thomas Jefferson. The two men were widely but superficially read in political science; they held the same radical democratic theories; they were both *philosophes* and Deists; and in spite of their radical leanings, they were both characterised by somewhat fastidious and aristocratic tastes. Jefferson on his Virginia plantation and Papineau on his Canadian seigniory, were each surrounded by wealth and culture and refinement. But if either of them should seem to belie his theory by his practice, it is necessary to remark that neither of them was a Socialist.

THE ROVER

BY VIRNA SHEARD

THOUGH I follow a trail to north or south,
Though I travel east or west,
There's a little house on a quiet road
That my hidden heart loves best;
And when my journeys are over and done,
'Tis there I will go to rest.

The snows have bleached it this many a year;
The sun has painted it gray;
The vines hold it close in their clinging arms;
The shadows creep there to stay;
And the wind goes calling through empty rooms
For those who have gone away.

But the roses against the window-pane
Are the roses I used to know;
And the rain on the roof still sings the song
It sang in the long ago,
When I lay me down to sleep in a bed
Little and white and low.

It is long since I bid it all good-bye,
With young light-hearted disdain;
I remember who stood at the door that day:
Her tears fell fast as the rain;
And I whistled a tune and waved my hand,
But never went back again.

Toll I have paid at the gates of the world,
The sand I know and the sea;
I have taken the wide and open road,
With steps unhindered and free;
Yet, like a bell ringing down in my heart,
My home is calling to me.

THE CROSS-CURRENT

BY S. A. WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE STAMPEDER"

Illustrations by Maud McLaren

THE inhabitants of Fort Providence wondered why Graeme Stewart, the chief district factor, lingered in the Mackenzie post, but Donald Kinnear, the lord of Resolution, was there with his daughter, on some business to be transacted through his fellow-official Clendenning, of the more northerly station; and where the winsome Flora Kinnear became concerned men were apt to linger.

The French-Canadian constable, Felix Duwarne, had also reached Providence, ranging south from the Yukon, and this chance situation gave the fort gossips more speculative interest. They knew that in all other things Duwarne and Stewart were as blood-brothers ever since the French-Canadian had safely picked his lamed comrade out of a Great Slave blizzard, and they wondered how the flow of mutual affection would hold against the rival cross-current of desire.

The Mackenzie writhed in its course, full to the flood-tide mark, and human blood ran in harmony. The heart of each inhabitant cried out for freedom. Kinnear's daughter felt the excessive yearning most of all, and she danced forth from the Fort, in an utter abandon of joyous song, where Stewart stood with Kinnear at the stockade gates.

"I'm off for flowers, father," she cried gaily. "The hills are covered. Look at the bloom!"

Her waving hands indicated the Beaver Hills which rimmed the Hudson's Bay post, their peaks one mass of luxuriant bloom spilling in a riot of colour down the slope to the Mackenzie's edge.

"Alone!" Stewart exclaimed, breathing faster at the sight of her fresh beauty. "Alone! Such a day invites companionship. Come down the valley with me. I am going out to the cache on the Lost Wolf branch, and you can find acres of flowers there."

The warmth of Stewart's request carried its own significance, but Flora Kinnear shook her head saucily as she ran on.

"The Hills are calling me," she laughed, "and the valley is too small to hold my gladness. I must get up, up where there is the whole heaven space for breathing."

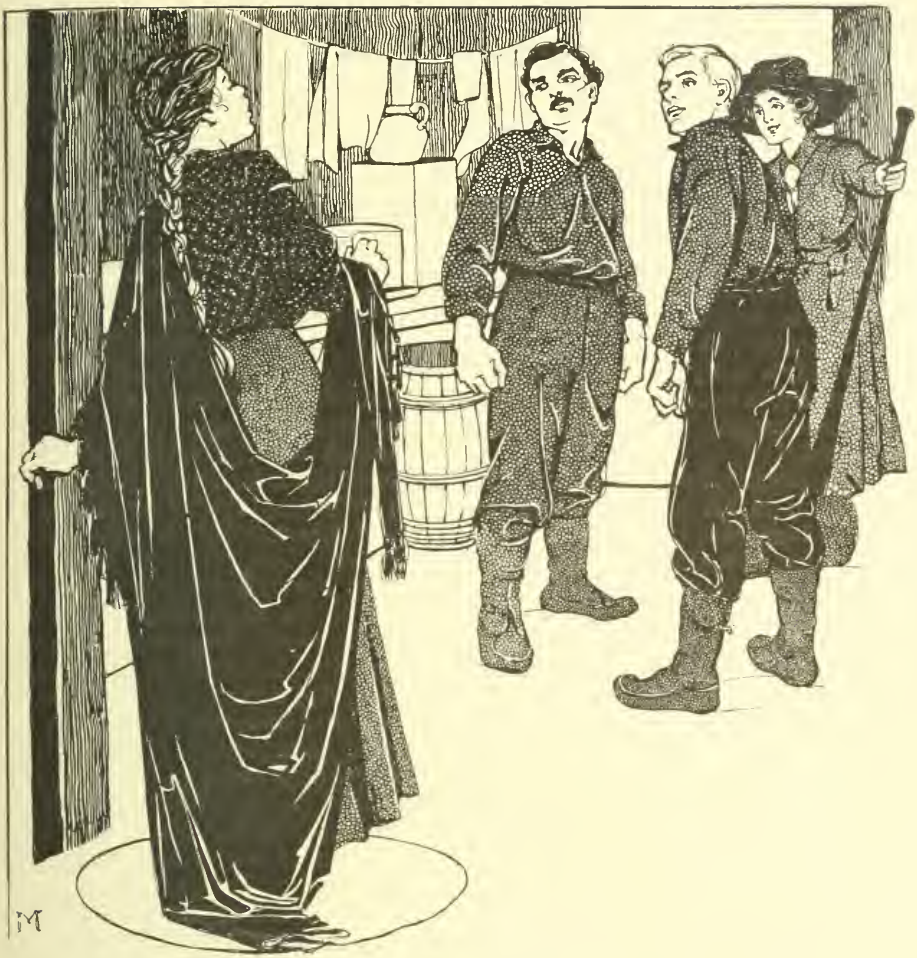
Kinnear looked after her in parental tenderness. "She's a bonnie lassie," he murmured, "an' guid as gowd."

"Virgin gold," agreed Graeme Stewart. "She will make some man happier than a king, although she seems too gentle for people like our rough, northern selves."

The old Scot smiled at the unselfish deprecation and tapped Stewart's arm.

"The men o' the North are strong an' true," he declared. "She'll find nane better in a' the world; an' I maun believe she fancies Felix."

Quite ignorant of the turn of Stewart's desires, Kinnear spoke guilelessly, and a shade of pain crossed the chief district factor's face. A rifle's



"'SHE CAN GUESS,' FLORA'S HAUGHTY VOICE ANSWERED"

report on Lost Wolf ford gave him diversion. While he listened, the sound was repeated. He put up his field-glasses.

"Something's moving off to the Beaver Hills," he announced, "and there's a horse coming here. It appears to be hard ridden."

"Aiblins 'tis Barclay, the commissioner," suggested Kinnear.

"Barclay generally rides that way." laughed Stewart. "But to-day he should be more careful. Isn't he carrying Government gold?"

The factor snorted in derision.

"Grant Barclay doesna know how tae take care," was his trite observation. "He doesna fear mon or deil."

"It's Barclay's pony!" Stewart exclaimed, still sighting through the lenses. "Two white forefeet and a star on the face! Good Lord, it's riderless! Grant has been thrown."

Straight as a transit's line, the horse galloped for the Fort, swerved in mad terror on seeing the men and suddenly collapsed in the sandy dust.

"Shot!" cried the chief district factor, "clean through the shoulder! What deviltry's this?"

Kinnear jerked the saddle off the dying beast and pushed it under

Graeme Stewart's nose excitedly.

"Look, mon," he shouted frantically. "Ma God, dae ye ken that?"

Both pouches were cut from top to bottom.

II.

Stewart wheeled and ran for the pine-boarded police post.

"Felix," he roared, "Duwarne!"

"*Ici,*" cried the constable, jumping through the doorway. "W'at t'ink you be wantin', eh?"

"Barclay's pony is in here, riderless and shot to death," Stewart feverishly announced. "The saddle bags are looted."

"*Mon Dieu,*" breathed Felix. He jumped on to his horse tethered behind the barracks; Graeme swung up on the back of a sinewy Indian mustang; the pair pounded down the Lost Wolf ford. Where the beaten grass indicated a recent struggle they rolled off. Proofs of violence were not lacking. On the trampled bank, where human footprints mingled with the horse's hoofmarks was the dark red of blood and the impression as if something had been dragged to the water's edge. The constable and the chief district factor traced the sinister furrow, like two hounds nosing out a track, and on rising they were close to the brink, looking into each other's eyes.

"How much gold did Barclay carry?" asked Felix, dismally.

"Three thousand dollars' worth of dust, in two pokes," answered Stewart. "But he'll never get to Winnipeg with it. He's at the bottom of Lost Wolf, Felix, with a ball in his heart and a boulder on his neck. And a strong swimmer put him there! Remember, I saw someone go into the Hills. Can't we trail him?"

"*Non,*" replied Duwarne, "de grass mooch too theeck! *Aussi,* dis t'ing done wit' canoe, mebbe."

Stewart shrugged his doubt.

"What's your plan, Felix?" he asked.

"You be goin' to dat cache," Duwarne pondered thoughtfully. "Den kip nex' de stream and look for canoe. Eef dere wan, she go dat way, 'cause de oder way she mus' pass on de Fort. Go back to de post eef you be find dat canoe an' put de mattaire 'fore Sergean' Conray w'en he come in from T'ree-Mile Lake."

"And you?" the chief district factor inquired.

"Ah'm goin' in de Beaver Hills," announced Felix. "You know dere be only wan cabin dere."

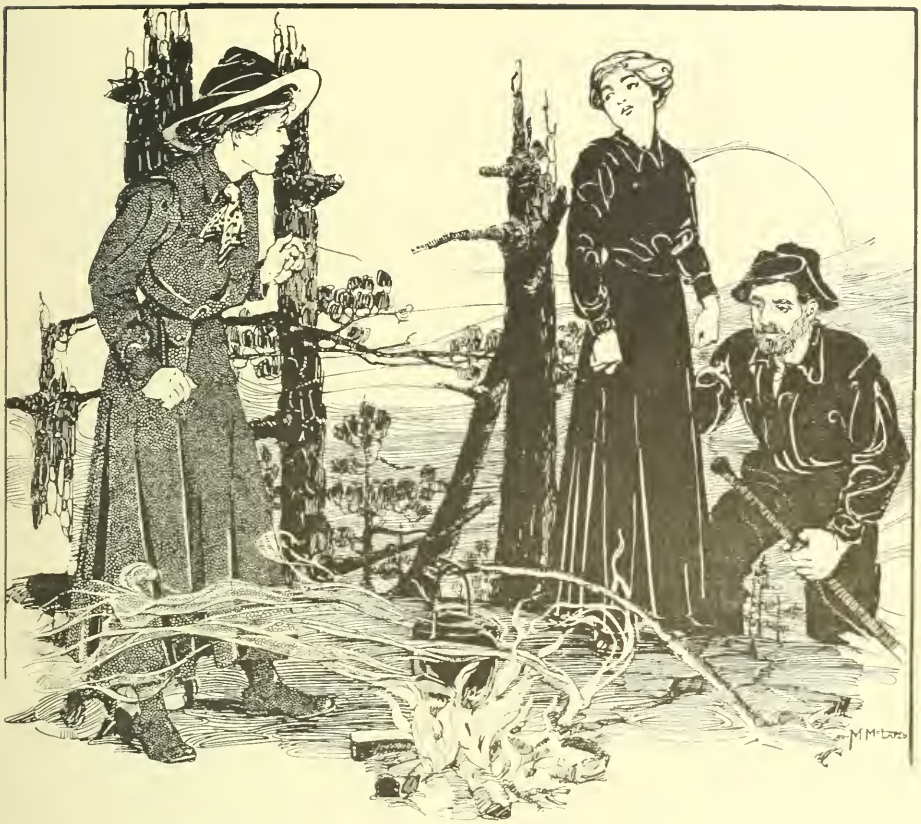
"You intend searching Harman's cabin?" cried Stewart, all startled. "Take care, old friend. He's a dangerous man to meddle with."

Stewart knew Roland Harman as an unscrupulous trader who had a high enough opinion of himself to ask Donald Kinnear for the hand of his daughter. The proposal had been made at Fort Providence, a few days before, in the presence of Flora, who gave the reply in person, a refusal which, though lessening the trader's egotism, did not cure his infatuation.

"Ah don' know dis Barclay mans," Duwarne composedly replied, "*mais* Ah know de trader bad fellow. Ah'm goin' tak' de leetl' look!" From the bushes, he added: "*Au revoir,*" but the seeing of his friend again happened under circumstances which Stewart did not expect. For, returning over the watershed from his journey of inspection, on which he had found no canoe, the chief district factor sighted Flora Kinnear in the valley. She was pulling flowers as she walked, adding them to the mass of bloom in her arms, and a thrill of gladness moved the man when he saw the mingling of beauty with grace. He swung his mustang over the brow of the slope to descend a spur which would bring him to her side, but the motion was checked as soon as made and keen disappointment succeeded his momentary pleasure.

Coming down the opposite ridge, Felix Duwarne rode through the basin, directly in the girl's path.

Wholly unconscious of Stewart's proximity, the pair met beneath the



Drawing by Maud McLaren

"'I HATE YOU' DECLARED FLORA KINNEAR PASSIONATELY"

spur. The chief district factor was too high up to hear their speech. He thanked heaven for that; but he could not shut his eyes, and his lofty position made every movement discernible. And these movements told Stewart what the man said as Duwarne took her yielding form in his arms, the wonderful flowers falling unheeded to the ground. One instant jealousy stabbed him; then loyalty to the comrade who had packed him out of the Great Slave blizzard rose supreme. Such a troth, in Stewart's eyes, was a sacred thing. He whirled his surprised pony down the other trail and loped off to the Fort, his face darkened by an inward suffering and chaos in his stout heart.

III.

Toward sunset, Flora and Duwarne came into Providence by separate ways. It was their whim to preserve their usual friendly demeanour so that none should discover their new, mutual relation. Stewart alone could see beneath their masks, but he said nothing to Felix. As the latter rode on from the H. B. C. store to the barracks, he met Roland Harman in the road. From the shrubbery on the Hills the trader had watched the constable enter his unlocked hut, and he was not tardy in letting him know it.

"Spy on me, will you?" he cried wrathfully. "By heaven, I don't forget a man who ransacks a hut when the owner's supposed to be away. No, Felix Duwarne. I don't forget it!" A vicious shaking of his fist emphasised the words.

"De innocen' mans don' need for

get so hot,'' returned Felix, contemptuously. ''You mus' have de beeg guilt, *m'sieu.*''

He passed along unconcernedly and tethered his horse again. Sergeant Conray and his Corporal had gone out to follow up any available clues in connection with the disappearance of Barclay and the theft of the Government gold, but Duwarne proposed to take the trail on his own account. He carried his pack sack to Clendenning's trading room to fill it with supplies. Thus engaged, and chatting with the Fort Providence factor, Felix saw Graeme Stewart enter.

''There's a lone woman paddler at the landing,'' Stewart informed Clendenning. ''She wants a night's lodging. Will you keep her?''

''A squaw?'' asked Clendenning.

''No, a white woman—French! She has the air of an adventuress.''

''Yet she stays,'' decided the factor. ''I can't refuse a woman shelter.''

The woman in question seemed possessed of a brazen anticipation, for she met Clendenning half way up the river path. A weighty dunnage bag was carried over her shoulder by a paddle thrust through the tie strings. Her figure swung with a lithe, easy motion; the heavy sack seeming no encumbrance on the grace of her symmetrical figure. She regarded the factor quizzically.

''Your name?'' bluntly demanded Clendenning, surveying, unmoved, the fine, regular features in French casting, with crowning black hair above.

''My name? Marie Valdeau! I beg two meals and a bed.''

''Go into the trading room,'' the factor directed. ''Stewart can show you the women's quarters. Make yourself comfortable. I have business at the landing.''

Clendenning was a man of brief speech, who thought more of a bale of beaver than a hundred pretty faces.

Backing out from behind the counter with his bulging pack sack in his arms, Felix Duwarne came face to face with the entering woman. His eyes dilated; the pack sack crashed to the floor. Stewart hated the adventuress for her smile of recognition.

''Ah! Felix, my boy,'' she cried in pure French. ''Who would think of meeting you like this! Don't you welcome me?'' She extended a hand. Duwarne took it dully and stared.

''*Bon soir, petite,*'' he greeted softly.

''Kiss me,'' was her audacious command.

To Stewart's breathless amazement, Felix obeyed. Hotly, Graeme sprang forward.

''Have you forgotten your troth in the Hills?'' he passionately cried.

The constable whirled round. ''W'at you be know?'' he harshly demanded.

''Enough! I witnessed that. I know one who trusts you, and here you put that trust so far away as to embrace a——''

''*Diable!*'' roared Felix, in interruption. ''Don' say dat nam'!'' His eyes blazed like camp coals. He towered over Stewart as if to crush him.

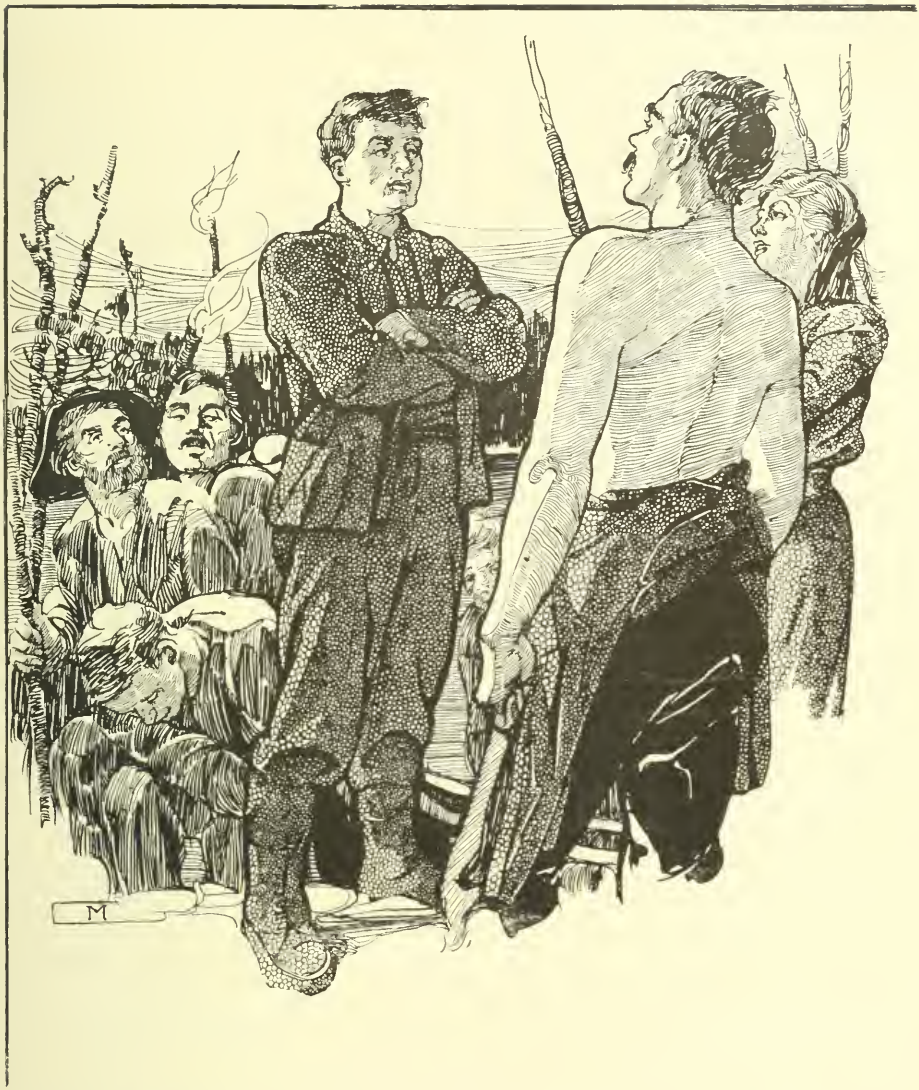
''Leave dis t'ing to me,'' he continued, struggling for control. ''Ah be know w'at Ah'm doin'.''

''Yes, but does Flora know?'' asked the impetuous Stewart.

''She can guess,'' Flora's haughty voice answered from the entrance to the women's quarters. All they saw was her white face as she fled.

IV.

Stewart sought isolation in the shadow of the H. B. C. store when the dusk closed down. Lying there, drawing solace from the Company's tobacco, he saw two figures come across the trail. He took them to be Duwarne and the adventuress, but while they approached in the half gloom he recognised the woman as Flora Kinnear. She was reproaching Felix for the secret claim Marie Valdeau held over him; the constable answered her accusations with earnest protests delivered in a low tone. They



Drawing by Maud McLaren

"'MURDER!' EXCLAIMED THE STRANGER, 'THE WHOLE THING WAS A BLIND'"

kept their voices subdued, but their actions foretold a quarrel. The climax came when Flora wheeled and confronted him.

"You *must* go on to Resolution with this woman, you say!" she vehemently cried. "You offer no explanation, but you *must!* Do you think you can come back to me after playing gallant to that ——?"

"Don' spik lak dat of her," begged Duwarne. "No wan mus' judge but *le bon Dieu.* That should be enough."

"God will judge you and your false heart if you go," she flashed. "Remember those words, Felix Duwarne. "She was gone from him suddenly, running to Clendenning's house, where she and her father were staying. Stewart heard his comrade's groan of dismay as he dashed after; but the pursuit was useless. Clendenning's door slammed. The bolt rasped home.

Had Graeme Stewart been the orthodox rival, he would have shown much despicable genius in attempting to usurp Duwarne's place in Flora's favour with the assistance of such powerful elements as jealousy and pique; he would have let things run awry, found means to widen the gulf between the two and attained his end by the profit of misunderstanding. But Stewart was of a different breed. That old lioness, the North, had borne him as a worthy whelp. He went straight to Marie Valdeau.

"Get your canoe," he ordered briefly, "and leave Fort Providence at once."

She read his reason, and the stubborn blood dyed her skin. "Clendenning commands here," she cried. "He bade me stay."

"Clendenning is factor; I am chief district factor; my orders supersede his; don't parley, but go!" His tone was final; the woman bit her lip and turned away.

"Gather your dunnage," Stewart advised. "I'll send a paddler with you if you wish. Will you take one?"

"Surely," she answered. But it was not the one Stewart intended. When he brought an Indian paddler down to the landing, Marie Valdeau was gone with Felix Duwarne.

V.

"Here is the base of the ridge," announced Harman to Flora Kinnear. "Yonder is their camp-fire. Let us begin the climb!" These were the first words he had spoken in their three-mile paddle. The only condition upon which Flora had secretly accepted his aid in pursuit of the fugitives was that he should speak no word of love. He had kept the promise well.

They ascended. Duwarne had gone beyond the circle of firelight to bring more wood. Marie Valdeau rose from her stone seat. In the mingling beams of rising moon and upspringing flames the two women faced each other. One was the embodiment of innocence, a pure girl just attaining the splendid bloom of maturity; the other was the ready-witted adventuress beneath whose eyes ran shifting, treacherous currents more dangerous than those which put many good canoemen at the bottoms of northern rivers.

"I hate you," declared Flora Kinnear passionately. "I hate you."

Felix strode back with the wood. At sight of the newcomers his armful thundered on the rocks.

"W'at dis mean?" he demanded harshly. "How dare you be come wit' heem?"

"She has as much right to come with me as you have to flee with an adventuress," interposed the bold Harman.

"Don' say dat nam'," warned Duwarne. "Ah have de bes' right in de world."

"No doubt," chuckled Harman significantly. Instantly Felix jumped at the trader to strike, but Flora caught his arms.

"Softly," she commanded. "Will you explain now? Tell us what this woman is to you. If you don't we all go on to Resolution."

Marie Valdeau uttered an angry exclamation. "You mean that?" she cried. "The tables are turning, I think. You become the wilful one; I must play the sober monitor. I'll give you some advice, little one. Don't do that; you'll spoil things."

"I'll go," declared Flora. "As heaven hears me, I'll go."

"This is disgusting," stormed Marie. "Why could you not remain where you were? No one has a better right than myself to ask the aid of Felix."

"I dispute that," Flora returned. "I have a better right."

"No, child," persisted the other woman, "you haven't. For, you see, though I who say it am no honour to him, I am Marie Duwarne, his sister."

VI.

"It's a lie," roared Harman, "a

low, cursed lie!'' This time Felix jumped so swiftly that the woman had no time to interfere.

''Ba gar,'' he cried, ''you eat dose words.''

He whipped the trader off his feet and kicked him for yards along the stony crest. He went back to Flora and Marie, laughing, a great weight lifted from his spirit.

''We go to de Fort in wan canoe,'' he announced. ''Leav' Flora dere an' Ah tak' you on, Marie. Dis Harman go wit'out anywan.'' He rolled up the camp things; the two women, now friends, started down to the river's edge. As he worked Felix hummed:

''C'est dans la ville de Bailtoune,
Là jo tsque j'aitè faire un tour.''

a lilt of Bytown, the old name for Ottawa, the place Felix loved.

Having finished, he tramped out the coals of his fire and walked over to Harman, who watched him in moody silence.

''M'sieu','' he began, ''Ah have wan t'ing for say to you. Ah no could say heem 'fore dose women.''

''What's that?'' growled the trader, suspiciously.

''M'sieu', you wan coward,'' Felix quietly declared. ''You wan damn coward!'' and both of Harman's cheeks smarted from two stinging slaps of his open palms. Without looking for the effect of his blows Duwarne walked off. Something whirred fiercely through the air! The piece of rock Harman hurled struck Felix behind the ear, and he fell like a log. The trader bound the unconscious man and stepped to the slope, a swift scheme forming in his fertile brain.

''Where's Felix?'' called Marie, looking back.

''He wants you,'' Harman lied. She came running into the grip of his hands and the bonds of the rope he held. Her cry brought Flora, who was rendered helpless in similar fashion. In his own black ways the trader was more than ingenious! He loosed their feet when he had them subdued and grasped one arm of each, forcing them down the rocks and into the canoe below.

''You know enough about this kind of craft not to lurch or leap,'' he chuckled. Flora was in a helpless hysteria; Marie steeled herself for the emergency.

''We're heading for Fort Providence?'' she asked, plumbing his plans.

''No, for the wilderness. I'll drop you at the first Indian camp.''

''You're a villain!''

''A gamester,'' he corrected. ''I inherited the trait, that's what sent me to the outland. Now I'm playing the boldest game I ever played, for the highest stake I know.''

''You'll lose,'' screamed Marie. ''*Par Dieu*, you'll lose! I, too, have played bold games.''

The widening gap of river drove Flora to desperation. She sprang up with a far-reaching cry, nearly capsising the canoe. All that saved them was Harman's swift flattening of the paddle blade on the water. From the crest there came an answer. Felix had his senses.

''Felix, here,'' shrieked Marie, giving him the direction of the flight. Brute that he was. Harman struck at her with the paddle. She swerved lithely, and the blade broke athwart. ''Don't do that,'' she mocked. ''You'll stave a hole and sink us.''

Another cry! They saw Duwarne rolling over and over among the rocks of the slope, fretting his wrists on the sharp granite in a mad attempt at freedom.

''He'll kill himself,'' moaned Flora Kinnear. And no doubt Felix would have dashed out his brains where the incline grew steeper had not his body become wedged in a niche of rock which held him, despite his struggles, while the canoe slipped round the turn of the bluff.

VII.

The stranger's knife slitting his bonds was like a miracle to Duwarne at the time, although he afterwards

learned it was an ordinary human motive of a reckless heart. One second later, the stranger as bowsman, himself in the stern, the constable's canoe shot after Harman's craft, which had already a tremendous start. The first mile flew by! The second was eaten up with their never-changing stroke! Soon they caught the thump of a paddle ahead.

"Now de race!" exclaimed Felix softly. He ripped his shirt away with one hand and cast it behind. Bare to the waist, with drops of sweat and blood shining on his skin, he bent to his work. On they spun like an arrow, the shoulders of the bowsman rising and falling snappily in his wet jacket and the tremendous biceps of the brown man in the stern bulging under his tanned skin.

Fort Providence reeled by! The landing was dark, not lighted with the torches of the fishing boats going off to their night's spearing in the Shallows as Duwarne had left it that evening. The Shallows lay a mile below the Fort and just above the confluence of the Lost Wolf branch with the Mackenzie where the treacherous cross-currents made a swirling hell of waters unnavigable by any craft. Felix knew this well.

"We catch heem at de Lost Wolf," he panted. "He no pass dat place."

Harman's oath drifted back to them. Inch by inch they gained; then foot by foot; and yard by yard! A ring of lights unexpectedly starred the river before them. The spearing boats were returning from their toil.

"*Holà!*" roared Felix. "Stop heem. Stop dat mad mans!"

They misinterpreted, leaving an open lane for an apparently friendly race.

"*Diable,*" Duwarne now groaned. "Dose theeck in de head fools!"

The motley band of Indians, half-breeds and voyageurs, their wild features limned by red torchlight, raised a savage cry to cheer the contestants as they flashed between the lines of boats, but their rejoicing over a frolic turned to a wail of terror at an impending tragedy. Harman, in diabolical despair, was driving his canoe straight for the boiling cross-currents and the black-fanged rapid below, which had never been run by human hand.

Felix did not hear the clamour. He read the design, and a spasm gripped his throat.

"Ba God," he breathed, "catch heem, stranger, or break de heart."

A mighty drive was the answer, a drive that broke the paddle. The bowsman cursed. Duwarne put every atom of strength into his stroke, gaining ten of the thirty feet he must win. Again his blade plunged; he made it one-third. Gathering all his sinew in a last desperate pull, he fairly lifted the craft out of the water. His veins tingled, his muscles cracked with the effort; but the gap was closed. The bowsman's fingers gripped the other gunwale.

Harman, well-nigh mad, leaped up unwarily with something shiny in his hand pointed at Flora Kinnear, but Marie Valdeau wiped out her score of sins by throwing herself on the pistol muzzle and taking the death wound meant for the other girl. With the report, down went both canoes in the whirling smother of water.

Felix seized Flora as he touched the surface; the dead body of his sister spun by and Harman was sucked after it into the vortex.

Duwarne held his place in the rip of the current with phenomenal strength. He was glad Flora's hands were bound; that excluded the possibility of the drowning grip. Beside him the stranger was swimming desperately, but neither could advance a foot. Their powers waned; the surges slowly sucked their feet back; it seemed the end was there, when old Dave Harrow's voice bellowed out and a boat on the end of a hundred-foot rope banged against their skulls.

"Catch hold," roared Harrow. "We'll pull ye. Only keep the hold!"

It was purgatory, that wrench, with the water devils snatching for their prey! Felix thought his one arm must have the bones drawn out, but in a second it was over, and the three tumbled on the beach.

"T'ank *le bon Dieu,* you be safe, *chère,*" murmured Duwarne, tenderly, when they regained their feet. "*Mais* Marie she gone; dat's mighty hard!"

"Amen," breathed the strange bowsman, at his elbow.

Felix turned. "M'sieu', Ah mus' t'ank you," he cried fervently. "You have de beeg courage."

"You needn't thank me," observed the stranger gravely. "By chance, I heard the end of the drama in the Beaver Hills. Duwarne, your sister is well known to me! I loved her in former years, but through misunderstanding we each went different ways —not altogether careful ways! We met at a northern post some days ago and found our love had stood strange tests. We resolved to make a break for some far place, get married and live a settled life. The impediment was lack of funds, so we did the familiarly erroneous thing of committing a small wrong in order to accomplish a big regeneration. That is why we took the Government gold at Lost Wolf ford. I want you to arrest me for that theft."

"You?" cried Felix, dazedly. "An' Marie? W'at you say 'bout her?"

"She had the gold in her dunnage. Now it's where you made camp. You see, she was to take it through to the Great Slave shore, and I was to meet her there. Then Prince Albert and the States!"

"Ah understan'," declared Duwarne. "an', as you say, Ah arres' you. *Mais* ba gar, *m'sieu,*' you go for tell me Marie help commit de murdaire? Ah keel you eef you mean dat!"

"Murder!" exclaimed the stranger. "The whole thing was a blind. I'm Grant Barclay."

FRIDAY'S CHILD

A STORY OF GOODWILL

BY KATHERINE HALE

Monday's Child is fair of face.
Tuesday's Child is full of grace.
Wednesday's Child has far to go.
Thursday's Child is full of woe.
Friday's Child is loving and giving.
Saturday's Child must work for her living.
But the Child who is born on the Sabbath Day
Is witty and wise and gentle and gay.

THE Oracle chanted it in muffled tones—a grotesque, hooded figure holding the centre of that animated stage the summer-house, in the Wallbridge sunny garden. Afterwards there was a discussion, as the magic meaning of the little rhyme grew in the excited imagination of the children.

"I borrow to be Sunday's child," said Anne. "'Witty and wise and gentle and gay'—I could try, anyway."

"'Tuesday's child is full of grace.' We'd have to give that to Grace herself, I s'pose," said Emily.

"I don't know," said Anne; "it sounds like a pun to me, and father says they're always in bad taste. Grace had better be 'Thursday's child is full of woe.'"

"I won't," said Grace decidedly.

"I will," came a soft little voice from behind, and two ardent eyes beamed on the dissenters. "I would

love to be a 'woeful child.' I would wear an old black petticoat with a long trail, and a little, little bit of crape in my hair—just a suggestion—and a squeeze of onion under my eyes. Instead of playing I would sit under a tree and weep and weep—and finish that last book that Nana took from me, if I can find it."

"Nana thinks you're Monday's child," said Anne. "Perhaps you are; you're supposed to have mother's eyes."

"What's that?" said Nana, coming up with the tea things.

Whereat a discordant medley of treble voices arose.

"Whist now!" said Nana, "or I'll send you all straight to bed. You're far too old to quarrel; especially Miss Anne, going on eleven. Doris is the best of you all! Such nonsense about days. God gave you each a day; it's well I can remember most of them. And my own pet'—a thrill was in the air, and all eyes turned on Nana's avowed and special treasure—"my own pet did I hold in my arms on a Friday morning, as beautiful as ever I saw. There were the school-bells ringing, and all the little children running to school, and old Giles putting up a flag on the summer-house, just because she had opened her pretty eyes on this old world. Come here till I tie your sash, my precious. Yes, you're Friday's child—whatever that may be!"

"Friday's child is loving and giving," chanted the Oracle solemnly. "Loving and giving, loving and giving—let's all sing it and wave our napkins and baptise her with the milk!"

Friday's child had loved the ceremony from the vantage of her nurse's arms, but when she stepped into the world of every day, she found, like older votaries, that her obligations were often piled upon her, and she became, what her nature had often before impelled her to be, a kind of small burden-bearer for the rest, very much at the beck and call of the whole tribe. That Nana was her staunch champion only led her to give the more, because, as Anne often remarked, Nana was "prejudiced;" and, of all things, Doris wanted to be "just like the rest." "Oh, make me just the same as the rest, and forgive all my sins, and bless my dear friends, and especially Nana," was ever the climax of her little prayers.

"All my dear friends," she would think wistfully when she got into bed, alone in her white cot, with the latticed walls so pale and high. "Anne has lots of friends at school, and Grace has Emily, and of course I have father and mother and God and Nana, and they all love me—but I have no 'Particular Friend,' and I'm nearly eight. Nearly eight and no 'Particular Friend!' What a long time without one—what—a—long—time—without—one."

And then it was morning.

It was an interesting new play to be Friday's child. In imitation golf, Friday's child found the balls. In cooking-games, she washed the pans. In playing school, she was "kept in" at recess, not always resignedly, but, on the whole, in a kind of "good-fellow" style that was part of her. As the summer sun deepened the colour on her little cheeks, and the dull gold of her short curly hair became more intense, she was like a beautiful gipsy decked out in discreet muslins.

Then came a coveted invitation from "next door."

"Next door," in the children's parlance, was a large place whose owners had been abroad for years and whose return was heralded, weeks before, by a troop of gardeners and servants. Cards of amenity had been exchanged between the two houses, and now behold each Wallbridge, attired in a fresh muslin and ready in response to a cordial invitation to "come and play with the children from four till seven."

"You must wait till your mother comes, dearies," said Nana.

And after a long, long time the

hoot of the motor sounded in the avenue and she came in, veiled and hatted, to give them each a kiss and see that their sashes were straight, and to tell them that they must be unselfish and play what the others liked most.

"Remember that one of the poor little kiddies is quite lame, Lola is her name—isn't that dear?"

"And what's the end-name, mummie?" asked Anne.

"There are two little girls and their names are Lola and Beatrice Farr," said mummie, "and their father is called Sir John Farr, because he made a great invention."

'What is an avention?" asked Doris.

"Now darlings, Nana is ready," said mummy. "Have a good time and make everyone happy," and she watched her rainbow band flit across the lawn.

Over the meadow they walked, and then they opened the garden gate and plunged right into fairy-land; for before them lay a wide lawn, with a big fountain splashing beautifully, and beyond the garden a lazy stream, leading to vague possibilities. Coming to meet them was the prettiest lady imaginable, and a little girl in blue. Two or three other children emerged from the summer-house, and the party was introduced with many shy little greetings.

In the shadow of a tree sat a slight form in an invalid's chair.

"Come and see my little Princess," said the pretty lady, and more shyly still the Wallbridges approached. They knew this must be "Lola," the little girl who was lame.

The Princess, unlike her mother, unlike her regal name, was no beauty. It was a thin, old, sad little face that looked out from the shady hat, with a queer, tiny frown between the eyes.

"How do you do?" she asked gravely and looked the embarrassed Wallbridges over, everyone apart, from head to foot.

No one had ever looked at them like that before, not even mother when she was just going to say, "You may go to your room, dear, and stay till I come."

"How do you do?" said each Wallbridge together in response.

And then there was not one other word to say.

The strange reluctance of childhood to any "difference" in their own kind was upon them, stilling them with a kind of fright. The tiny cripple was a stranger to their healthy, merciless little world, and try as they would, it was hard to come near. Something beyond the spell of shyness bound them.

The pretty lady stood with her hand on the Princess's hair.

"What shall be the first game?" she asked. "Perhaps Nana can help us. She knows what you like. Or shall Beatrice show you a new one we learned in Paris? We have plenty of balls and rackets."

Beatrice went to find them, the others paired off, and the sense of constraint vanished.

Then Friday's child looked across at the wheeled chair.

The pretty lady had gone for the moment, and the little figure was alone.

Anne's eyes followed those of Doris, then back to her sister with a look which said more plainly than any words: "The Sacred Oracle!"

True to her nature, Doris "imagined" first. She imagined that she had lost a ball in the direction of the child. She must find it. The search brought her close to the chair.

Bending near, under a little shrub, she asked, "Did you see it?"

"What?" queried the Princess.

"A ball," said Doris.

"There wasn't any," answered the Princess. "They're all attached to the racquets. You were pretending."

"Oh," said Doris, "do you ever pretend?"

"All the time," said the Princess. "It's all I ever do. I'm chained to my rock, I mean my chair. I can't escape unless someone breaks the spell.

That's why I'm a Princess, and it's all the fault of a wicked ogre, you see."

"Oh, you dear!" said Doris. "I've always looked for someone who pretended, too. The rest do, but just by fits and starts. They like real plays best; cooking, for instance, and shops—things you can touch."

"I know the kind," said Lola gravely. "Beatrice is like that and nearly all the rest. There was a little boy once in Italy who pretended all the time, but he began to play the piano, and they called him a 'miracle.' So I lost him. How I cried. But I was young then."

"Are you old now?" asked Doris.

"I am nearly ten," said the grave little voice. "It is a year since I lost Carlo. We would sit on the sands at San Remo and the sun came through my beach-umbrella in many colours on my knee, and Carlo would catch those colours in funny little tunes, and he would sing the tunes and act them in fairy tales all day. Oh, why did he begin to play the piano! *Mon pauvre* Carlos."

Doris, with wide eyes, understood perfectly. How could she distract the Princess—her Princess already—from such a loss.

"Do you like trees?" she asked. "I see a path to the orchard. Let us trundle down and tell stories there."

The Princess was gracious. She adored trees. Could Doris push the chair? "I am lame," she said, "and very heavy — nearly seventy-five. Mother says 'what a weight!'"

Very soon they were under the "umbrageous boughs" of the poets, and the Princess heard all about the Sacred Oracle, and the telegraph that ran from the nursery window to the summer-house where real messages could be sent, and best of all about the little house in the trees that was built by the gardiner for Doris.

A shade of pain passed over the tired face of the Princess.

"Don't tell me about high-up places," said she. "I cannot ever climb."

"But you shall," said Doris, "you shall. I will carry you up my little ladder; it is quite broad and easy, and you will sit in the door of my little house, like *Peter Pan* waiting for *Wendy*."

"Oh, darling *Peter Pan!*" cried the Princess. "You love him, too? But, after all, he wasn't a real fairy, or he could never even have been *afraid* of growing up. I like the old ones best, I think."

"Do you believe in God and angels too?" asked Doris.

"I do," said the Princess, "especially on Sundays, if you have a strict nurse. Is yours very strict? We do nearly all our games on Sunday—but not quite all. Anyway, I believe in God and angels, but, oh, the fairies are the best! They're so little and close, and they're nearly always here. I shall love this orchard. Look at all those rings—some of them are quite worn with the dancing-steps."

Friday's child was completely captivated. Here was a new wonder. From the distance she heard the creak of the see-saw, and the excited cries of "home free." But no game drew her now. Her little soul, so willing in the service of others, was blooming under that radiant light, the loveliest miracle that ever happened in this wonderful world, the sudden touch of the kindred soul. This miracle had not dawned for her before, for Anne never really understood, and Nana was grown up, of course, and all the rest were too small. And they didn't care, at any rate. But this Princess cared. She saw the things that were not quite there; and, oh, in what beautiful words—long words — she could tell about them. Her mind could climb higher than the nimble feet that loved the birds' nests, and Friday's child recognised it and bowed down and worshipped. She stared at the little freckled face in ready awe, mingled with love. She wanted to pledge her affection.

The thick shadows fell across the grass, and far away she saw a maid move over the lawn with tea things; already the afternoon was gone in a dream. How could she ever pluck up courage to tell the new-found half that was in her heart? The thin little voice recalled her, and she met the wide, unabashed stare of childhood.

"Friday's child—I think you are very beautiful."

"Oh, no," said the recipient of this compliment, hastily; "but I think I'd like to be! It reminds me of a funny little song that begins, 'For Nurse says I'm not pretty and I'm seldom very good.' Would you like to hear it?" and she hummed witchingly:

"If no one ever marries me,
And I don't see why they should,
For Nurse she says I'm pretty
And I'm seldom very good.
If no one ever marries me
I shan't mind very much,
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage
And a little rabit hutch."

"And you sing like my enchanted bird in the forest, which I made a game about. Oh, Friday's child, I know that song! and mother saw a beautiful lady who wrote it. Her name is Liza Lehmann, and she wears a rose-pink gown and is herself a fairy, I think, though mother doubts it. Oh, what games we shall have, what games! I shall be *Seigfried*—did you ever hear of him?—and you will be the *Enchanted Bird*, high in the tree-tops. How splendid that you can climb." She measured the sturdy tree-trunks with wistful eyes that presently fell happily on the adventurer beside her, and she said dreamily: "It seems to me that something is gone that I had a minute ago, and I don't mind being lame a bit now: for you shall do all the valorous feats while I lie and think about them and plan more. I'll think them and you'll *be* them."

What an exaltation for Friday's child!

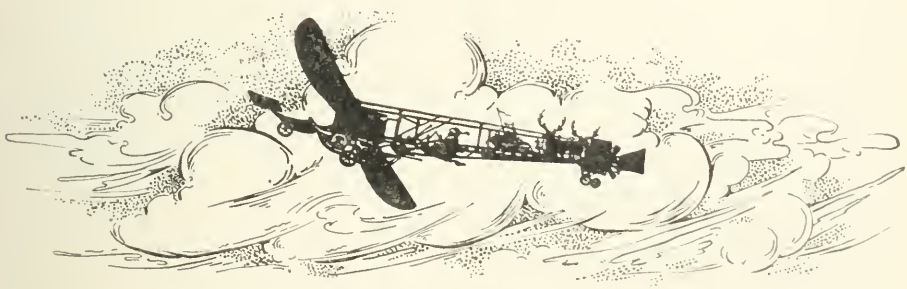
* *

"Well, I believe I see Nana!" said Anne, an hour later, to Beatrice, when they had all had tea on the lawn and each finger bowl was full of wonderful Japanese flowers that opened on the water like magic; "and we have had a most beautiful time, a most beautiful time."

Friday's child, weaving a flower chain for the Princess, felt that no one could have expressed it better.

The pretty lady, who saw a new look on the dearest face in the world, came and took Doris in her arms. "I think I'll have to steal you," she said; "you are a fairy; you have awakened my Princess and made her all over. I wonder how you have done it—could you tell me?"

"It's a spell," cried the Princess, gayly. "Friday's child is loving and giving—loving and giving—loving and giving," and with the strange directness of her kind, and a shrill little laugh in the direction of the animated "Party"—"all the rest must work for their living."



THE WORD IN SEASON

BY JEAN BLEWETT

The scene is laid in New Scotland, one of Middlesex County's thriving villages. Margaret Lawlor has come over to the manse to drink a cup of tea with her close friend, Lizbeth Gordon, but lately married to the minister. Lizbeth speaks without an accent, but Margaret, though she has been for many years the wife of the school-master, still clings to her bonnie Scotch burr. The two have been discussing the new woman.

Margaret Lawlor. [With conviction.] Weel, I've my own opeenion o' sic goings-on. Stand up for her if ye like, but you know and I know that modesty in a woman is a grand thing —a guid thing.

Lizbeth. One can get too much of a good thing. It's all very well to keep in the background—up to a certain point.

Margaret. [Surprised.] Is it yersel' that's only twa months marrit tae the best meenister New Scotland has had in mony a day, is it yersel I hear speaking lightly o' modesty in woman? Ye ken what the good book says aboot it, and ye ken, too, that if ye had not been the modest girl ye were ye'd never hae mated wi' sae fine a mon as John Gordon. Deed so. A pairfect mon.

Lizbeth. [Supping her tea.] The minister is all right, but let me tell you he had one fault which made me think twice about marrying him.

Margaret. Ye will hae your joke, Lizbeth, though how ye hae the heart to joke aboot sic a mon——

Lizbeth. [Gravely.] It is no joke, Margaret, it's the sober truth."

Margaret. [In agitated tones.] Ye dinna mean it, and us folk lookin' up tae him as a pattern in a' things! I canna get o'er it Lizbeth. Surely it was not a fault serious enough tae come between ye.

Lizbeth. [Passing the scones.] Judge for yourself when I give you my word it kept us apart for twa years and more—in fact, if he hadn't overcome it I expect nothing else but I'd have gone to my grave a spinster. Let me give you some fresh tea, Margaret.

Margaret. [With growing excitement.] Na, na, I'll hae nae mair tea; I'm shaking so I've spilt the maist o' the last cup on my best frock. Juist tae think that a' the whiles we were listening tae his graun sairmons, and haudin' him oop wi' our prayers, he was breakin' yer hairt wi' his shortcomings! Losh me, the deceit o' him! My mither told me often never tae pit faith in a mon, but I didna dream she meant a meenister. I'll trust nane of them from this time forth, not even my ain mon. If the meenister canna keep straight it behooves me to have an eye on the schoolmaster—ay, and I'll do it! Poor lassie, ye had yer ain time and half the weemen of New Scotland envying ye. I could greet aboot the meenister I was that fond o' him, that proud o' him. Harken. Lizbeth (her tones growing suddenly tender), it may be that he repented him often-whiles. I've nae doot the fault hurt him muckle mair than it hurt ye.

Lizbeth. [With spirit.] It is to be hoped so. I've taken a great deal of satisfaction out of the knowledge that

it spoiled his rest of nights, it did.

Margaret. I'd think mair of ye if ye spoke kinder of him and his fault —hope so indeed! Let me tell ye this, Lizbeth Gordon, had I stood in your shoes I'd hae marrit him off-hand, fault or no fault, so there.

Lizbeth. [Shaking her head sadly.] I couldn't marry him till he got the better of it. Ah, Margaret, the worry I had. I didn't know what to do. I was almost distracted. Frends of the family were asking me when the wedding was like to be, and I couldn't tell them because this unhappy weakness of the minister's came between us to such an extent that I couldn't say for sure whether I'd every marry him or not.

Margaret. [Walking up and down the room.] No, I'll not hae a bite of wedding cake, it wad choke me. Lizbeth, it must hae been an unco dreadful fault tae keep ye from naming the day seeing ye had an eye on him a' this while. Would ye mind tellin' me the nature o' it? I'll never breathe it to a living soul—indeed so! Go on, Lizbeth—wait, I'll juist latch the door for fear that hussy in the kitchen should take it into her head tae listen. We'll keep it dark, Lizbeth, for his sake as well as yer ain, we'll not let it out. Ye say ye wouldn't hae marrit him if he hadna got the better o' this—this weakness o' his?

Lizbeth. [Putting her handkerchief to her eyes.] I couldn't have married him.

Margaret. [Drawing a chair very close to Lizbeth and leaning forward.] Weel, weel, as I said a while back, it must hae been bad, but he gat over it?

Lizbeth. [Solemnly.] Yes, but he wouldn't have without my help. I'll tell you everything. Never mind the door, there's nobody about. You're sure you wont have a scone, Maggie?

Margaret. Gae on wi' your story—out wi' it. I'm fair consumed wi' curiosity. Name this fault o' the meenister's—name it.

Lizbeth. [Laughing.] Bashfulness! You needn't stare. Bashfulness in a man has brought on many a lass the calamity of a single life. John thought the world of me and—well, you know how it was with me, Maggie. But he couldn't propose, and he wouldn't propose. He'd talk blithe enough when there were others about, but if left alone with me he blushed like a schoolboy, acted as if he'd rather be anywhere else in the world, giggled at nothing, or else kept dead silence. I've seen him from across the hearth look me over as if I were a perfect stranger rather than the girl he was supposed to be sweethearting with. Instead of seizing on such times as we would be by our lone to pay a compliment, or say some of the nice foolish things one might expect—or at least hope for—he'd discuss Assyrian art, the ruins of ancient Babylon, or some such no account thing, for all the world as if entertaining one of the elders of his kirk. It was enough to vex a saint—and I'm no saint, Maggie. I stood it as long as I could and then I set out to cure him, and——

Margaret. [Angrily.] Think shame to yersel', Lizbeth Gordon, wi' yer haverin' aboot faults, and weaknesses, and being kept apart. Bashfulness, indeed!

Lizbeth. It kept us apart all right. And listen to me, Maggie: The minister would still be simpering and blushing if I hadn't taken matters in my own hands. I'll tell you what I said to him.

Margaret. [Wiping her eyes and smiling.] It gave me an awfu' shock, Lizbeth. For very little I'd not listen to anither word. Yer an aggravating mortal, but ye do bake the best scones o' any woman I know. Yes, ye can fill my cup now. Go on wi' the story, Lizbeth. What said ye tae the meenister?

Lizbeth. It was this way: One evening along in the autumn he comes in, as usual; has plenty to say to everyone —as usual. With one excuse and another I get father, mother, sister Jean, and brother Danny out of the room. As soon as he finds himself

alone with me, he grabs up his hat, begins twirling it round and round, and making as if he ought to go. So, says I, as innocent as you please: "Ah, Mr. Gordon, it'll soon be Christmas, and you'll be getting another lot of slippers with roses on, and knitted sox, and mittens." "I—I—yes, I suppose so," says he, twirling the hat faster. "You must have a heap of such things already," I goes on, taking up a bit of embroidery and threading my needle. "More than I can ever wear out," says he, half in sorrow and in anger, "the manse is full of them."

"I'd put a stop to it," says I. "How could I without being rude?" he demands. "You could get married," says I, and he nearly jumps off his chair; "women don't send many socks and slippers to a man with a wife of his own."

With that he twirled his hat at an awful rate, started to say something, thought better of it, hemmed and hawed and got scarlet in the face. "I don't think I'll—that is," he stammered, "marrying is—I'm thinking the girl that cares for me—that is, I'm afraid the girl I want isn't wanting me."

With that he twirled his hat till it was dizzy.

"I'd find out," says I. "How would you go about it?" says he, kind of grim like. "Why," says I, keeping my eyes on my embroidery, "I'd say, Mary, Martha, Ann, whatever her name might be, I'm wanting you for a wife, will you take me? and before she'd get a chance to refuse I'd put a kiss on her forehead, and"—that was as far as I got, Maggie. But it wasn't on the forehead he kissed me. "Ask my pardon, minister," says I, not letting on how happy I was. "What for?" cries he, bold as brass. "Oh, the kiss should have come last, eh? Well, name the day, Lizbeth, and I'll do my part all over again." "John," says I, "my house linen's ready, and I've my sewing pretty well done up, we might be married in a year or two, I suppose." "Year or two be hanged," says he, just like that, for all the world as if he was just a man instead of a minister, "we'll get the invitations out next week in time to stop the influx of slippers and ties, and all the rest of it." "But it's so sudden I—" "I'll be put off no longer, mind that," he interrupts. "I've lived without you as long as I intend to, Lizbeth, so make up your mind to that!" "Oh, if your heart is set on it, have your own way," I agrees. "Ah, Lizbeth," exclaims he, "if I hadn't been the bold man I'd never have captured you!"

Margaret. [Delightedly.] Losh me, I never knew ye were sae clever.

Lizbeth. [Laughing.] You understand now what I meant when I said there was such a thing as too much modesty. Nobody guesses it, but the manse would still be without a mistress, and the minister without a wife if I hadn't given him encouragement. good encouragement—the word in season.

Margaret. Ay, as the guid book says, there's a time to speak, and a time to keep silent—even so.

Lizbeth. I'm glad you approve. I was fearing you'd find my conduct a little underhand.

Margaret. [Piously.] It's the heaven-given priveelege o' every daughter o' Eve tae get the better o' a mon—especially her ain mon, Lizbeth.

Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr
"AN ANCIENT MILKMAN APPROACHED US, DRIVING HIS GOATS"

IN THE SHADOW OF ETNA

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

Illustrations by the author

IT was early in the morning, very early, for to rise late in Sicily is to miss the best part of the day; but the yellow sunlight, spreading behind the purple hills of Calabria, across the Ionian sea, had called me to my balcony, and the beauty of the scene held me there while I watched the light slowly cross the sky and sea.

The apricot tree beside my window stirred in the faint breeze of dawn, and the roses in the terraced garden below wakened to new splendour in the sunlight. Far below me on the seashore I could hear the fishermen calling to one another, and the thought of the clear cold water tempted me to go swimming; but it was a long way off and a weary road to return up the steep, winding path.

Lazy? Yes, in Sicily it is always so. Sometimes an energetic tourist will, for a week or two, zealously climb mountains and visit points of interest; an artist will paint early and late; and an antiquarian will search for relics, but soon the *dolce far niente* of the Sicilian takes hold of him, and he is content to sit still and dream. He wanders about; even in his sleep he talks piecemeal, as if the concentration of a whole night were too great an effort—and on moonlight nights in Sicily, who would wish to sleep?

I dressed leisurely and sauntered into the fragrant orange grove. Here I met Vincenzino, son of the gardener, Vincenzo, who spent his days going between the house and the fountain with his amphora on his shoulder—an alert little figure, wearing his commonplace, cast off clothing with the picturesque touch characteristic of his

race. He gesticulated most excitedly.

"Has the *signorina* seen *la montagna* this morning? Etna is in eruption!"

I hurried to the gateway from where, above the high walls of a neighbouring garden, I could see the snow-capped peak of Etna waving a turbulent plume of black. Last night the vapour which floated above the crater was delicate as a pink-tipped ostrich feather, but now there were disturbances within the mountain: their importance who could tell? Since the first account of an eruption of Etna by Pindar, in 467, B. C., there have been over eighty eruptions, and though it is possible that hundreds of years may elapse before another disaster takes place, it is equally possible that suddenly without warning many towns and villages may be destroyed as competely as Messina, more than a year ago.

"Well, isn't that the limit!" said an American youth who had come out to see "what the row was all about:" by this time all the servants had collected to discuss the portent. "Just as our plans were all made to make the ascent of Etna. Mother will never let me go now! If they would only have an eruption worth while I shouldn't mind, but this is sure to be a little two-for-a-cent one."

"What would you consider worth while? One like the eruption of 1693, when forty towns were destroyed, or would a repetition of the disaster of 1892 satisfy you?"

"Oh, so long as there is something doing; but come, let's get Gaetano to hasten with that questionable goat-milk coffee of his and go up to the theatre where we can get a good view of the volcano."

Of course, Gaetano didn't hurry, but what did it matter, there in the garden, with the sunlight falling through the orange and lemon boughs, and the ripe loquats dropping at our feet. A lizard scurried across the path and up the stone wall; my companion whistled gently, and he stood still, fascinated, till the music had ceased.

"A real lover of music, like all Sicilians," said the boy.

"But not as discriminating as most. How can you desecrate this garden by whistling a rag-time coon song?"

"It was a bit inappropriate, I'll admit, but I can't always sing *Addio bella Napoli*; the lizards would get bored to death, and that is the only Italian song I know."

At length Gaetano arrived with his coffee and rolls, his lustrous, dark eyes and his dazzling smile. When a young Greek god designs to serve your morning coffee in an enchanted garden, who would question its strength and clarity?

"Now for Etna!" cried the boy, leaping up with an alacrity that showed him to be a new arrival.

The creamy roadway stretched before us, inches deep in dust, the creamy stone walls rose on either hand, high towards the mountains and low towards the sea. Even the cypress trees and plants were covered with this all-whitening powder, amongst which the new-blown roses and geraniums gleamed vividly pink and red.

An ancient milkman approached us, driving his goats, white, black and spotted, back to pasture. He, too, was unusually excited and kept looking over his shoulder to assure himself that the ominous smoke above Etna grew no denser. We had paused for a few moments beside the parapet and were looking down at the lava-strewn promontory below where the ancient Greek city of Naxos once stood. The goatherd paused, too, and his eyes followed ours.

"*Il vecchio questo hafatto*."—(The Old one up there did that), he said, nodding; and, shrugging his shoulders, he passed on.

To the superstitious Sicilian, Etna is still a supernatural being who holds his life and happiness in her keeping. *La montagna* is at once his mother, his oracle and his avenger. His first glance in the morning is to her, his

Drawing by Estelle M Kerr

THE GATE OF MESSINA

last look at night. He will undertake no journey without first consulting her, and one of the Sicilian poets has said: " . . . . the very lemon boughs of Mascali, the orange branches of Aci, the roses and lilies upon the breasts of Catania rejoice when Etna is serene, shrink and darken when the great mother frowns."

The old goatherd reminded us of the description Ovid gives of Etna, where the imprisoned Titan "vomits flame from his raging mouth, struggling to throw off the earth, and to roll away cities."

Sicily is not of to-day. The people who live there seem to belong to a bygone age, the buildings in which they dwell, to an age even more remote, and the labourer who digs deeply in his garden or excavates the ground for building is sure to discover coins of long ago, broken jars of antique design, and even portions of beautiful mosaic pavement that decorated the floor of some palace in the mysterious past.

The ignorance of the people—four-fifths of whom do not know one letter of the alphabet from another—their poverty and their isolation, all conspire to stem the tide of progress and hopelessly confuse the past with the present, the pagan with the Christian. At the little town of Giardini, which lay below us, the patron saint is Santa Venere (Saint Venus) and Greek names and types are common throughout this region, as well as the Arabic and Norman.

We entered the town of Taormina by the Gate of Messina, before which were donkey-carts laden with wares and peasants making small purchases of gaily-coloured calico. Within the gate, to the right, a stream of people ascended and descended from the fountain, carrying their water-jars, while in the main Corsa a goatherd drove his flock from house to house, and the people brought their cups and jugs for milk.

"At least there is no danger of getting diluted milk by that method" "I'm not so sure about that," replied my companion. "Trust the Sicilians for being up to all the dodges. One man used to carry a bottle of water in his vest pocket with a rubber tube, which ran under his sleeve, and a bulb in his hand, so that he could squirt the water simultaneously with the milk."

It was now seven o'clock, the busiest hour of the day, and as we walked up the narrow Corso the street-cleaners were at their morning task, sprinkling the road, and raising up a quantity of dust. Curio shops on every hand displayed antiquities, and merchants of all sorts swarmed through the streets crying their wares. Some had strings of onion and garlic across their shoulders, others had vegetables in the saddle-bags of their mules and carried weighing scales. While fishermen with large baskets peddled their night's catch.

Bargaining was at times conducted from an upper window and, when concluded, the housewife lowered a basket containing the price agreed upon. As soon as the merchant had replaced it with his goods, she hauled it up again. All purchases were characterised by loud voicing and much gesticulation before a satisfactory bargain was made.

We turned up a side street leading to the ruins which mark the site of a Grecian theatre remodelled by the Romans. From this eminence the most wonderful view in Italy—some say in all the world—is to be seen. To the east one looks towards the Straits of Messina, where the Callalrian hills lie far across the sea; to the north Monte Venere towers above the town; and south, and the ground descends precipitously to the sea, 700 feet below, which stretches, boundless towards the African coast. But all eyes turn westward, where, beyond crescent-shaped bays, Etna rises majestically from the sea.

In the morning the place is almost deserted, but in the afternoon gather tourists who chatter in all the

Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr

"WHERE WE COULD SEE THE TARANTELLA DANCED IN THE TERRACED GARDEN THAT LOOKS TOWARDS ETNA

languages of the tower of Babel, to the accompaniment of the setting sun. Only the evening of the day before, I had been there and had seen the usual sights; the guide who conducts a party of tourists about, explaining orchestra, the dressing-rooms; the artist who from some coign of vantage endeavours to reproduce on canvas the wonderful colours of the scene; the party of young people who scatter to the topmost seats of the vast semi-circle, while one of their number remains on the ancient stage to test the acoustic properties of the theatre.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he begins. His friends applaud, but seeing he has attracted the attention of tourists from all quarters of the globe, and is speaking in an auditorium capable of seating 40,000 people, he becomes embarrassed and can think of nothing more to say at the moment.

These were the sights I had been accustomed to see in this wonderful ruin of bygone ages. Often I had sat aloof from the rest, and peopled it with other types of men and women: Greeks in their graceful draperies; Roman warriors; or even, I thought, if the tourist element could but vanish; and the dark-eyed peasants frequent the scene, even though their picturesque customes are largely supplanted by the European, still they would not strike the jarring note as do the people from the west and north.

I was thinking of this as we mounted the roadway to the theatre. The custodian at the gate nodded to us, and we ascended the pathway leading to the upper tiers of seats. Entering through a crumbling archway, we

paused, transfixed. Had my wish been realised, or was I dreaming? I rubbed my eyes; the vision did not vanish. Seated on a broken column was an ancient man dressed in a goatherd's costume of faded blue, playing on a pipe, while groups of gaily-dressed girls with kerchiefed heads and red-laced bodices sauntered up and down, carrying water-jars. There were men, too, and even little children in the glory of their native costumes. But why—where? I was amazed at their sudden transformation!

A strident voice from below offered the explanation, calling to the confused peasants in imperative Sicilian, while another interrupted in expostulating German, telling the people to go this way and that, and the meaning of it all was—a cinematograph.

A group of German photographers accompanied by an interpreter, who had arranged the *dramatis personale* and the costumes—for a price. The fact robbed the scene of its poetry, but could not entirely destroy its beauty, and we were thankful that even for purposes commercial the place could for a short time be peopled with types to which it truly belonged.

But another treat was in store for us, for the cinematographers informed us that they were on their way to the old San Domenico convent, where we could see the *tarantella* danced in the terraced garden that looks toward Etna.

Needless to say, we followed them as gladly as children in the wake of a Punch and Judy show, for the San Domenico is always a thing of beauty, even since it has been converted into a hotel.

Down the Corso we went, where stone walls once more shut out the view, where stood Roman arches altered and ornamented to suit the Saracen's taste, and churches that had successively been used for the worship of pagan gods, Mahommed and Christ. Here a shoemaker's shop elbows a palace in which, they say, lives a youthful baroness. Last year as a young girl in short frocks, she apparently enjoyed life, but now that she is a woman, it is unseemly that she should go out, lest some one should become enamoured of her fair face or high-born name and try to abduct her. And so she must stay always in the house or in her garden that overhangs the sea, until they find a husband for her—poor little baroness!

We passed a school of needle-work presided over by the nuns, where small children, seated in a ring on diminutive chairs, strained their young eyes over the intricacies of Sicilian drawn-work; and on till the Corso opened into a square, flanked on two sides by churches and on a third by a stone balustrade, from which the ground descended into the sea below. On the fourth side was a pink stucco tower gate and a white-washed café, before which at a small iron table, a handsome young Dane was seated, drinking a glass of beer. A couple of Frenchmen at another table smoked cigarettes and sipped their *apéritif* while they watched the passersby; and at a third, two Americans and a German gossiped over their *caffé granito*. We knew that the Dane was an artist and the German a baron, also we knew whether he was likely to marry a pretty American girl that passed us, who was spending the season with her aunt at a villa above the town, and just what chance Don Tito, the young Sicilian, had of winning her. In fact we probably knew more about it than the young lady herself, for in Taormina everybody minds everyone else's business.

Our cinematographers and their interpreter stopped at the café and ordered drinks, while we strolled to the terrace, as if we had come there for no other purpose than to admire the view. Others had collected there to look at Etna. The smoke above the crater was not so dense now.

Yes, it was true that there had been an earthquake, we were told, it had alarmed the people of Catania, but no

damage was reported so far. A new crater had appeared in the mountain, and lava had been thrown a hundred feet, but the eruption was plainly subsiding. An Englishman and his daughters had ascended Mount Etna the day before, and remained at the Osservatorio for the night in order to see the sunrise. One of their mules had returned, but the party were considered quite safe though they must have been badly frightened.

"I wish I had been with them!" said my young friend.

"The foreigners have no fear," said our informant, a bright-eyed boy. It is we Siciliani who fear La Montagna, because we knew it. *Grazie!*" he said as the youth put a silver piece in his hand.

"Ah, the Signorio is Americano, he is *molto generoso*!

I thought he was German, but a solde never passes through the hands of a German until it has been well polished

A commotion before the café warned us that our cinematographers were departing, so we two unostentatiously took our way down the Corso till we reached the Fontana del Duomo, where women and children were filling their water-jars.

One little girl had her apron to her eyes, while at her feet lay the broken fragments of an amphora. We dried her tears with a few pennies and turned down a lane leading to the convent.

A doorway in the substantial stone wall admitted us to a paved courtyard surrounded by beautiful cloisters. Across the courtyard and through a hallway, then down a flight of steps and we were in the fragrant gardens, where roses of every kind and hue grew on bushes, trees and hedges, forming one blazing mass of colour, or twined overhead in arches beneath which we walked to the gravelled terrace, where we seated ourselves by the balustrade overlooking Etna and the sea.

The photographers were here before

Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr
"AT HER FEET LAY THE BROKEN FRAGMENTS OF AN AMPHORA"

us and had set up their instruments, while the peasants whom we had seen in the Leatro Greco now took up their positions to dance the *tarantella*.

In Sicily one rarely sees the *tarantella* danced by women. It is usually performed by boys, whose movements are certainly more lithe and graceful than those of the women; but their gaily-coloured costumes added greatly to the beauty of the scene as they danced there in the sunlight checkered by the shadows from the orange-trees and palms, kicking up white dust from the gravel, with their bare or sandalled feet. The balustrade with its pots of flowers formed the background, and far in the distance the snow-capped summit of Etna gave the final touch of beauty to the whole.

Amongst the dancers were two children, a girl and a boy not more than eight years old, who seemed to have the joy of the dance in their heels. The little chap was known to me, for he danced often at the café and in the hotels, in his faded velveteen jacket and red stockings, while his elder brother played the mandolin.

The woman I had never seen before, for in Sicily it is a woman's position to remain at home, and husbands of the middle class will frequently turn the key on their wives when they leave the house in the morning.

The dancers grew tired, the interpreter cross, and at last the photographers said they were satisfied. I didn't know how many pictures they had taken that morning, their little machine revolved so quickly!

It was now noon, and the air was very hot and still. Reluctantly we left the shady garden and retraced our steps through the town. The doors of the houses were closed, and the shopkeepers were putting up their heavy wooden shutters. Now the business of the day would cease until four o'clock, for after luncheon comes the long *siesta*. Below the Messina gate the donkeys were tied in the shade; the very goats had ceased to crop the sparse, dry grass; and the goatherds hugged the meagre shade of the almond-trees.

In the garden of our villa, Vincenzino lay asleep beneath a fig tree, his amphora beside him. Even Etna seemed drowsy, for the smoke hung listless about her summit.

Inside the stone house, the air was deliciously cool, and Gaetano of the dazzling smile, served us a luncheon fit for the Greek god he resembled, beginning, of course, with macaroni, and after lunch I slept.

I dreamed I was living centuries before Christ and was present at a wonderful spectacle in the Teatro Greco. Gaetano, the beautiful young king was seated on a throne upon the stage. He rose to speak, but as he lifted up his voice the earth shook and Etna sent forth flame and smoke. I tried to run, but awoke to hear a loud knocking at my door and Gaetano's voice saying:

"Excuse me, *signorina*, but it is four o'clock and they are waiting for you to make up a set of tennis."

And so I came from the past back to the present.

RECIPROCITY: WHY THE UNITED STATES WANTS IT

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE E. FOSTER

WHAT does the United States want, and what is it looking for in this new movement for reciprocity with Canada?

1. It wants to mitigate the high cost of living by getting supplies of food from Canada at cheaper prices than at present. But it is obvious that the only way it can secure this is by diminishing or removing the customs charge which meets Canadian food products at the border. All it has to do is by its own action to take off the six cents a pound from butter, the four cents from cheese, the twenty-five per cent. from flour, the forty-five per cent. from vegetables, the duty from meats, and so on throughout the whole food list, and the cost will be as far reduced as is possible. No reciprocity treaty can compel the Canadian producer or the Canadian carrier to produce or to carry products for United States consumers at less than they are now doing, or may from time to time find it profitable to do. A reciprocity treaty is therefore not necessary in order to reduce to a minimum the cost of Canadian foodstuffs to the United States consumer. But it would be very useful to the Republican party to be able to say to its electors, when forced to reduce duties on Canadian foodstuffs: "See what we have got as an offset from Canada; we have made them pay roundly for our doing our duty to you; we are clever." Can anyone anywhere give any good reason why we should bleed to help the Republican party do justice to its own people, in getting cheaper foods for them?

2. It wants to get cheap raw materials from Canada's virgin stores for the use of its manufacturing industries, which will work it up in United States centres, with United States paid workmen, all the profits and accessory benefits of which will inure to the United States.

That is a laudable object—for the United States. But they can get Canadian raw materials as cheaply as possible, and so effect this purpose, by removing all customs dues which face these exports on their national boundary. Let them take their duties off wood-pulp, and lumber of all kinds, off coal, and wheat, and they have at once eliminated the only item of cost that a reciprocity treaty could effect. For no reciprocity treaty could compel Canadians to produce or carry these commodities at cheaper prices than they do now or may at any time consider reasonable.

Clearly then the United States does not need a treaty in order to effect this object. But the Republican party, if it could induce Canada to pay it for making these concessions to its manufacturing interests, could say: "See how clever we are—we grant you what you are entitled to and what greatly benefits you, and we have induced the *Canucks* to foot the bill."

3. It wants to get a market for its products in Canada. What products?

Natural and manufactured, but mainly and especially the latter. The New England States are to-day the stronghold of the reciprocity movement in the United States. New England is the great manufacturing section—it is the smallest producer and largest consumer of food and raw products. That section is not seeking a market in which to sell meats, fish, flour, butter, cheese or any food products or any raw material such as woods, coals, ores, wools or cottons. It is a large buyer of all these. So that in so far as reciprocity would result in opening the Canadian market to natural products, the New England States have no interest in it.

Nor does the rest of the country have much interest in it. They have no surplus products of the fisheries, of metallic or mineral ores, to send north, and their northern forests are becoming depleted; they will not long suffice for the wants of their immense and rapidly-increasing population, which will more and more have to apply to Canada. As to agricultural and animal products, the claims of home consumption are rapidly approaching the capacity for home production, and it will not be long before they will have to be met by importation. Local interchange there will be at certain points, but in comparatively small proportions, and even that will tend to diminish. Coal alone might form an article of considerable export, but confined to localities and subject to the strong competition of Canadian black and white coal. No sane man will predict any large overflow of natural products from the United States northward.

But for manufactured products the opposite is true. In these, East and West, North and South are all interested, and the first three sections greatly interested.

The East, which was the mothernest of manufacturing industries, is still easily first. But out of that nest sturdy fledglings have flown north, west and south. To-day the West has an enormous industrial development and capacity; it is supplying its great western population and has the advantage of propinquity as against the East. The South, too, with its more favourable climatic and labour conditions, is rapidly developing its capacity for industrial production and reaching out in strong competition with both East and West.

Under these circumstances the East is looking to the great northern country beyond the line, is most anxious for entrance thereto, and, if you listen to its voice as expressed on the platform and in the newspaper, considers it vital to her continued industrial prosperity that she should find compensating markets therein. Similarly and in only lesser degree western industry craves the opportunity to supply with its products the large demands of the rapidly-filling Provinces of our West to in part compensate it for growing competition from the South. For the present, with its 7,000,000 people, that market is desirable, but when it comprises twenty, fifty or one hundred millions, how much more desirable; and the business instinct and business sagacity of the United States see clearly the vision of the future. Therefore it is evident that the reciprocity wanted by the United States in order to meet its necessities is not reciprocity in natural products, but in manufactured products. Cheaper foods and raw materials it can get by its own tariff action, though, of course, the political necessities of the Republican party would be mightily ministered to if only Canada could be induced to pay the piper for this tune.

4. The United States wants, if possible, to prevent British inter-Imperial trade union. This also is economically laudable on the part of the United States. Every country has a right to wage commercial warfare offensively and defensively; in fact, the country which does not do so is not doing its duty. It must look ahead, take note of what its rivals

are doing, lay its plans to circumvent them, if possible, and at all hazards maintain its own position intact. England to-day is the great free market for the United States surplus; the British Colonies are the great coming competitors therein. The prospect of a mutual preference between all portions of the Empire with corresponding customs duties on all foreign products, spells trouble for United States trade expansion and supremacy. Under such conditions the exports of United States manufactures to the British dominions would gradually be ousted by inter-Imperial exports, whilst at the same time their imports would be brought under increased competition.

The aggregated Anglo-Saxon Empire, as it filled up and expanded, would surpass all countries and be commercially supreme. To forestall such a movement and prevent such a consummation, the United States would give its eye-teeth, and rightly so, from its standpoint. Does not political supremacy, other things being equal, follow commercial supremacy? And so the national impulse is added to the trade impulse, and both tend to stimulate and strengthen the desire.

5. The United States wants to establish itself in the national hegemony of this continent. For this we cannot find fault with it. Ambition in a nation is as praiseworthy as in the individual, and provided it is honourable in its aim and methods it is to be commended. In former days this passion of the United States was more in evidence and more openly militant; to-day it is cloaked and guarded, but it is none the less existent. In the times of our childhood no concealment was made either of the thought or of the conviction that it would ultimately be realised. It was in the lap of destiny.

How threateningly this menace hung over the early years of our Provinces older men and younger readers of our history well know; how much it had to do with shaping our policy of union and consolidation we all know. It ran in scarlet threads through the history of our trade and fisheries and boundary controversies. In the Senate and Congress of the United States it blazed out ever and anon. As late as 1888 so important a statesman as Senator Sherman declared: "Our whole history since the conquest of Canada by Great Britain in 1763 has been a continuous warning that we cannot be at peace with each other except by political as well as commercial union."

To the efforts of continental and commercial unionists, and unrestricted reciprocity advocates who joined hands from Washington to Ottawa from 1880 to 1891, it formed the background and chief motive, so far as the United States half of the combination was concerned. And now one has but to read the utterances of the reciprocity pushers in the United States to see, between the lines in bold type, the same substance and the same desire, though now subordinated to and concealed in the idea of commercial intercourse. In that there is wisdom, but it is the wisdom of the nation which seeks by sequence and under cover of peace what an abrupt and open avowal would defeat.

These, then, are the wants of the United States in regard to reciprocity. Are they Canada's wants? Do they fit in with our ideals, national or commercial? Are they consonant with British and Imperial aspirations?

At Five Oclock

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

"For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth!

* * * * *

"O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sins and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the heavenly angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel."

—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE spirit of Christmas now threatens to become the subject of editorial and the lure of the advertiser. Christmas is a festival which belongs to the small person, and, if we grown-ups are to enjoy it at all, it must be by becoming as little children. Childhood, in all its weakness and innocence, makes its appeal to the world on that day, when we keep in remembrance the solemn mystery of the Incarnation. To give gladness to the children, food to the hungry, and help to the afflicted, is what we try to do, for at least one day of the year. Yet, to most of us who have forgotten to keep up the *Peter Pan* spirit, Christmas is the hardest day of the year, when we are glad to see the sunset and in a hurry to go to bed, and ever so glad to wake the next morning and find that it is the twenty-sixth of December. Ghosts of many another Christmas come between us and the firelight, and, however determined the cheerfulness, it becomes a weary and artificial thing before the Christmas candles burn low. In spite of all the Christmas memories which make the twenty-fifth of December a trying anniversary, its ancient significance has not been lost, and, perhaps, the best way to forget the personal loss and pain which Christmas always stirs to life, is to recall its original meaning of hope and help for suffering humanity.

A practical citizen is reported to have said: "I am so thankful that my

mother was not a woman. She was only a human being." Of course, the Bromides all looked up and demanded an explanation of this piece of thanksgiving. As a matter of fact, woman is discussed to a wearisome degree in these over-analytic days. I suppose all this fuss about the sex of Eve began when woman entered the universities and demanded a degree. Man had so long regarded her as a being intended to minister to his culinary comfort that her sudden interest in logarithms and logic made it necessary for him to re-adjust his spectacles and wonder whether woman was more or less than a helpmeet—after all. Then Ibsen and a few other strenuous Europeans set forth the independent woman in all her revolting glory, and the interest in the vagaries of modern womanhood mounted to enthusiasm. Then we have the reversion in George Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman" to the woman who is a slave to the emotional, and is the deadly enemy of masculine liberty, bent upon making the man of her choice a respectable householder and a reliable taxpayer. Mr. Shaw probably wrote the play in a mischievous desire to stir the suffrage-seekers to protest, and verily he had his reward. Such a discussion as arose upon the publication of this inflammatory drama we shall not see again. Perhaps, in another half century, woman will have found just what she can do in the industrial world and the realm of politics, and the world will have settled down to a peaceful contemplation of feminine aldermen and daintily-gowned members of Parliament.

In the meantime, we are surfeited with the discussion of sex problems and the distractions of divorce. The Erratic Feminine and the Erotic Feminine absorb the attention of the novelists to an unprecedented degree, until we long for a bright, breezy bit of girlhood like *Winsome Charteris* or *Di Vernon*. Then we go back to a well-worn shelf and take down that book which charmed two generations of girls, just to renew our friendship with *Jo* in "Little Women" and get rid of the wearisome nerves of the modern, introspective creature who has temperament to burn and no common-sense whatever.

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Speaking of *Jo*, that lovable, rollicking tom-boy, reminds me of a grievance. Has any woman ever forgiven Miss Alcott for refusing to allow *Jo* to marry *Laurie?* Most of us, who read the book in our 'teens, could have wept with vexation when the very nicest of all the girls became the bride of that tiresome, unromantic German professor with the ugly accent. We all wanted *Jo* to marry the handsome, quick-tempered boy.

There is almost as great a disappointment in Mrs. McClung's "The Second Chance." I may be alone in the reluctance to see *Arthur* marry the homely *Martha* (who was an excellent cook), but I fancy that a good many feminine readers will feel a similar protest. The book is a delightful story of prairie life, and *Pearlie Watson* is as sparkling and wholesome a young person as you would meet in a day's journey. But *Martha* is a hopelessly unattractive young woman, who wears her heart on her sleeve in an absurdly sentimental fashion and appears cringingly grateful for such crumbs of affection as the lordly young Englishman finally bestows upon her. I should have given the bride best wishes if *Thursa,* pretty and vivacious, had only been true to her lover—but *Martha* is quite another story. However, the very interest aroused by this *mésalliance* is the best proof of the vitality of the story and of the author's power to make her characters actual acquaintances. *Pearlie* is an exhilarating breeze, but that useful and sentimental *Martha* is that most depressing of all characters—an estimable person. We are sorry for *Arthur*. His dinners will be cooked to the king's taste, his clothing will be

mended with conscientious care, but the poor man will be bored to death and reflect with regret on the pretty coquette who did not know her own mind—or heart. Just as you are vexing your soul about the woes of this imaginary household, where dinners will be of the best and conversation of the dullest, along comes a would-be comforter who says in a monotonous voice:

"But none of them ever really lived, you know."

And this remark shows such an abysmal ignorance of your state of mind that you remove yourself hastily from the society of the person to whom people in books "never really lived."

*

Once in a while we wonder what the next century will think about this. Will the woman of 2010 A.D., surveying some faded magazine illustrations, wonder at the hobble skirt and the soup-bowl hat, and speculate as to those quaint old creatures who lived in the reign of George V. Gliding from star to star in the most spangly of aeroplanes, they will pity the poor inhabitants of the Twentieth Century, who were obliged to spend so much of their time on Earth, and who so seldom had an opportunity of eating a sandwich in the skies. They will mourn over our dull lives and be exceedingly glad that they did not live in the days of the flatitudinarians. One feature of our "popular literature" will surely arrest their attention—the number of books devoted to the consideration of Happiness and how it may be attained. The list of modern works on worry, on right thinking, on how to secure peace of mind, is suggestively long and formidable. We must be a ridiculously nervous generation, if one may judge from the books which fill the modern counter. Our forefathers seem to have been too busy outdoors to have considered seriously what was wrong with their aura and whether their minds were in tune with the infinite. We must be a rather unhappy "lot," when we are obliged to ask ourselves so often questions concerning our contentment and whereby it may be attained.

The average summer resort usually includes among the guests one or two "freak philosophers," who are anxious to discuss the soul with every stray comer from Poughkeepsie or Peterborough, and who insist upon explaining the principles of their philosophy to those who are vainly seeking quiet. A shrill-voiced "exponent" of this type, clad in a purple and white gown, endeavoured to make the August afternoons hideous last summer with her "little books" on various "ologies" and "isms." It was delightful to hear her talking the newest thought to the fat man from Chicago, who afterwards informed a select circle that "she was batty-sure"; but when she swooped on the women who were absorbed in the intricate charms of Mexican drawn-work, and tried to impress upon them the ways of the "oversoul," there was a general scattering for an afternoon nap.

The purple-and-white person appeared once more in the evening, more rampantly philosophic than ever, and demanded in uncertain English that we should listen to more of her theories regarding the universe and its destiny. It is singular that these prophets and prophetesses are nearly always shaky in orthography and syntax. Possibly their contempt for this world and their intimate acquaintance with the next render them indifferent to double negatives and roving participles. The seeress in question concluded her remarks with a wide flourish of be-ribboned sleeves, exclaiming: "I find the infinite within myself—but there ain't no proof of a personal God—there ain't no proof at all of such a Being."

A sweet-faced little Southern woman arose and went out on the wide veranda, from which we could see the

broad sweep of the moonlit St. Lawrence, with the islands in dark patches on the deep blue stream. There may be more beautiful scenes than the St. Lawrence on a starry August night, but it is hard to believe in them.

"Isn't she the silly thing?" said the Southern woman, as she laid a soft, wrinkled hand on my arm, "why, all this just makes you think of Longfellow's 'Bridge' and all the beautiful things you ever dream."

The little lady from the South, who was white-haired and gentle-voiced, talked away for an hour about the old home in Virginia which had seen so many changes, and of the strange turns and trials of this exceedingly perplexing existence. "But, you know, my dear, that woman is right foolish to say those things—just right foolish. My old coloured Mammy could have told her better. You don't suppose we were given all this beautiful world just to mock us."

The purple-and-white seeress was still holding forth when we returned to the parlour, but the fat man from Chicago had made good his escape to the billiard-room, and the elevator boy confided to us: "She talked 'em all out. She's the worst yet."

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As civilisation advances, the bath appears to gain in importance. We hear more and more about perfumed baths and mud baths and sun baths, until the days of the old-fashioned Saturday "tub" seem very long ago. In the home of the modern millionaire, the bath-room is made the last word in lavatory luxury. Tiles and silver faucets and sunken baths make it a scene of more than cleanliness and comfort. Yet, it is doubtful if New York has yet attained the luxurious perfection of Rome or Pompeii in the olden days.

We read of the "beauties" of classic times and of the varied devices to which they resorted to set cruel old Time at defiance. The bath was the final resort for the restoration of nerves and youthful looks, and we have ancient recipes for perfumes and balms, which were supposed to bestow new life and loveliness on the fair bather. One of Rome's most dazzling belles would use only milk in the bath, and her example is followed to-day by the wonderful Sara Bernhardt, who seems to have found the secret of eternal youth and slenderness. One of the famous French belles declared that strawberry juice was the one preservative of the skin, and would bathe her face in no other liquid. We are all acquainted with the invigorating effects of sea bathing, and now we are informed of the virtues of common salt. "Add a cupful of salt to the bath every morning," says a Montreal authority, "and the result will be found most invigorating. The combination of equal parts of salt, soda and alum, with the addition of aromatic spirits of ammonia and a little oil of lavender, makes one of the best-known perfumed baths and is, in addition, especially cooling and restful."

This has a pleasant and reviving sound which encourages the tired woman to believe that the salt of the earth is the true restorative agent. The mud bath is not an attractive prospect, although at certain European resorts it has won enormous favour. Then there are the mineral baths which send your rheumatism flying and make you lose ten heavy years of life. There is no question about it, we are becoming indefatigable bathers in a variety of elements.

With all this bathing, however, it is surprising how few Canadian women can swim. Perhaps the recent introduction of swimming baths in our Y. W. C. A. equipment will encourage our girls to acquire this art. It is both healthy and graceful, to say nothing of its possible service in the saving of life. It is said to be rather difficult for women to learn to swim, on account of their "timidity." The latter quality rapidly disappears un-

HEAD OF GIRL
FROM THE CHARCOAL DRAWING BY MISS I. LOVERING

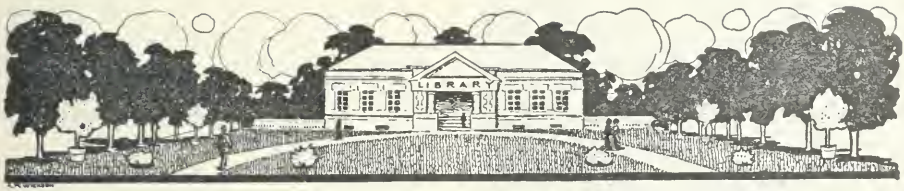
der competent instruction, and the "swimming lady" becomes exceedingly proud of her new accomplishment.

This is hardly the season to advise anything but in-door practice of the art, but it may be that if it be followed perseveringly during the winter months that it will be found quite as invigorating and beautifying as the great baths of old, where Roman society leaders lingered to hear the latest bit of gossip and to retail the last news from the "Provinces."

*

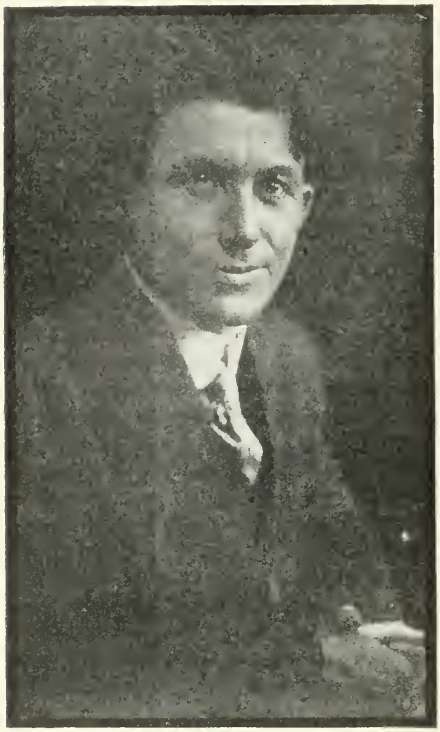
A number of women artists from the British Isles have come out to Canada recently and have thrown in their lot with their fellow-artists in this country. One of these is Miss I. Lovering, who has taken a studio in Toronto and who recently held an exhibition of her work, which is mostly child portraiture. She has a happy faculty of catching childish expression and character, using pastels and crayons with much facility and precision, and she is also at home with oils and water-colours. In Canada so far there has not been much activity between the photograph on the one hand and the oil painting on the other hand, so that Miss Lovering's work should stimulate a desire for something more artistic than the photograph, especially in instances where the oil painting would not be practicable.

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

TWO years ago it was predicted in *The Canadian Magazine* that Mr. Archie P. McKishnie would advance as a writer from the short story to the novel. The production had been fulfilled, perhaps sooner than expected, with the result that we have in "Love of the Wild" a piece of fiction that is marked by charm, colour, and good character sketching. Mr. McKishnie chose for the scene of his story a section of hard bushland near Rondeau, in Western Ontario, about the time that Colonel Talbot's colony was under settlement at St. Thomas and westward. His early life had been spent in this part of the country, and therefore he was well equipped with facts and conditions, as well as with sufficient imagination to elevate the work above the requirements of a mere chronicle. To read the first few chapters of this story is to make one realise all the more fully the tremendous vandalism that has been practised in Ontario in the almost total obliteration of what was one of the most magnificent heritages that man has ever had—the hardwoods of Western Ontario. In a fine way the author depicts the spirit of these woods, and he has implanted the same spirit of bigness and independence and frankness into most of the characters he has found there. But into this woodland *Arcady* there comes a jarring note—a sawmill, which is located across the creek from the settlement to which the opening chapters give introduction. This saw-mill is operated by men in the service of *Colonel Hallibut,* a character doubtless intended to represent Colonel Talbot. The mill-sounds jar on the sensibilities of the bushwhackers, the name given to those who live in the district, and the wild creatures of the woods are being driven away from their accustomed haunts. Not satisfied with that, the colonel wishes to get possession as well of the timber on the other side of the creek from the mill; and, as the owners do not wish to sell, stratagem is resorted to, with the result that there are incidents that are not credible but which can be overlooked if the chief motive of the book be kept well in view. That motive is to depict the love for wild places that is inherent with those who have been reared in them and also the human love of one dweller in the wild for another. The love of *Gloss* and *Boy MacTavish* Mr. McKishnie has developed in an uncommonly artistic and satisfactory style. While there are in the volume some passages that with many readers might leave impressions of sentimentalism and melodrama, there is nothing but womanliness and manliness in the encounters of these two leading characters. The machinations of *Colonel Hallibut's* menials are perhaps a little out of key, but one has to take into consideration the lack of social organisation prevailing at that time in that part of the Province. *Gloss* is a member of the *Mac-*



MR. ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE,
AUTHOR OF "LOVE OF THE WILD," AND EDITOR OF
THE CANADIAN CENTURY

Tavish household, being the daughter of a close friend of the family who, just before her death, entrusted the child to their keeping. This woman, so it is learned towards the close, was a sister of *Colonel Hallibut,* and when the colonel discovers her relationship to himself he receives her exuberantly, and the feud over the timber bush is forgotten. The colonel wishes and offers to send the girl to the old land to be educated, but she is attached to the wild, attached by bonds that are not easily severed, and so the book closes with the assurance that *Boy* and *Gloss* have hearts that beat in unison and in sympathy with themselves and their environment. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth. $1.25.)

*

NO writer except the versifier Robert W. Service has been able as yet to give us a convincing impression of the "Spell of the Yukon." S. A. White attempts the task in his novel entitled "The Stampeder," but this tale deals only in part with the Far North, the opening scenes, and indeed the closing, being laid in other and mellower lands. But there is in it enough of the Yukon to make us wish to see this ambitious young writer conceive a novel that would ring and pulsate with the bigness and ruggedness of the Klondike. "The Stampeder," cannot be accepted as a wholly successful literary achievement. It begins in the Orient with the enmeshment of a young Englishman by an alluring temptress. The Englishman, having had his yacht rammed by a yawler which immediately began to careen, boarded the doomed vessel, clubbed the senses, if not the life, out of a crew of mutineering sailors (a performance that is not often encountered outside of highly adventurous narratives of the sea), and rescued the temptress by conducting her to his yacht (which, by the way, was not his own but his uncle's, and which had not been seriously damaged). The escape from the snares that the woman had set followed quickly on the sudden appearance of the husband, a worthless Yukon "wildcat," whose existence even had not been suspected. The disgrace that came upon the Englishman caused the uncle to turn him adrift, a good reason for his turning up later amongst the horde of gold-seekers along the old Dawson trail. The adventures in the Yukon country depict the struggle of the Englishman in his desperate attempts to locate gold; the meeting again with the husband of the adventuress and again with the woman herself; a fearful journey with a Norwegian to the headwaters of the Yukon, where, according to the word of an Indian who had been inspired by the promise of "fire-water," gold could be found in fabulous quantities, the dementia that overcame the Norwegian, causing

the Englishman to kill him in self-defence; the tragic end of the husband; the singular love affair of the Englishman with a young woman who had rescued him from a water-hole one memorable night, and the coming of a staunch friend from England with the news that the uncle had relented and left his estates to the "The Stampeder." The final scenes are laid in England. There the adventurer returns home, taking with him his bride of the Yukon. The woman who first allured him turns up again in the disguise of a fortune-teller. She has knowledge of the Norwegian's death by the hand of her old-time lover, and she uses it in the hope of intimidating him to flee with her. But he refuses to go, declines the nomination to the seat in parliament representing his home county; and makes up his mind to confess to his wife, who, so it is learned, is the daughter of the Norwegian whose life her husband took. The final scene is an avowal of love by husband and wife, between whom, up to this stage, there had been nothing more than *un mariage de convenance*, owing to rumours that had been circulated in the Yukon to damage the girl's reputation. As a whole, the plot is ingenious but not convincing. The author is a young man who as a school teacher at Snelgrove, Ontario, began to write verses. It was a long time before his work received recognition, but some of his verses were published in *The Canadian Magazine*, and later he wrote a number of good short stories and a novelette of distinction. He possesses many fine qualities as a writer. One of his stories, "The Cross-Current," appears in this number of *The Canadian Magazine*. He seems destined to yet meet the exacting demands of a successful novel, and meantime he deserves every encouragement. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth. $1.25.)

*

"CUMNER'S SON AND OTHER SOUTH SEA FOLK," a volume of recent issue by Sir Gilbert Parker, might be described as a series of commonplace studies in heroism. It contains one novelette ("Cumner's Son") and several short stories and sketches. Apart from the novelette, the contributions to the volume are mostly light and of no striking originality. They are lighter in character than most of the author's other work, and they could be compared in style with many of Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills." Indeed, "Cumner's Son" itself might be mistaken for a Kipling tale of India. It is a well-constructed story, but that is the best that can be said of it. For boys of from twelve to twenty years it is a fairly good story, its elevation of courage and degradation of cowardice being the essence of its moral. The governor of a British colony finds it necessary to call a band of hillsmen to assist him in quelling a treasonable uprising at the seat of government. In order to do so he calls for a volunteer to carry his message to the leader. His own son, a lad of eighteen years, is the first to volunteer, and the father's admiration of the boy's courage induces him to accept. The splendid nerve and heroism shown by the lad in a number of dangerous incidents leads finally to his election by the people to the position of *Dakoon of Mandakan*. The other stories read as if they had been written before the author reached maturity. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.25.)

*

MR. ROBERT KNOWLES'S fifth novel, "The Handicap," will likely be regarded as his best so far. The background of the story presents *Margaret Menzies*, a Scotch girl who has been betrayed but who, rather than suffer the ordeal of denunciation before the congregation of her own church at home, comes to Canada with her child and seeks protection from her dead mother's brother, Arthur Ainslie, a dour Scotch bachelor of the severe church elder type. The upbringing of the

child, *Irwin Menzies,* with the stigma of illegitimacy upon him, his final triumph over his traducers, his election to parliament and his winning of the love of *Nora Riley*, together with the sure place that the mother gains in the affections and respect of her uncle and, indeed, of the whole community, compose the framework. The structure is well put together, and the embellishments of humour, pathos, picturesque description and character sketching are of general excellence. Undoubtedly the best character in the book is *Dinny Riley, Norah's* father, proprietor of the *Buck* tavern, and son of the man who kept the *Black Bull* at Kilkarty, Ireland, for thirty years without ever putting a drop of water into the liquor. The contest between *Dinny*, who is a decent, outspoken, large-hearted, lovable man and some hypocrites of the church is enough to make one stop to consider one's sincerity. The introduction of *Dinny* and the *Buck* tavern gives opportunity for play upon the evils of intemperance and for the bringing about of a regeneration in some members of the community. This book should be widely read by all who are narrow and full of conventional prejudices; it might open their eyes. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth. $1.25.)

*

FEW are the authors who can retain the interest of the ordinary reader through five hundred pages. William de Morgan does it regularly; Hichens can do it sometimes; Winston Churchill is fortunate in many readers who would follow him even further. Edward C. Booth's new book, "The Doctor's Lass," starts out at a 500-page clip, leisurely maintains it to the end, and is certain of attention to the last page. How he does it is hard to tell after the book is finished. Unlike Hichens and Churchill, it cannot be incidents involved—in the entire book there are not more than a half-dozen events—but there is, without giving it undue credit, an easy flow of narrative that closely approaches the de Morgan style. In the plot there is nothing new. A doctor, in a natural sequence of events, falls into the guardianship of the daughter of an old love, who had discarded him for the average ne'er-do-well. This twelve-year-old girl possesses the quick-tempered, humble, impetuous, beseeching, näive medley of character that rapidly winds her around the affections of the reader, as it did around the heart of the stubborn, prejudiced doctor. His thirty-six years of lonesome life before she came to him but fitted him for the impression such a girl could make. And, of course, after a trifling series of true-love roughnesses, he finds it not difficult to transfer to the daughter the love he had once possessed for the mother. The odd feature of such a lengthy story is that, with all its familiarity of plot, its impressive word-selection, its lack of surprises even in details, its rambling descriptions of places and events that weigh nothing in the story, the slowness with which it has to be read to grasp the innumerable similes and odd combinations of words—even in these apparent faults there is interest and there is no lack of satisfaction at any period of the reading. One wonders so much at his delight in the book after it is over, that one cannot but admire the author for his success in the handling of the plot, and at the same time feel certain that he could not accomplish the same thing again. Which is, after all, rather high praise. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

*

MUCH better than the average is the volume of poems entitled "In Amber Lands," by Tom McInnes, of which an American edition has been issued. There is the charm of variety, and while many of the selections are conventional there is a generous leavening of spontaneity.

The sonnets, in particular, are good. Note the excellent spirit and treatment of "October":

When I was a little fellow, long ago,
The season of all seasons seemed to me
The summer's afterglow and fantasy—
The red October of Ontario;
To ramble unrestrained where maples grow
Thickset with butternut and hickory.
And be the while companioned airily
By elfin things a child alone may know!

And how with mugs of cider sweet and mellow,
And block and hammer for the gathered store,
Of toothsome nuts, we'd lie around before
The fire at nights, and hear the old folks tell o'
Red Indians and bears and the Yankee war—
Long ago, when I was a little fellow!

*

ONE of the most widely-read short stories ever published is "Sally Ann's Experience," by Eliza Calvert Hall. So great is its popularity and so frequently has it been republished in various magazines, that a large publishing house of Boston has given it permanent place in the form of a handsome little volume. This is a story that should have a strong if not a revolutionising effect on almost every domestic circle. Its humour is abundant. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company.)

*

AS the red-bound row of "The Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs," by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, extends on one's bookshelf, the magnitude and the usefulness of the work becomes more apparent. The volume for 1909 is the ninth in the series and year by year the scope of the work seems to enlarge. The author ranges thoroughly over Canadian affairs, from speeches in Parliament to the progress of railroads and industries and the principal events in sports, not to mention a hundred other topics. The author has a capacity for cataloguing and using facts that amounts almost to genius, and yet the whole mass is woven into a readable fabric of history. (Toronto: Canadian Annual Review Publishing Company).

*

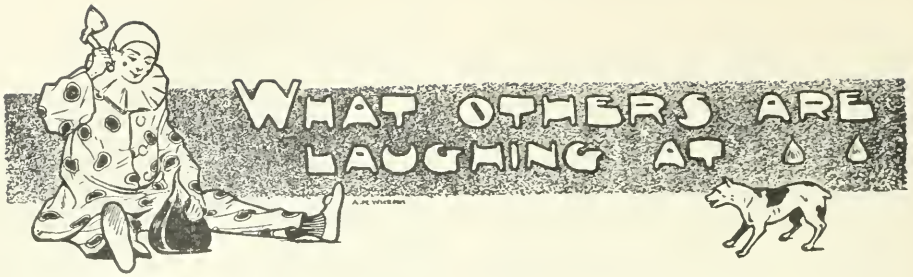
NOTES.

—*The Studio* for October contains a fine appreciation of the mezzotints of Frank Short, A.R.A. It is written by Malcolm C. Salaman. One would regard the full-page reproductions as almost as good as original proofs, and they are indeed very fine examples of modern engraving and printing. Other leading articles in this number are "The Paintings of G. W. Lambert." "The Charcoal Drawings of Lester Suteliffe," "The Revival of Lace-Making in Hungary," with excellent illustrations and designs and workmanship, and "Some New Decorative Paintings by Professor Carl Marr."

—Mr. James A. Holden, of Fruitvale, California, who until a few years ago was connected with the art department of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, has attained exceptional success as a painter. At the State Fair at Sacramento recently he received the premier prize in oil portrait painting, the award being a gold medal, and he won as well second prize in water-colour drawing.

—"The Christmas Roundelay" is the title of an appropriate song for the Christmas-tree party or similar Yuletide festivals. The author is Rev. M. O. Smith, of Montreal. (Montreal: The Renouf Publishing Company.)

—A great amount of fugitive matter has been written about the scenic attractions of Arizona, but anyone who wishes to know "The Grand Canyon of Arizona" should read the volume of this title written by George Wharton James, author of "In and Out of the Old Missions," "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," and "Through Ramona's Country." The book is splendidly illustrated, and it combines entertaining descriptions with all the advantages of a guide-book. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Cloth. $1.50.)



Bad Effect of Smoking.

Uncle Mose—"Look-a-heah, you George Washington Jefferson, what you all smokin' dat pipe fo'? Didn't Ah done tell yo' dat smokin' shortins er man's life moh dan haff?"

Young G. W. J.—"But you has bin smokin' mos' yo' life, Uncle Mose, an' Ah reckon yo's is a purty old man."

Uncle Mose—"Dat's all right erbout me smokin', mah boy, but dat ain't de point. Ah's eighty-foh yeahs ole now, but ef Ah hadn't evah smoked, Ah might have been moh dan a hundred yeahs old by dis time."—*National Monthly.*

MERRY CHRISTMAS!
Who would shatter his faith in dear old Santa Claus?
—*Life*

No Risk.

"Susannah," asked the preacher, when it came her turn to answer the usual question in such cases, "do you take this man to be your wedded husband, for better or for worse——"

"Jes' as he is, pahson," she interrupted, "jes' as he is. Ef he gits any bettah Ah'll know de good Lawd's gwine to take 'im; an' ef he gets any wusser, w'y, Ah'll tend to 'im myself."—*Youth's Companion.*

*

The World on Wheels.

"Well, I mortgaged my home yesterday."

"What make of auto are you going to get?"—*Houston Post.*

*

Not Nice French.

In the dining-room of a hotel in Nice, on a huge placard posted over the mantelpiece, you read the following:

"Our English visitors are kindly requested to address the waiters and servants in English, as their French is not generally understood."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

Freshley—"In the class this morning the professor of English literature said something about Beaumont and Fletcher. I know who Beaumont is, of course; he's the new outfielder for the Cubs. But who the Sam Hill is Fletcher?"

The Other Chap—"Why, you bonehead, he's the guy that says you must chew your victuals one hundred and thirty-six times before you swallow 'em."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Which Is It?

"Father."

"Well, what is it?"

"It says here, 'A man is known by the company he keeps.' Is that so, Father?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

"Well, father, if a good man keeps company with a bad man, is the good man bad because he keeps company with the bad man, and is the bad man good because he keeps company with the good man?"—*Punch.*

*

Modern Mary.

Mary had a little skirt
Tied tightly in a bow,
And everywhere that Mary went
She simply couldn't go.

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

*

No Assistance Needed.

As the train neared the city, the coloured porter approached the jovial-faced gentleman, saying, with a smile:

"Shall Ah brush yo' off, sah?"

"No," he replied; "I prefer to get off in the usual manner."—*Princeton Tiger.*

*

Kindness to Animals.

"Remove the sting of a wasp or bee with a watch key, pressing the place with it; then rub the sting with a slice of raw onion, moist tobacco, or a damp blue bag."—*Daily Mirror.* Press gently, dry, dust with boracic powder, and return it to the bee (or wasp).—*Punch.*

*

Fearfully and Wonderfully Unmade.

Eight or nine women, assembled at luncheon, were discussing ailments and operations, as eight or nine, or one or two, or sixty or seventy women will. The talk ran through angina pectoris, torpid liver, tuberculosis and kindred happy topics.

"I thought," commented the guest of honour, "that I had been invited to a luncheon, and not to an organ recital."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR"
—THANK GOODNESS —*Life*

Modern Strategy.

"Do you think airships could be used effectively in warfare?"

"They might," replied the skeptical person, "if we could provide the airships and induce the enemy to go up in them."—*Washington Star.*

*

Against His Convictions.

"Have some of the Welsh rabbit, Bjonson?" asked Bjones, as he stirred the golden concoction in the chafing-dish.

"No, thanks, Bjonesey," returned Bjonson, patting his stomach tenderly, "I am unalterably opposed to all corporation taxes."—*Harper's Weekly.*

A JUDICIOUS HOUSEKEEPER

"A telegram? For *monsieur?* Keep it till after dinner; it might be bad news. —*Le Rire* (Paris)

No Latitude.

An Irish school inspector was examining a class in geography. He had propounded a question regarding longitude and received a correct answer from the lad undergoing the ordeal.

"And now," he said, "what is latitude?"

After a brief silence a bright youngster, with a merry twinkle in his eye, said:

"Please, sir, we have no latitude in Ireland. Father says the British Government won't allow us any."—*London Scraps.*

*

More to be Pitied.

Tramp (to lonely spinster) — "Come, missus, arst yer 'usband if 'e ain't got a old pair o' trousers to give away."

Spinster (anxious not to expose her solitude)—"Sorry, my good man, he —er—er—never wears such things."—*Punch.*

A Knowing Sexton.

Economy is the watchword at Rushville. The sexton of the city cemetery raised enough oats in the graveyard this year to keep the fire team in feed for the entire winter. —*Canton, Ill., Register.*

*

Mr. Dooley.

Sit, Hinnissy, near me:
There's times whin I fear me
With riverince due:
Ye're failin' to hear me
F'r what's th' salvation
Iv all this gr-rand nation?—
Th' iddyfication
Iv ye and ye're crew.

'Tis true that me stiddy
Old college chum, Tiddy,
Has settled alridy
A number iv things;
But still there's divoorces,
An' racin' with horses,
Fi-nance, an' th' coorses
Iv combines an' rings.

I tell ye th' bothers
Iv Jawn D. an' others,
Iv children an' mothers,
Iv husbands an' brides.
Iv Suffrageites bloomered,
What's true an' what's rumoured;
An', always good-humoured,
I laugh at both sides.

I teach ye be jokin',
Ye're laughter provokin'
While others ar-re croakin'.
Me wit, so they say,
Is thruly So-cratic
An' epigrammatic—
What Hogan calls "Attic"
An' "sthric'ly oh fay."

Hark, now, an' be wiser:
Me frind an' adviser
Young Wilhelm th' Kaiser
Sez, whin ye've begun
That war-r with Japan, sir,
Th' Thropies iv Cancer—
Whisht, man! wud ye answer?
Thin wait till I'm Dunne!

—*Arthur Guiterman In Life.*

Painting by C. W. Jefferys

"THE PIONEER"

Courtesy of Robert Glasgow, Publisher

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVI TORONTO, JANUARY, 1911 No. 3

Photographs by Topley

OTTAWA is the most incomprehensible city or town in Canada, one of the most eclectic capitals in the world, and according to its size contains more sorts and conditions of people—many of whom want to change their conditions—than any other place in America. When Queen Victoria placed her finger on Bytown on the map she very probably had not the faintest notion what sort of place it would grow to be by 1910. But that merely emphasises its unusualness.

Why is Ottawa so unusual? Montreal has an instant and immediate charm; Toronto is plain to appreciate; Winnipeg shows you its best and its worst without ceremony. But Ottawa is the enigma. Not because of its size, seventy thousand or more; neither on account of its industries, which are now proceeding into the second stage, the saw-mill and the lumber-yard having been the first.

To begin with there are two distinct Ottawas. One is Parliament Hill; the other, Ottawa; the paradox of which is that those who treat Parliament merely as a side show consider that Ottawa the city is the main circus. They are not particular about the "Washington of the North;" preferring the Pittsburg; pointing out that the droning Chaudiere, a mile below the city, may be

"THE DRONING CHAUDIERE, A MILE BELOW THE CITY, MAY BE VERY GOOD POETRY . . . "

very good poetry for Tom Moores and Ojibways, but that they are worth to Ottawa just what they will deliver and transmit in horse-power—which is away up in G. These local Ottawans and Parliament-scorners have a vision. It is electricity—watts and amperes, which are neither Grit nor Tory. They regard Ottawa as the switchboard of Canada. Which it is—on Parliament Hill, where some men, so it is said, simply touch the button or pull the lever, and the thing goes—whoever it may be. This, however, is mere gossip. You are not ten seconds in Ottawa till you are aware of Parliament, which overtops the city from all points. You may be there a few times over-night and not discover that the people who frequent Parliament Hill are anything much different from ordinary churchwardens or sidesmen. Hence, Ottawa is a city of illusions in which the half-closed eye is sometimes an advantage; though there are said to be eye-openers under the great tower whose flag flaps all day when the House sits and whose ring of lights burns soft and high at night till the House adjourns. But if you are minded to treat Parliament merely as a spectacle, which sometimes it is, you will perceive that Ottawa is largely a series of adjournments, with an occasional division and a prorogation at the end.

One of the first pastimes in Ottawa is watching the people that perambulate up and down Sparks street and speculating as to who among them are members or members' wives, who are Cabinet ministers, what percentage are corporation lawyers and lobbyists and who are newspaper men. There is a very pretty swing and swirl to Sparks street—a sort of miniature "Vanity Fair" in which the past and the present and the future

jostle with unconventional oddity. Some think Ottawa is the *Russell House*—which is the place to which a good share of Parliament goes to when it adjourns. There is a touch of almost arrogant opulence about the *Russell*. Over the rotunda there is a dome which contains in stained-glass designs the coats-of-arms and mottoes of the various Provinces. In the dining-room there is an orchestra. The waiters are in evening dress constantly. Here you are more likely to discover the man you want than almost anywhere else in Ottawa, except up at Parliament. Here may be found the moccasined man and the shoepacker; the river-driver with his pipe and his guernsey; the mining prospector and the lumberman; the hockey enthusiast and the cabinet minister. On the street—the same varigated procession; otherwise there are times when Ottawa feels very much like a big overgrown village.

At the Rideau Club, which is fairly opposite the Parliament Buildings, you find less of the shoepacker, unless he happens to be a millionaire, and more of the financier. Most of the lumbermen of Ottawa belong to the Rideau Club. Most of the Ottawa bon-tons—outside cabinet ministers, members of Parliament and civil servants—are lumbermen. The richest lumberman in Canada, if not in America, lives on Metcalf street about half-way between the Parliament and the Museum—John R. Booth, who is the incarnation of what Ottawa used to be, even while he keeps a shrewd eye on the Ottawa of to-day. For it was once the city of wood.

The sign manual of Ottawa of the past should be smokestack over a heap of sawdust, variegated with a peavey. Once there were more saws in Ottawa than there were what irrelevant people nowadays call "grafters."

Hull has most of the saws and lum-

"ON PARLIAMENT HILL, WHERE SOME MEN, SO IT IS SAID, SIMPLY TOUCH THE BUTTON OR PULL THE LEVER, AND THE THING GOES"

"AT THE RIDEAU CLUB . . . YOU SEE LESS OF THE SHOEPACKER."

ber-piles now. Hull is said by Ottawa to be rather discreditably ugly; all the more so, as she is right across the foreground of Ottawa's unparalleled front landscape, threaded by the Ottawa and backgrounded by the dim Laurentian hills.

However, Hull is a reminder of what Ottawa used to be, and that's a far simpler matter than the Ottawa that is now. Here and there may be seen many a log house and roaring fireplace; and it must have been a sort of classic of loneliness and strength when the rampant river-drivers slambanged into town from up the reaches of the river. For it was the place of meeting for bushwhacking men who knew nothing about politics and to whom the big little town above the Chaudiere was most of the known civilised world.

But they don't much indulge in the backward look at Ottawa. The city is far more modern than ancient. The street-cars are heated by electricity. Apartment houses are more common than churches. Theatres—they have three, two of which are as up-to-date as anything in Montreal or Toronto. In the Russell Theatre, not long ago, they had English comedy by an English cast—when the orchestra wore military uniform. Bennett's vaudeville is catered to by the smartest of touring aggregations outside of the real top-notchers. The theatres are nearly alawys crowded.

Modern rush pervades everything—except the House of Commons policemen. If there is a by-election or a hockey match, special extras of the evening newspapers are rushed out and bulletined with the speed of the New York American. Ottawa lives as much on newspapers as does New York. Behold a burly Frenchman on the street, translating an English placard audibly into French. Every now and then a train-load of people pick up and rush down to Montreal to see a hockey game, or up to Toronto and Hamilton to football Cartier Square in summer-time is a

"HULL IS RIGHT ACROSS THE FOREGROUND OF OTTAWA'S UNPARALLELED FRONT LANDSCAPE, THREADED BY THE OTTAWA AND BACKGROUNDED BY THE DIM LAURENTIAN HILLS."

medley of sport. The whole town takes to the out-of-doors as naturally as a mob of school children. The ice-races on the river are to Ottawa what the Ice Palace is to Montreal. Horses are judged in Ottawa by their speed —though the cab-drivers are not quite so furious as they are in Montreal, and the delivery sleighs run much more leisurely.

Smart functions are never done in Ottawa. They have more "sassiety" than in any other Canadian city according to population. One reason is the plethora of pretty women. Smartly habited women are a part of the perennial moving picture on Sparks Street. At the theatres, at churches, on the street-cars, up at Parliament House; usually a number in the gallery when the House is in session; quite as often a bevy of feminines out for a noonday luncheon in the Parliamentary restaurant, quite oblivious of where their husbands may be—and, of course, these busy gentlemen are always at committees in the forenoon! Not only the wives of members and wealthy lumbermen and cabinet ministers, but the wives of civil servants, help to make up the giddy heyday of feminine life in Ottawa.

This is a feature observable nowhere else in Canada. Rideau Hall may be the throne-room of society in Ottawa. Parliament Hill is certainly the ante-chamber. In fact Parliament is to Ottawa much what the Hippodrome is to New York; when all other sources of entertainment fail —visit the gallery of the Commons.

Take away the smart set from Ottawa, and you might as well remove Parliament. While it is true that for open-air festivity no spectacle in America quite equals the members' lawn at the Woodbine in Toronto, it must be remembered that the personages who give it the final and the

Photograph by M. O. Hammond.

LOVER'S WALK, OTTAWA.

ultimate grand air come from Ottawa, where they are citizens the greater part of the time. Fashion in Toronto looks through lorgnettes at the gubernatorial party at the Horse Show or the Woodbine. The smart set in Ottawa are seldom out of sight of viceroyalty; and the ordinary first-nighter may see some member of the family in the vice-regal box at almost any good play in the Russell.

Candidly, the smart set are a trifle top-heavy in Ottawa, whose population is no greater than Hamilton's. This, with the overplus of politics, tends to keep the normal nerve temperature of the Capital at a higher degree than can be found in almost any other Canadian city. With more industrial life, more ordinary business and a larger percentage of the common people who have nothing to do with debates or lobbies or functions, Ottawa would be more of a normally attractive place to the average man. Perhaps this is what the Ottawa-first people mean when they talk about harnessing the Chaudiere. So far

they are right. But after all—would it be the essential Ottawa? We must have the unusual somewhere. We prefer to have it in the Capital. Washington would cease to be Washington if it had the smokestacks of Pittsburg. Ottawa will cease to be the Ottawa to which we are accustomed when it begins to be a switchboard for the Chaudiere. Besides, the eternal poetry of the Chaudiere and the Laurentian hills is a better and more wholesome contrast to the officialdom and the political fever and the smart-settism of Ottawa than all the switchboards and turbines in America.

Ottawa is the legislative centre of the commercial life of the country. The Chaudiere is but an accident; due to the fact that Queen Victoria chose Bytown instead of beginning a new capital somewhere else on the Ottawa. The first chapter of Ottawa industrialism closed with the passing of the saw-mill. The second will not begin till the hitching of the Chaudiere —though meanwhile the Capital is managing to get along very thriftily with its industries, and it has many average points of interest to be found in other less singular cities. Let the frequenters of "Lovers' Walk" continue to listen to the drone of the Chaudiere as they ramble among the brambles under the shadow of the towers of Parliament Hill. For the moment you substitute electricity for sentiment in Ottawa—well, the beginning of the end of the Ideal is in sight. And they say there is an Ideal buried somewhere in Parliament Hill.

DIFFERENT

By HILDA RIDLEY

I SAW a little newsboy, poorly clad,
Selling with other boys upon the street,
And calling "Paper" in a voice so sweet
I knew he gentle birth and culture had.
But presently I heard the little lad
Mocked by his comrades, who tried to repeat
His tone, and he made no attempt to meet
Their taunts, but suffered on, alone and sad.

Ah, little boy, I thought, indeed you erred
To have a voice so different from the rest;
Perhaps one day you may pronounce that word
Exactly like the others; it is best,
Unless you dare unto yourself be true,
To acquiesce and do as others do.

HOME RULE OR ROME RULE

BY PATRICK F. CRONIN

MUCH ink has been spilled over the proposition, "Would Home Rule mean Rome Rule?" The Eucharistic Congress seems to have been the signal for renewed waste of incendiary fluid. In a newspaper of the day on which I write this article, the following words appear in an extraordinarily scarceful page of editorial: "The Eucharistic procession has done more to weaken Canadian sentiment on Home Rule than a dozen T. P. O'Connors could undo."

If the declarations of Ireland's popular leaders of any period were consulted, it must be conceded that they have unfailingly proclaimed for all classes and creeds in Ireland, the fullest religious and political liberty. If the lesson of history be accepted, the decision must emphasise this one outstanding fact: that the Catholics of Ireland, as a people or a nation, never persecuted, as they themselves have been everlastingly persecuted, on account of religion. Arguments, or rather prophecies, of a contrary nature are, however, so numerous and complicated that they remind a bewildered student of the Irish problem how:

"The wisest old man that ever was known
In the famous wiseacre nation,
Sat up all night with his head in a sling,
To make this calculation:
If Pat's father was John's son
But John's son hadn't a father,
What would John's son have done
If Pat's son's father wouldn't rather?
He worked all day and he worked all night
Till he came to this conclusion,
That Pat's son's father's father's son
Was the cause of great confusion."

Fear of importing the Holy Father, or perhaps the Inquisition, into a Home-ruled Ireland, to the peril of John and his immediate family circle, has obsessed millions in our wiseacre nation and continues to do so. Whosoever reads the correspondence of the past century between Downing Street and Dublin Castle, finds therein this ever-present dread, as if the Pope were plotting to regain his ancient civil power in the English nation through Ireland. The fear of Napoleon was a temporary diversion; but at all other times it was the Pope. And we see one wiseacre in London warning another in Dublin to be sleeplessly on guard, remembering that:

"He who England would win
In Ireland must begin."

Fresh examples of similar vigilance are occurring almost every day. Whenever an Irish Nationalist takes a forward part in any religious ceremony, beards wag, and the eye of the wiseacre is focused on the Vatican. For instance, prior to the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal the announcement was made that John Redmond, leader of the Irish parliamentary party, would be in attendance. A Catholic paper with erratic Irish sympathies, published in England, reported, after the congress, which by the way Mr. Redmond did not attend, that Cardinal Vannutelli bore a message of approval from the Pope to Mr. Redmond's cause and party. In due course this was denied from Rome; and it was added that the Pope had no intention of approving the Irish movement. None should know better than the Nationalists of Ireland

that when the Pope approves the Irish struggle the whole world may acknowledge Home Rule is nigh.

The contention I take the liberty of offering here is that if Ireland were to-morrow, in the language of the Shan Van Cocht,

"Free from the centre to the sea," it would be the last spot on earth to submit to a union of church and state. I base this opinion not only upon a pretty fair knowledge of Ireland, but, what alone is important, the unbending opposition which the Irish race has ever offered to the civil sovereignty of the church, whether Catholic or Protestant; and it may as well be admitted at once that Ireland withstood more persecution and lost more of the blood of her people opposing the political sovereignty of the Pope before the Reformation than she was called upon to endure later in her resistence of the spiritual sovereignty of her English rulers.

Catholic and Protestant churchmen have alike taxed their ingenuity in the historic argument concerning the state of the ancient Irish church. Some Catholics, without actually saying so, would have us infer that the Irish were obedient in all respects to the Pope, whilst Protestants would be inconsistent if they did not contend that the native Irish church was absolutely independent of the Pope. Though the waves of Christian empire travelled over the world wherever the civilisation of old Rome had gone before, the Irish Catholic Nationalist is proud to reserve the case of Ireland as an exception to the philosophic view that the temporal rule of the Pontiff was everywhere necessary in those distant ages of Christian society. He replies that Ireland had never been invaded by the Roman legions and never later was subject to the civil power of the Papacy. Religion was always a powerful element in ancient Ireland, as it is to-day. The Irish were satisfied to acknowledge the spiritual sovereignty of the Pope only, and repudiated his influence in their national concerns. It was otherwise in England, where from early times the power of the Pontiff over the Prince was admitted, and homage was offered to the "Sovereign Pontiff," acknowledging his position to be that of a temporal suzerain. It was this Pope-ruled England which had forced the Pope into the Irish national trial; and in regard to the Pope, as all other adversaries, it is the boast of the Irish race that they were never conquered, because they never gave up the struggle. To make my proposition perfectly plain I would say that when Pope Adrian gave a deed of Ireland to Henry II. of England, he did not do it because he believed the Irish had ever admitted the Papal title, but because it was a last resource to arbitrarily impose a Papal levy on the country. And it is very well for Shakespeare to put into King John's mouth the bold assertion that no Italian priest shall tithe or toll in England: but the truth of history is that the Irish and the Irish alone kept that principle in practice.

The Catholic faith had flourished for centuries in Ireland unaffected by heresy before King Henry and Pope Adrian thought how to accomplish a dual conquest of the island. The Irish church honoured the Papacy then fully to the extent faithful Catholics are bound to honour it to-day, whilst between Ireland and England so harmonious and blessed were the relations that Ireland was the nurse of English learning, as Lyttelton and other authorities aver. Dean Swift in his bitter plea for Irish nationality put the case this way:

"Britain, confess this land of mine
First gave you human knowledge and divine!
Our prelates and our sages sent from hence
Made your sons converts both to God and sense."

The Papacy in the second Henry's

time was exerting aggressive political power. From that day to this Ireland, England and the Pope have been tossed about upon a sea of troubles. The barque of Peter was unable to hold all three peacefully together at any time, and we may say at the Reformation England found a spiritual boat of her own, into which she tried to force her island sister, and persisted in violent courses without, however, succeeding, till Gladstone disestablished the so-called Church of Ireland—truly a ridiculous title of an institution denounced in high Protestant places during the Disestablishment debates as "the most impudent falsehood in all history." Ireland never left, nor wished to change, her religious position towards Rome.

Now let us get back into history for testimony under the following heads: (1) it was the Pope, by undertaking to deed Ireland to England upon an assumption of title, began the fateful chapter; (2) delivery of the goods was never satisfactorily made; (3) whilst the vicissitudes of time have not spiritually separated the aggressor and the aggrieved, the purchaser, England, has broken off all business relations with the Papal power; (4) the situation bothers only those with a special case to prove.

The history writers for the Catholic schools of the Christian Brothers, for instance, have adopted the short-cut method of getting out of the difficulty by questioning the facts and suggesting doubt. They look for proof of the authenticity of Pope Adrain's famous bull, and then try a ready apology by adding that if he did issue it he was deceived by false information supplied from England. It is not so easy to pull the wool over the eyes of a Pope; and the over-zealous apologists for the political privileges of the papacy know it, because so far as possible they keep the troublesome bull out of sight. With the bull in full view, how make plain the almost miraculous fidelity of Ireland to the Holy See? Perhaps the clearest-reasoned explanation that has ever been written was offered by Godkin, one of those liberal-minded Irish Protestants who avowed their sympathy for the mass of the Irish Catholic people during the Disestablishment agitation. Ireland, he declares, experienced her baptism of persecution when England was Catholic and when the Pope was on the side of England, and necessarily responsible for the Irish persecution. But another King of England, Henry VIII., revolted against the Papal authority and broke off all connection with Rome. Then, it was said, the Pope changed sides in Ireland, deserting the Pale, and adopting the cause of "the Irish enemy," so often excommunicated and denounced as schismatic, contumacious, vile and barbarous. Thenceforth Papal intervention became a thorn in the side of England, and the thunders of the Vatican were directed against the English garrison. "And indeed," he writes," nothing could be more natural than that the Irish nation should eagerly and gratefully accept this powerful support. For seventy years from the Reformation down, there was no Catholic archbishop in Dublin. The recusant prelates and clergy were chased away. No Irish-speaking minister was permitted to open his mouth in any of the pulpits; no mass could be publicly celebrated; no Catholic school could be opened; the churches were deserted and allowed to fall into ruin, if not demolished on account of their Popish ornaments; while all the men of property and position in the country who could manage to cross the seas found refuge on the Continent and most naturally laboured to enlist the sympathies of other sovereigns in order to recover their homes and lands. Nor as far as the people of Ireland are concerned, was the intervention of the Pope, the Spaniards and the French, which led to so many disastrous wars with England, an unmixed evil. It gave hope

of ultimate deliverance to a perishing nation, and saved from utter annihilation a most ancient and interesting race of men, while it acted on the rival clans, now crushed and scattered, as a powerful bond of union. The old native church had been almost destroyed by the internecine wars of four centuries, and it received the *coup de grace* from Elizabeth. Hitherto, there had been the Papal church of the Pale, which came in with the English colony, henceforth, the church of the Pale became Protestant, following the destiny of England, and the nation gradually obtained from Rome a new priesthood."

This priesthood, the priesthood of modern Ireland, is as strictly native as it is Papal. It continues voluntarily to the Pope the Peter's Pence levied in the first instance by an English invader, who received his illegal warrant from the Pope. There are occasional popular clashes with Rome, because Rome has never let go her anchor to windward, and whilst spiritually on the side of Ireland, is to-day, as ever, politically on the side of England, taking that side openly, as in the instance of the "Plan of Campaign," but never disposed to smile upon the political aspiration of the Irish people to gain back some portions of their crushed political liberties.

I am quoting no authority unfriendly to Irish Catholics. Godkin writes: "As a Protestant I can hardly hope that I have done full justice to the Church of Rome in Ireland; and I feel I should be guilty of a dereliction of duty if I did not make known the many virtues, as well as defend the just rights, of the Roman Catholic priests and people. I have known both intimately and under all circumstances, and I believe that the distrust, disparagement and prejudice which they naturally resent are as unwarranted by facts as they are unfortunate for the country."

If Ireland to-day had a foreign priesthood, that priesthood could not be one-half so faithful to Rome as the native priests of Ireland. And yet the laity of Ireland, proud of this priesthood, realise that Rome is against their political aspirations as long as England opposes these aspirations. Verily, Pat's own father's father's son is the cause of great confusion.

Since I have referred to the doubt cast upon the authenticity of Pope Adrian's bull let me dispose of it. Falloon, in his history of Ireland, writes: "This bull so unfounded in its charges against the Irish church has been justly the subject of much animadversion even by those writers who are willing to acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the Roman Pontiff . . . . . The injustice of the charges contained in the bull and their glaring inapplicability to the Irish church have induced some of the zealous sticklers for the honour of the Papacy to call in question its authenticity and to suppose it impossible that it could have proceeded from the Apostolic See. But how unjust soever this Papal document may appear to the world, we have the most irrefragable proofs that it could not have been a forgery. The confirmation of it by the Pope Alexander III., published in the liftetime of that Pontiff by Cambrensis, is in itself sufficient evidence upon this subject."

Translated texts of the two bulls have been preserved by reputable historians.

The Chronicle of the Kings of England tells us: "The King after his conquest of Ireland imposed the tribute of Peter's Pence upon the Kingdom, namely that every house in Ireland should yearly pay a penny to St. Peter."

Falloon deals with the motive of Adrian and Henry II. as follows: "Henry Plantagenet, the first of the Anjou race that filled the English throne, a prince of such unbounded ambition that he considered the whole world little enough for the dominion of one sovereign, had long contemplat-

ed the extension of his power over Ireland and Scotland; but circumstances had hitherto been unfavourable for accomplishing his design. . . . . This prince, whose designs against Ireland had long been in contemplation, found several obstacles in his way arising from a combination of circumstances over which, notwithstanding his great abilities, he had little control. However, as the injustice of his cause was not amongst the number, by the assistance of John of Salisbury, an intriguing ecclesiastic, he found means of overcoming every difficulty; and an alliance with the Court of Rome, from a pretended zeal of religion, and a real, though latent design of violating all its laws, was agreed upon in order to give this zeal some colour, even in that age, dark and ignorant as it was. This alliance with a power which he hated was mortifying to all the feelings of the English monarch, but he felt it was necessary towards the accomplishment of his wishes, and it is probable he secretly resolved to overreach the Roman court in her own lucrative bargain. To Adrian IV., therefore, this application was made, and the Pontiff, besides being an Englishman and amicable to the King, was glad of an opportunity of augmenting the Papal power and more fully reducing the Irish to the authority of a church of which they had long been the strenuous and successful opponents. A bull was accordingly issued by his Holiness in favour of the English monarch, a ring was presented to him in token of his investiture as rightful sovereign of the Irish, and Henry was commanded, like another Joshua, to enter Ireland in a hostile manner and put the inhabitants to the sword for the good of religion and the reformation of manners. Notwithstanding this bull was issued in the year 1156, the insurrections and contested claims in his French provinces, the unsettled state of affairs in England, and above all the protracted dispute with Thomas à Becket prevented the King from setting about the prosecution of his extraordinary mission; and it was not until subsequent occurrences gave him an opportunity that he set about reducing to practice a matter to which he had long directed his attention."

The popes were not able to profit by their experience of the transaction in shagreen spectacles with Henry II. Another Pope, who was willing to bolster up the false title deed to Ireland, was duped by Henry VIII.

When the monarch, Brian Boru, fell on the victorious field of Contarf, O'Halloran tells us, he died as a hero and a Christain should die, making a general confession and receiving the Eucharist. Afterwards, in recognition of some spiritual favour, one of Brian's sons deposited the King's harp and crown in the Vatican, where the harp remained till Henry VIII. took to writing a defence of the faith for the edification of the Pope and the discomfiture of Luther. Among the titles and favours bestowed upon Henry by the Roman Pontiff for his masterly essay in hypocrisy was the lovely harp of Brian, as if it were an ancient pledge of the surrender of Ireland's sovereignty to the Pope.

I have quoted no Catholic authority in disparagement of the Protestant state church of Ireland. I would quote only Catholic testimony to the long and desperate opposition which Catholic Ireland offered to the Papal state church. But none need to go beyond the pages of Gilbert to find assurance that there never was a surrender on the part of the native Irish. notwithstanding the attempts that have been made to represent the conferences of Cashel and Mellifont as acts of national submission to the authority of the Pope conferred upon Henry. As to the motives of the Irish, Father Malone is an intelligent witness, when he writes: "The Anglo-Irish in Dublin not only shut the sanctuary against the natives and virtually against the worthiest of the

Pale; the church became a close borough, all healthy competition being set aside, laziness and ignorance resulted. Breeding in and in, transferred into an heredary priesthood, into a caste, the Anglo-Irish church promised to be only an eyesore, a scandal to the church of God."

Once the Irish got rid of state churches, both Catholic and Protestant, they felt no interest in the affection of the English people for such institutions. Let the English people look after their own spiritual concerns and stick to their present notion of keeping the Pope out of England by maintaining a Protestant state church. But they have neither right nor reason to suspect the Catholicity of Ireland; and it has long been a subject of amazement to Irishmen that the age-long example of Ireland has been misunderstood. Exactly a hundred years ago Charles Phillips, as devout a Catholic as O'Connell, and as high-minded a patriot as Grattan, wrote the following: "The Irish Catholic, firm in his faith, bows to the Pontiff's spiritual supremacy, but he would spurn the Pontiff's temporal interference. If with the spirit of an earthly domination he was to issue tomorrow his despotic mandate, Catholic Ireland with one voice would answer him: 'We bow with reverence to your spiritual mission; the descendent of Saint Peter, we freely acknowledge you the head of our church and the organ of our creed. But if we have a church we cannot also forget we have a country. When you attempt to convert your mitre into a crown and your crosier into a sceptre, you degrade the majesty of your high delegation and grossly miscalculate upon our submission.' But England, which sees the Irish exiles in every field of the new world, defending the various flags of every faith, supports the injustice of her exclusive constitution and brands upon them the ungenerous accusation of an exclusive creed. England, the ally of Catholic Spain—the ally of Catholic Portugal—the ally of Catholic France—the friend of the Pope; England who seated a Catholic bigot in Madrid—who conveyed a Catholic Braganza to the Brazils, who crowned a Catholic Bourbon in Paris—who guaranteed the Catholic establishment in Corsica and in Canada—who gave her constituttion to Catholic Hanover; England who one would imagine took out a roving commission from Quorantotti in search of Catholic grievances to redress, and of Catholic princes to restore, cannot trust the Catholic at home who spends his blood and treasure in her service."

The lapse of a hundred years has worked little improvement in the "great confusion," which excited the amazement of Charles Phillips and the Irish Catholics of his day. England still continues to act in Europe as the guardian of Catholic royalty that seems to have outlived its usefulness. The principle of church and state displays every sympton of steady decay. The form in which it survives in Lower Canada was the free bestowal of England on the French-Canadian people, and Irishmen are not called upon to criticise it any more than they do the other form in which the English people themselves maintain it. Ireland's national issue is in no way involved.

THE SECRET DRAWER

BY CHRISTIAN LYS

THERE was no vehicle of any kind in the station yard, and the porter explained that people always ordered beforehand from the Red Lion in the village.

"I can get a cab in a few minutes, sir. Where is it to go to?"

"To the Old Manor, Professor Mattinson's. Perhaps I had better wait a little while, he may send a carriage for me."

"He won't do that," the porter answered, "he has got nothing to send. He's a bit near, and that rich, they say, he don't know what he's worth."

His opinion did not interest me, and I let him go for the cab, which proved to be an ancient affair with a horse and driver to match. We were a long time covering the four miles of country road which lay between the station and my destination, and the November day was drawing to a close when we suddenly stopped by the roadside.

"What is it, driver?"

"That there's the entrance to the Old Manor," he answered, pointing with his whip to a gate which opened into a dense wood, and I got out wondering whether he could possibly have made a mistake.

"Maybe you didn't know the professor was a bit of a hermit," he said as I paid the fare. "The house is in there somewhere, but I've never seen that gate open, nor any one go in or come out of it all the years I've known this road."

This visit to Professor Mattinson, who was personally unknown to me, had come about in a curious way, and to explain it I must talk about myself for a moment. When I had taken my medical degree, being without ties and with ample means, I determined to travel, and with short intervals in London I had been away for nearly ten years in Egypt, in Central Asia, in China, and Japan. They had been years of deep study and observation, and I had collected many curios both unique and valuable. I had in contemplation a work that should show the correlation of the various religions which had existed, or did exist, and my main study had been directed towards this end. Recently, one or two articles which I had written on the subject for a leading quarterly had been severely attacked. I was spoken of as a self-opinionated young man, unwisely perhaps, I had hotly answered my critics, accusing them of professional jealousy. In the midst of a controversy which had become bitter, I received a letter from Professor Mattinson expressing great interest in my views and in the curios upon which I had based some of my arguments, and he asked me to spend a day or two with him at his house in the Midlands and take my curios with me.

The gate opened easily enough, and I walked up a winding, muddy road, guessing my way rather than seeing it, for it was dark under the trees. I came upon the house suddenly. It was literally buried in the wood, and certainly there was no outward sign of welcome. In two windows there was a dim light, and the only sound

was the soughing of the wind amongst the trees. I found the door with difficulty, and knocked. Presently the door opened slowly and about a foot only. Against the dim light beyond was silhouetted the head and shoulders of a little old woman as she peered out at me with blinking eyes.

"Is Professor Mattinson at home?" I asked.

"Who are you?"

"Doctor Claxton."

"The professor doesn't see any one," she replied.

"But he asked me to come, he is expecting me."

"I do not think——"

She stopped and turned at the sound of footsteps behind her.

"What is it, Mrs. Allen?" and the door was opened wider. "Ah! Have I the pleasure of welcoming Doctor Claxton? Come in, come in. You must excuse my housekeeper. She has strict instructions that I will not see anybody, and I forgot to tell her you were coming. I must make some rule, or I should get no peace at all."

I was inclined to think he himself had forgotten all about me until that moment, and his appearance astonished me. I knew something of his past career, and calculated that he must be at least seventy, yet he was a well set up, vigorous man, more like a country squire than a student. The hall was bare and uncomfortable. A lamp stood on a forlorn looking table on one side, and a solitary rug was at the foot of the stairs.

The professor took me into a small room opening from the hall, pushed an armchair to the fire, bade me be seated, promised the advent of tea in a few moments, and then plunged into politics, the very last thing in the world in which I should have imagined he would take an interest. This room was comfortably untidy, lined with books, but nothing else to mark the student in it. My host puzzled me altogether, and I believe I should have asked him whether he really was Professor Mattinson had not Mrs. Allen entered with the tea. As the housekeeper went out a woman came in, a woman I had previously seen at the top of the stairs, and I rose from my seat.

"My dear Freda, a most distinguished visitor. Doctor Claxton, my granddaughter."

She welcomed me in a low voice, then turned to the tea-table. Apparently she had never heard my name mentioned before, and certainly was not particularly pleased to see me. She was a very beautiful girl. She said little, either then or later at dinner. The professor did all the talking, but never once touched upon science or kindred subjects.

"Now, doctor, we will go and have a little talk," said the professor, rising from the table.

"Which means that I must say good-night," said Freda. "My grandfather does not believe in science for women. Perhaps he fears the competition."

The professor laughed and hurried me away. He seemed as anxious now to get to science as he had appeared desirous to avoid the subject before.

"Did you bring any of your curios?" he asked as we crossed the hall.

"Yes, those that I used as arguments in my articles."

"Good, fetch them. We will examine them together."

When I joined him in the room where we had tea he took up the lamp.

"We will get into a more congenial atmosphere," he said. "I am a creature of moods and can think more clearly when I am surrounded by my work."

Crossing to a door, he led the way down a short passage into a large room, one of three communicating. We were in a museum wherein there was wealth indeed, but not of the kind which the porter at the station had imagined.

"And I am selfish," the professor went on, as he put the lamp on a

table. "I like to keep my treasures to myself. I cannot remember the last time I admitted anyone to these rooms."

"I am greatly honoured, professor."

"I read your articles carefully, conceived you to be a man after my own heart; hence my letter. Along the line you are travelling, I have travelled, and believe that few men could be of greater service to you than I can. The vigour of youth backed by the experience of age, could any combination be stronger? You can look round my museum to-morrow, to-night we will examine your treasures. Bring a chair to the table, doctor. Ah! these are the hours in life worth living for."

"I hope I am not about to disappoint you," I said.

I had brought three of my treasures, a scarab, a necklace, and a rough gold ring.

This is not the place to discuss them or the arguments I based upon them. I need only say that I had attempted to prove, successfully I believe, that the scarab had been in the possession of Moses during the forty years' wandering and had probably been held by him as a talisman; that the necklace, composed of stones which had probably been brought by the Phoenicians to King Solomon, had been given by that monarch to the Queen of Sheba; and that the ring, of Chinese origin, but found in Italy under the most curious circumstances, was evidence that at some period in the world's history China had been a dominant power in Europe.

After examining my treasures for some time with evident excitement, Professor Mattinson said, "Tell me how these things came into your possession."

My story was a long one, and the professor listened eagerly, asking sharp questions now and then, and at intervals taking up one of the curios to examine it again in the light of some statement I made.

"I think your arguments are sound in the main," he said when I had finished, "and I am inclined to believe that these things are of the utmost value. I believe I can find some links in the chain of evidence in my museum here. We will go into that to-morrow, it is too late to-night. In the meanwhile, doctor, say nothing about your treasures. Women are inquisitive and inclined to talk unadvisedly. Even Freda is."

It was well after midnight. I was surprised to find how quickly the time had passed. Professor Mattinson came to the foot of the stairs with me and with my precious little parcel in my hand I went up to bed. My room was at the end of the corridor, and as I went towards it, a door opened and Freda Mattinson came out.

"I hope you will find everything comfortable, Doctor Claxton."

"Thank you. I am sure I shall."

"Oh, and doctor, we always make a habit of locking our doors in this house. Please lock yours."

She had gone before I had time to question her. It looked as though she did not want to be questioned. I locked my door, I should probably have done so in any case, and slept the sleep of the just. The old carved four-poster was exceedingly comfortable.

Dressing next morning I was conscious of being rather excited, and it was not caused by the anticipation of a further discussion with the professor, but by the fact that he had a grand-daughter. If such a sudden interest in the lady seems absurd it must be remembered that I was still a young man, that she was a very beautiful woman, a combination which usually produces fire of some sort.

She was alone when I went down to breakfast.

"The professor always works from early morning until noon," she said. "No visitor, however distinguished, is likely to make him break that rule."

"Does he work in the museum?" I asked.

"No, in a den he has upstairs. He gave me the key of the museum; there it is. He hopes you will be able to amuse yourself until lunch."

"Are you interested in science?"

"One in a family is enough, don't you think?"

"Which means you are. Won't you be my guide in the museum?"

"I have only entered it twice in my life. It does not appeal to me," she answered.

I felt rather snubbed. I fancied she intended me to feel so. It was not a pleasant sensation, because I was desirous of creating a favourable impression upon Freda Mattinson. I became attentive to my breakfast and my next remark was about the weather.

"May I ask why you have come to see my grandfather?" she asked suddenly.

I remembered the professor's injunction last night not to mention my treasures.

"To discuss one or two controversial questions," I answered.

"You had time to do that last night. When do you propose to leave —before lunch?"

I did not answer, but I evidently looked my astonishment.

"I see the idea has not occurred to you," she went on. "Of course, I am not actually the mistress of this house, but I may say that I shall be far happier when you have left it."

"But your grandfather? I could hardly treat him with such discourtesy, much as I should like to please you. Won't you be open with me and tell me how I have offended you?"

"You have not offended me. I do not want you in the house, that is all. Call it a whim if you like. You don't see your way to do as I wish?"

"I don't, indeed. However, you shall not be troubled with the sight of me more than I can help. I shall spend the morning in the museum."

"I suppose, Doctor Claxton, you are prodigiously clever, and know everything there is to be known about curios and specimens, where they have come from, and in whose hands they have been?"

"I can hardly claim such cleverness," I said, rather curtly, I am afraid. I was annoyed by the way she treated me.

"There is an inlaid cabinet is the middle room of the museum," she went on. "If you pull out the bottom drawer entirely, and put your hand into the opening, you will find another drawer, a secret drawer, behind. Look at the contents of it and tell me what you think the next time we are alone, unless———"

"Yes, unless——"

"Unless you take my advice and leave the house at once."

"I will examine the drawer," I said.

I did not go to the museum directly after breakfast. I like a little fresh air first thing, and I went for a walk through the woods. Even when I went to the museum I did not go straight to the cabinet, there were so many things to arrest my attention. Once in front of the cabinet, however, I was eager to see what Freda Mattinson made such a mystery about. I opened the doors which shut in the nest of drawers and was about to put in my hand to find the secret drawer, when I started. The professor was standing behind me.

"Ah, Freda has evidently been talking to you," he said gravely. "I purposely gave her the opportunity this morning. What do you think of her, Doctor Claxton?"

"She is very beautiful and——"

"I mean mentally," he said, taking the drawer from me and replacing it. "These are fossils of small value, as you see, but this cabinet has a curious attraction for Freda, an unhealthy attraction. Do you understand?"

"I am afraid I do not."

"My dear Claxton, do you imagine I should keep such a beautiful woman

as my grand-daughter shut up in an out-of-the-way place like this unless there was a good reason," and he tapped his head with his forefinger. "She is not dangerous, but she requires constant watching. The fact accounts for my practical retirement from the world."

"I am sorry, deeply sorry, I——"

"Ah, I do not complain," said the professor. "I have more time for writing and study here than I should have were I in town. I cannot pose as a martyr. Let me be your guide amongst my treasures until lunch time; this afternoon we will talk of yours again."

That afternoon and evening he and I again discussed my scarab, necklace, and ring. We went deeper and deeper into speculations, Mattinson leading, I following, and Freda passed as completely from my mind as if she had never existed. When I went to bed, however, taking my little parcel of treasures with me, Freda came out into the corridor as she had done the previous night.

"You will lock your door, doctor."

"Certainly."

"And in the cabinet?"

The question was asked in a low tone and with intense eagerness.

"I could not examine it closely. The professor interrupted me."

"Are you going to-morrow?"

"Yes."

She turned and re-entered her room, leaving me depressed. It was an awful thing that a woman so beautiful should be so afflicted. She was not dangerous, Mattinson had said, but was it really safe for her to be alone in the night? Might she not do herself some injury? Was she dimly conscious that she might do harm to others, and hence her injunction to me to lock my door? To-night there was no swift falling to sleep for me. I tried to render my mind a blank, but Freda's beautiful eyes looked out of the darkness at me and compelled my thoughts. How long I lay there trying to convince myself that I had not fallen in love with a woman who was mad I cannot tell, but I was suddenly startled by the sound of movement. The moment I set myself to listen the room was as still as death, yet it was not empty. Someone, or something, was near me, watching me, perhaps, with eyes accustomed to the dark. Was Freda in my room? Had I forgotten to lock the door?

I slipped noiselessly from the bed, my hands spread out before me to touch whatever might be there, for truly my visitor seemed something more, or less, than human. The door was locked, and even as I satisfied myself on this point the sound of movement came again, stealthy but unmistakable. It was in the room, by the bed, and was a strange sound. Some one was breathing a little heavily, I thought, and yet this was not exactly the sound. If one could imagine sound from hands feeling in the dark that would explain it. I am not by nature a coward, but my forehead was damp, and the pitch-dark room became a place of terror. There was a candle on the table by the bed, but I dared not go near it lest I should touch this something evil which had visited me. It must be evil. There was another candle on the toilet table by the window, I remembered, and with arms still outstretched I went towards it. The match struck silently. The candle was a new one and difficult to light. A long time seemed to elapse before it burned in a steady flame, and then it was only a dim light which illuminated the room. I think I was half afraid to look toward the bed; I am sure that fear gripped me when I realised that no one was there, that nothing was visible, for there was still the sound. The curtains drawn at the head of the bed must hide something.

It was in a kind of desperation that I crossed the room. I had a curious sensation of power being drained from my body and brain, a conviction that

I must act at once or that my nerve centres would become paralysed and I should be unable to move. I pulled back the curtain. Still nothing, yet still the sound and a greater sense of impotence creeping over me. I have said that the bed was an old, carved four-poster, and as I stood holding on to one of the posts, I suddenly understood that the sound came from the one on the opposite side. I leaned forward to look at it more closely, and then shrank quickly back again. A piece of the carving was gone, and in its place was a funnel, projecting slightly, and bent downward. Through it some poisonous fume was being pumped on to the bed, the full force of the noxious breath falling where a sleeper's head would be, where mine had been only a few moments ago. The poison was fast filling the whole room. Had I been lying in the bed I should have been past help by this time; as it was I was nearly overcome as I stumbled across to the window and opened it. I stood inhaling draughts of pure air for a little while before partially dressing myself. For some time the fumes continued to be pumped into the room. Now that the window was open there was no danger except near the bed, and I was careful to keep as far away from that as possible.

The sound ceased presently, and a slight click told me that the carving had been fitted into its place again, but I did not move from the window. I waited, expecting I knew not what, but confident that something must happen. Was there a way of opening the door in spite of its being locked? Was there some secret entrance to the room? At any moment I might require all my wits, and indeed all my strength, to avert peril. The moments slipped by, and no sound disturbed the silence. Perhaps after a time I dozed a little in my chair, I am not sure; I only know I sat there all night until the gray dawn came up slowly over the woods.

As soon as it was light enough I examined the bed. The fumes were dispersed; I doubt whether there was the slightest smell in the room to betray what had happened. Certainly I could not decide the exact piece of carving which had been removed, nor detect any loose woodwork. The only peculiarity about the bed, one which I had not noticed before, was that the head of it was fixed to the wall behind. There was evidently some communication with the adjoining chamber.

I dressed leisurely and quietly, and was intentionally a little late in leaving my room. I was at a loss how to act. This beautiful, mad woman for some reason must have conceived a dislike to me, and had attempted to kill me. Devilish cunning had been employed, but it was quite possible that with morning she might forget what she had done. On the other hand, if she believed that I was lying dead, my sudden appearance might have a disastrous result. I would have gone straight to Professor Mattinson had I known where to find him immediately.

As I approached the head of the stairs I heard the professor and his grand-daughter in the hall below.

"He is late; I will go and knock at his door," said the professor.

"I'll go," Freda answered. "You kept him up late last night, and he has overslept himself."

The next moment her quick feet were upon the stairs. I was convinced that her haste bespoke fear, I felt sure that she remembered what she had done in the night, but I could not retreat, so I hurried forward and was at the top of the stairs before she was half-way up. She saw me and stopped. The professor, who was evidently about to follow her, stopped too. A smile came into the girl's face and her lips had just moved to bid me good morning when Professor Mattinson suddenly broke into a loud, discordant laugh, reeled back from the stairs and

fell prone upon the stone flags of the hall.

* * *

I shall never forget that day nor those which followed. They were painful in the extreme, and unpleasant duties were thrust upon me. Professor Mattinson recovered from his fall in a few hours, but he was a raving maniac. I had to arrange for his immediate removal to an asylum, and his ravings made it quite clear that he had attempted to murder me in order to get possession of my treasures. Behind my room there was a small chamber which neither Freda nor the housekeeper knew anything about, and we discovered the connection between this room and the bed. What subtle poison he had used I do not know, nor did I subsequently find anything in the museum to help me. That it was most deadly I have no doubt whatever, and had I fallen asleep that night I should never have awakened again.

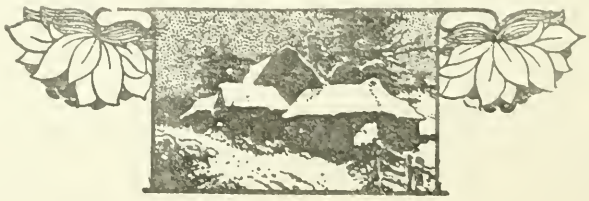
And Freda? At first we were so much occupied with the professor's removal that any explanation was impossible, and it was quite evident that she shrank from an explanation. When her grandfather had gone she took me to the museum and to the cabinet in the middle room. She pulled out the bottom drawer, asd then a narrow little drawer hidden behind it. This she held out to me.

"Do you know that, Doctor Claxton? Have you ever seen it before?"

In the drawer was a partially cut emerald of immense size, a stone which, once seen, could not be forgotten. I had seen it some years before in Egypt. It was in the possession of a traveller named Matthews, who had found it in some queen's tomb, Queen Hatshepset, I think.

"I see you do know it," said Freda. "I discovered this stone hidden here quite by accident only a little while ago. My grandfather said it was valueless, merely a copy, but I had heard of the Egyptologist Matthews and learned that, some time before I came to live here, he had been found dead in your room. I could not suspect my grandfather, rather I believed in some malignant influence connected with the stone, but when you came unexpected, when I overheard, as you went from th dinner-table, that you had brought some treasure with you, I was afraid. That is why I told you to lock your door, that is why I was anxious you should go, that is why I told you to look in this secret drawer. If there was any mystery about this stone I thought you would be likely to know about it, and that it might warn you."

My inquiries left little doubt that Matthews had died as it was intended I should die, and I believe the lust for possession of such treasures as Matthews and I had was enough to drive Professor Mattinson mad. Some people, I know, have not taken such a lenient view, and it is true, of course, that I was asked to take my treasures with me, but I believe my explanation is the right one. It is the explanation which Frela chooses to believe, and I am glad, for the chief aim in my busy life is to keep sorrow and pain from my beautiful wife.



BELFAST:
IRELAND'S COMMERCIAL CAPITAL

BY ALF. S. MOORE

THE story of the advancement of Belfast is one of the most stimulating chapters in the history of the expansion of British commerce. The rapidity of its growth is unparalleled by that of any other city in Europe, and it is equalled only by Chicago and perhaps a few of the mushroom towns that have sprung up in Canada within the last generation. Local opinion is divided as to whether it would be more correct to say that "Chicago is the Belfast of America," rather than to admit that "Belfast is the Chicago of Europe."

It is almost absolutely a town of the present and future.

Turn to the census returns, and it is to find an unbroken record of increases—not mere increments, but literally leaps and bounds. The directory gives Belfast's population in 1821 as 37,117 persons. Thirty years later—the middle of last century—these figures had increased to 87,063, and in 1871 they had leaped up again to 164,412. To-day with a population of about 400,000 it occupies the position of sixth place among the cities of the United Kingdom, far outstripping Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland. No illustration of its growth can be more forcible than the fact that to-day the number of persons employed in two of its shipbuilding works alone is double the whole population of a century ago.

But population is not the only indication of the rapid advancement of this Irish city. Its commercial significance has advanced by the same "leaps and bounds"—a phrase frequently made use of by one of its sprightly daily journals. As a port, it ranked only third in Ireland less than a century ago; that is to say, it took third place for the amount of duty collected. Marvellous is again the only word to apply to the metamorphosis, because it has advanced until to-day it occupies third place among all the ports in the mighty widespread British Empire.

What are the causes that have led to this rapid development of Belfast? Certainly the geographical position does not give it much advantage. Follow the good advice of the late Lord Salisbury: "To understand affairs, study maps." A map of the British Isles will suit our purpose. There is Belfast, situated at the southward end of a sheet of water—half sea, half river—protruding inland into the northeast corner of Ireland from the Irish Sea, or, more correctly, from that portion of it known as the North Channel. It is twelve miles from the open sea—a position of splendid isolation. Unlike Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester and other centres, it has neither of those two

great essentials to commerce—coal and iron—within convenient reach. Alike with tobacco, flax, jute and other raw products that have made the town, every ounce of both coal and iron have to be imported across the rough and often trying sea that separates John Bull's Other Island from its greater sisterland. Let us still stick to our map in considering the seaward approach to Belfast as a factor in its growth. The arm of the sea is comparatively wide, but so shallow is the river flowing into it that a channel had to be cut through four miles of intervening sandbanks and slobland. The river Lagan, with no great scour to keep its bed deep and only forty miles in length, is, at its best, a small and shallow stream compared with the Severn, Thames, or mighty St. Lawrence. In fact, it was not until mechanical knowledge had produced the dredger that Belfast's importance began.

Have its claims as a distributing centre tended in any degree to its progress? Here, with the open map still before us, it may be seen that though it is the principal port in the northern province of Ireland there are other good harbours—at Newry, Larne, Coleraine and Derry—all of which are available. Moreover, Ulster (and in fact Ireland generally) is agricultural in its main interest. The industries are confined to less than a dozen towns, the largest of which does not approach even a third-rate Canadian city.

We might explore further, into the very streets of Belfast itself, for a solution to our quest for some reasons of this wonderful advancement. The Canadian visitor sees Ireland's commercial capital in Summer when the fine sunshine makes everything golden in hue. But on a real wintry day, when the mud and slush lie thick and deep, we marvel if the constant work of the army of alert sweepers can do any good. A string of loaded drays over the granite pavement makes the houses quiver as with a minor earthquake. Occasionally a high tide floods the streets. To obtain a sufficient fall for the drainage taxes the most eminent engineering skill, and, if anything heavier than a cottage is to be built, great piles must be driven into the treacherous upper soil. With the sea at every tide rising to within five feet of the street surface at Castle Junction, the very hub of the city's life, can it be said otherwise than that Belfast has been literally built up "out of mud?"

With all these disabilities—geographical, commercial and physical—how does it come that this city has advanced and prospered so well? It is one of those economic questions that are easier to ask than to answer. Ireland is, unfortunately, the most backward portion of the United Kingdom, so far as industrial development is concerned; yet here we have one area of it—covered by the smallest of our silver coins on an ordinary map—where the people have the progressiveness of the American, the thrift of the Scotch and the pluck of the English, with a goodly flavour of the traditional hospitality of the native Hibernian race to leaven the lot. It is a striking object lesson to the world of what can be done by self-reliance, enterprise and application.

Having seen how Belfast lives her life strangely alone, with her back to the rest of Ireland and her face to the waters, it is only fitting that we should choose to make our entrance from the ocean. The time has not yet arrived when Canadian passengers will be landed direct at her quays, though assuredly the fine liners of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company have for some years found Belfast of sufficient importance to call on their outward journey. However, let us suppose we are entering Ireland's commercial capital by one or other of the magnificent cross-channel steamers from Liver-

"CASTLE JUNCTION, THE VERY HEART OF THE CITY'S (BELFAST'S) LIFE"

ROYAL AVENUE, BELFAST

DONEGAL PLACE, BELFAST

pool or Glasgow. On either side of the gradually-narrowing estuary are green clad mountains—a monstrous rib on the slope of which nestle sun-kissed villas forming each bank, while in the dim distance is the overhead shawl of smoke betokening the town. As we make our way up the four-miles of Victoria Channel, so carefully margined with buoys and light-houses, and forming the straight avenue to the splendid line of quays, our first impressions of Belfast are convincing. Ahead of us are the towering skeleton gantries, leading landmarks in connection with "the most magnificent shipbuilding yard in the world." "What do they mean?" is the inquiry by those who have never seen anything of the kind before, but the inquirer is not long left in doubt when a few minutes later he passes under their very shadow and sees how 200 feet above him, mounted on a railway traversing this network of spans and girders are cranes travelling to and fro, depositing masses of iron plates here and there as carefully as you or I would pick up a match. Two of these gantries, each serving a couple of ships on adjacent slips, tower high above us, silently performing the work of 200 men, amid the discordant din of the beating of hammers. With them a load of ten or even twenty tons is mere child's play, just as it is to the floating crane which can swing its load of 200 tons easily and silently into position.

Meanwhile, as our steamer slows down to "half-speed," we have a good opportunity to gaze around us, and the first thing to claim attention is the splendid demonstration of the prescience and energy of the harbour authorities in the navigable channel and the encouragement given to shipbuilding. It seems like going back to antediluvian days almost to recall how in March, 1791, a shipbuilder named William Ritchie came over from Scotland with ten men and "a quantity of shipbuilding apparatus and materials" to establish the first shipyard. William Ritchie was enterprising for his period, and the good

THE CITY HALL, BELFAST. IT COST MORE THAN TWO MILLION DOLLARS

homely folk of those days were wont to keep royal holiday on such occasions as when he launched a ship of 200 tons burthen. He persevered until in October, 1838, there left the slips in his works a passenger steamer. This ship, the *Aurora*, was 170 feet long, of 453 tons register and 750 tons burthen, developing 250 horse-power. Such was the inception of the shipbuilding industry. Other times, other methods. To-day in Belfast it is the habit to speak of steamers as being such a fraction of a mile in length, and it would be no exaggeration to state that a steamer such as the *Aurora* could be very easily stowed between decks on a modern liner. "Belfast made the Lagan, and the Lagan made Belfast." There in a sentence is a creed synonymous with the city's motto, "*Pro tanto quid retribuamus*;" which might be liberally interpreted in the line of the Psalmist David: "For so much as we have received let us return as much."

How Belfast came to be a port at all is a matter for surprise. Not much more than a hundred years ago it would have been possible for a tall man to walk across the river without getting his neck wet. The story of the digging of the Lagan goes back to 1784, when the Ballast Corporation, established by Act of Parliament in 1785, submitted a plan for improving the harbour by constructing a canal from the antiquated dock at the foot of High street to where the Abercorn Basin now is. Alas, the work in question was not carried out until nearly sixty years later (1849). This was the first real step, and it led to others. With the advancement of the ship-yards came the necessity of a deeper waterway.

The several firms of the period wanted facilities for their trade, and simultaneously the growing importance of the town warranted better attention to be given to its commercial requirements. Eminent engineers were consulted, and the Victoria Channel—a straight cut which clipped off the present so-called Queen's Island from the opposite bank—was completed. Improved dredging appliances and the use of steam hopper barges have wrought wonders since then.

Yet wonderfu' as the development of the navigable Lagan has been, the development of ship-building has outstripped it again and again. There has been no halt in onward progress It takes no deep knowledge to observe how the great liner and the leviathan tramp have been and are slowly but surely crushing smaller craft from the seas, and if a builder cannot supply the demand for either or both there will be little else for him to do. It is no use constructing a big steamer if it must remain stuck in a sandbank when it leaves the slip. The depth of water sufficient in 1872 to float the epoch making White Star liner *Oceanic*—the first steamer to have the saloon and cabin amidships—would be totally insufficient to meet present-day requirements. The harbour authorities, however, met the question with proper resolution. No remissness would be due to them. In August last they had before them the dimensions of the mighty *Olympic*—now happily launched and being fitted out at the wharf—and so prompt were their business capabilities that in the first week is September they had settled a contract involving more than £40,000 in preparation for the launch of this great marine monster and her sister liner, the *Titanic*.

Two months is not a long period in which to undertake great works, yet a week before the launch the Harbour Board engineer was able to report that not alone had the dredging of the river to float the greatest ship in the world been accomplished, but that there had also been completed the removal of a large scoop of the river bank to provide a turning basin for vessels of such dimensions. Nor has this been all their work, for compatible with modern and future possibilities the past year has seen the construction at £350,000 of the largest dry dock in the world.

In a comprehensive article like the present, covering Belfast in general, the exigencies of space do not permit full description, yet it would be impossible to dismiss merely in a few sentences the wonders of this Queen's Island—for so it is still called, though its insular character has long ago passed away, which has made the name of Ireland famous over wide oceans and broad continents. The apotheosis of this great industrial hive is a romance of evolution as wonderful as has ever been recorded in print. As we steam slowly along its river boundary, it seems difficult to reconcile the masses of gaunt scaffolding, gigantic forests of iron and ribs of half-built ships that rise up like skeletons, with the few miserable, stunted shrubs that sixty years ago gave this place the semblance of a pleasure ground, to which the townspeople of the time resorted on holidays or during the long summer evenings. Why in the near foreground—now the Abercorn Basin, where almost half-a-dozen immense steamers are fitting out or being repaired—was a shallow pond where school-boys bathed. It is interesting, too, when we imagine how a very small portion of the area constituted the modest yard of Robert Hickson and Company, who had as their manager the late Edward Harland. It was not by any means a prosperous concern, for in 1858, when the young manager wished to go elsewhere, Hickson made him an offer of the entire undertaking. It was accepted, and, reinforced by a partner, the foundations of what is

ANOTHER VIEW OF DONEGAL PLACE. CITY HALL IN DISTANCE

now recognised as "the most magnificent shipbuilding yard in the world" were laid.

A later partner in 1874—and now the predominant one—was William James Pirrie (now the Right-Honourable Lord Pirrie, K.C., the mightiest shipping magnate in the world) who was born in Quebec on the last day of May, 1847, and who, as boy and man, has studied practically every detail of the mighty business of which he is now Chairman. To-day there are 20,000 workers. Which means that every Friday evening they draw as much as £20,000, which finds its way into circulation—and it must be remembered, too, that while other industrial centres have their slack and busy years, in Belfast trade, even at times of general commercial depression, is never at a standstill.

It was only in 1899 that the world gaped at the idea of the second *Oceanic*—a vessel that eclipsed the mammoth *Great Eastern* in size. The tonnage of the *Oceanic* was 17,274 and her length 704 feet. The new White Star liner *Olympic*, launched the other day, eclipses her in every way, being 860 feet long, with a tonnage nearly three times greater—to be correct 45,000.

Will this newly-launched *Olympic* be the limit? The writer has ground for stating that even greater—incomparably greater—projects are already in contemplation, and the day may not be remote when from the slips at Queen's Island will glide huge and noble gladiators of the deep 1,000 feet long and of immense tonnage proportionately. But while Harland and Wolff are perhaps the premier firm, we must not minimise the importance of their neighbours, Workman, Clark and Company, with even less history. In 1879 this firm employed 500

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, BELFAST. LORD MACAULAY SAID THAT THIS STRUCTURE WAS WORTHY OF A PLACE IN HIGH STREET, OXFORD

hands; there are now between 8,000 and 9,000 constantly employed with a weekly wages bill of nearly £14,000. To their credit is that of heading the world's record last year with an output of sixteen steamers with a gross tonnage of 88,952. Those who have travelled by the luxurious Allan liner *Victorian* (11,400 tons), notable as the first ocean going turbine of large size, will recognise this firm's ability.

What of Belfast's other industries? Their variety is infinite, for, like Chicago, all its eggs, so to write, are not in one basket. A century ago it had fame as a cotton centre; to-day there is not a cotton mill within its limits. Linen reigns supreme, and what linen means to Ireland's commercial capital may be guessed from the fact that in the numerous mills and factories there is employed capital to the extent of at least £15,000,000. And not without return either, since the total value of cambric, piece linen and other varieties of textiles produced is estimated to amount to about £7,000,000 in a good year.

Figures are naturally dry, but the reader can grasp the importance of the linen industry from the following facts: In a single year—and not the best of years either—the yarn spun by the countless looms in Belfast alone was estimated to be valued at £1,008,831 and measures about 644,000,000 miles. To know what this means is to realise a gigantic ball of yarn which, unwound to its single thread, would encircle the world with a girdle 25,000 threads wide. In a three-ply cord the same yarn would reach from the earth to the sun and back again. Or should we desire to pay a visit to the man in the moon, our big ball of yarn would give us a network road 380 threads wide and extending between our planet and his.

And what of the linen which a year's output of yarn might be woven into? It represents a web containing about 190,966,800 yards of declared value £7,001,698. We might unroll this Gargantuan web and make a path four feet wide, and on its snowy whiteness we would be able to make a triumphal tour completely around old Mother Earth at the equator. We might even make a tent of this big web manufactured in Belfast during a single year, and what a wonderful tent it would be! Such as would amaze even Haroun al Raschid. With the City Hall tower for its centre support, this glorious linen canopy would cover 700 acres and stretch as

far out over Toronto as fifteen miles on all sides. To spin the yarn necessary for this gigantic expanse of white linen 935,000 spindles were working, while its further conversion by weaving into fabric necessitated 36,200 looms. In connection with the varied processes in linen manufacturing nearly 20,000 people find occupation in Belfast, one firm alone (Robinson and Cleaver) employing a small army in itself. Besides linen and ships, it is a matter of common knowledge that here in this busy corner of North-east Ireland are produced the best of good whisky, tobacco, as well as ropes, and mineral waters.

The streets are not handsome by any means. There is a lack of the picturesque even in those thoroughfares that are narrow. But Belfast has one "show place" which its citizens are justly proud of. It is the City Hall, situated right in the centre of the city—a magnificent municipal palace for the building of which the people unstintingly gave £300,000 and then as liberally handed out half as much again to make the interior resplendent with marble and fresco. Belfast is matter of fact, utilitarian. It has not concerned itself with architectural fripperies, and when the inhabitant tells you of the City Hall he emphasises its cost rather than explaining its beauties. Anl yet surmounted by its great dome which towers heavenwards 173 feet high, it is a noble building, designed in quadrangular form, with an internal courtyard. Partaking of the achitectural style associated with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it covers altogether about an acre and a half of the picturessue pleasance, bordered by four wide streets.

This very imperfect record must pass lightly over many things that are of first-rate interest and importance. Thus the moderate rents, the splendid and profitable street car system of forty miles which gives the citizen luxurious travelling in all directions at a cost of less than a cent a mile, the big part the City Council plays in all departments of life in return for a taxation of five shillings in the pound, and the magnificent Municipal School of Technology, attended by 3,500 pupils—an institution that in size and scope is almost unique in the British Isles.

The average Belfastman is bluff to rudeness and characterised by spending most of his time behind his desk and counter moneygrasping, with only such relaxation as is afforded by regular attendance at the Kirk where stern Calvinism is administered in more than homeopathic doses. To be sure, this atmosphere is not quite conducive to the cultivation of literature, art, music, the drama and a more liberal outlook on the finer virtues, but there is, happily, a promising and growing section opposed to such philistinism.

One very hopeful sign of the times is the active interest which is now being shown towards the encouragement of the lately reconstructed Queen's University, the North of Ireland University—a picturesque pile of buildings with a fascinating beauty of architecture, deemed by the late Lord Macaulay as "worthy to stand in the High Street of Oxford." On this point of education a very important decision has just been arrived at in the co-ordination of the Municipal Technical School and the University. The relations of the two representative bodies are cordial, and there is every prospect that much good may accrue in the education of young Belfast to keep the fame of the city still more prominent in the eyes of the world. It is this spirit that makes the town great and that will keep it great.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF THE GRAIN GROWERS' GRAIN COMPANY, 1910-11.

BACK ROW FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—GEO. LANGLEY, T. W. KNOWLES, N. E. BAUMUNK, DAVID RAILTON, E. A. PARTRIDGE, A. VON MEILEICKI.

FRONT ROW—D. K. MILLS, JOHN KENNEDY, T. A. CREERAR, R. MCKENZIE, A. W. BLACKBURN.

THE VOICE FROM THE SOIL

THE FIRST BIG MOVE IN THE WARFARE BEING WAGED BY WESTERN FARMERS AGAINST LEGISLATIVE RESTRICTIONS AND CAPITAL

BY GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

"WHEN you want a thing well done, do it yourself" is a sentiment respectable both on account of its age and its sanity. The farmers of the Middle West have demonstrated this axiomatic truth by placing their own grain upon the markets of the world to their own great advantage.

In the first article* of this series the causes leading to the farmers' organisation were set forth, and something was shown of the results they were acomplishing. Farmers' organisations in the past have been regarded as transient manifestations, but the purpose of this article is to show that at last the element of permanency has been added in Western Canada.

In the beginning the farmers organised as a protest against unfair conditions surrounding the grain trade. All the grain of the prairie was marketed through one channel—the Winnipeg Grain and Produce Exchange.

* *The Canadian Magazine*, November, 1910.

All the elevator owners were members of that body, and in fact, were the controlling influence there. Owning the eight hundred small elevators on the prairies as well as the terminal elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur, the elevator and milling interests had the farmers at their mercy. Of course, the law said that the farmers should be given cars by the railways in which to ship their own grain to be sold on commission if they wished. But a few years ago there were practically no loading platforms, and it was a mighty hard job to shovel grain out of a waggon up into a box car. It took a long time to fill a thousand-bushel car, when sixty to eighty bushels of wheat makes enough for a pair of horses to handle. When a farmer was eight or ten miles or more from the railway he couldn't load a car in less than a week, with the best pair of horses in Canada. And when twenty-four hours passed the farmer was charged demurrage, though the railways paid no penalty for not having the car on hand when the farmer wanted it. Under such circumstances the farmer was mightily tempted to put his grain through one of the elevators at his local town.

All the elevators in the West, though owned privately (except a number in Manitoba acquired by the Government during the past summer), are operated under the Manitoba Grain Act and are public storehouses. Any farmer may store his grain in them at a fixed charge of one and three-quarter cents a bushel a month for the first month and one cent for each succeeding month. But the owners of the elevators also buy grain, as there is more profit in that end of the business. When putting his grain into a country elevator the farmer simply drives his team in and pulls out the tail board of his waggon; the rear end is lowered, and the grain runs out into a tank beneath the floor, and the farmer drives out. The grain is then elevated, *i.e.*, carried to the top of the elevator by means of a belt with something akin to buckets attached. There it is weighed and then dumped into bins. To load a car from an elevator, huge spouts are opened, and a car is filled in a very short space of time.

In the parlance of the grain trade, wheat thus hauled by the farmer to an elevator is known as "street" wheat, and wheat loaded into cars by the farmers from their own teams is called "track" wheat. The uninitiated would at once say it was the policy of wisdom to put the wheat through the elevator. But was it? There is no Government system of grading or weighing grain except when in the cars going through Winnipeg or Calgary. Out in the country elevators it is merely a matter between the elevator buyer and the farmer. The elevator man would make every effort to induce the farmer to take a lower grade than was right. For instance, if a farmer brought in a waggon-load of One Northern wheat, and the elevator man made him accept a grade of Two Northern, the elevator man made three cents a bushel right there and then. In addition, the elevator man did the weighing, and often it was fearfully and wonderfully done —so was the farmer. By having the scales "fixed" in favour of the elevator there might be another gain of from one to four bushels in a waggon-load. Further, it is always considered—or has been in the past—that the bother of putting "street" wheat through an elevator is worth considerable. This is called the "spread" between "street" and "track" wheat. Here again the farmer was squeezed for several cents a bushel—according to circumstances. These were the schemes by which the elevator men made money.

The grain growers went to Ottawa a few years ago and fought hard to have loading platforms provided level with the floor of the cars—and they were successful. The railways were compelled to provide these platforms

wherever there were enough farmers to need them. The farmers also demanded and secured the right to have an equal number of cars with the elevators. The "loading platform" became very popular, and it gave the farmers relief from the elevator extortions in many cases. Farmers followed the plan of working together and having a loading "bee" and thus they could save a great deal of time. Railways are branching out continually, getting closer to the farmers, which is another improvement.

But after all, the law cannot make a man honest. The farmers found it so. This does not mean that every elevator man was a crook, but certainly if the evidence of the farmers amounts to anything a great many of them were shamefully treated by the elevator companies. In spite of all the provisions of the law the farmers were not getting their due. Some of the leading spirits of the Grain Growers' organisation, of whom E. A. Partridge, of Sintaluta, Saskatchewan, was most active, urged the farmers to form a company of their own and market their own grain. Mr. Partridge was appointed by the Grain Growers five years ago to study the market conditions at the Winnipeg Grain and Produce Exchange and to report. He did so and advised forming a company of farmers. In the fall of 1906 the Grain Growers' Grain Company was launched at a meeting of a few men at Sintaluta, with Mr. Partridge president. It was a joint stock company with shares of $25 each to be held only by farmers, their wives or sons, and the number of shares which any man might hold was limited to four. One man, one vote was the principle adopted, and no share could be sold or transferred without the sanction of the shareholders in their annual meeting. This provision prevented speculators ever controlling the stock or having it listed on the stock exchanges. Mr. Partridge, as representative of the company, purchased a seat on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, which is the only wheat market in Western Canada, and the little group of farmers comprising the company asked the growers to send them their grain which they would market for one cent a bushel. The spirit of a square deal appealed to the farmers and they began to send along their grain.

It takes an immense amount of money to move the wheat crop of the West, because every farmer wants and gets three-quarters of the value of his wheat as soon as it reaches Winnipeg, which is often months before it reaches the consuming market. The Grain Growers' Grain Company made arrangements with one of the big chartered banks to finance them. Everything was going swimmingly. It began to look as if the way of relief for the farmers had at last been found.

But the elevator companies had no notion of sitting idly by and watching their profitable business being taken out of their hands. They looked into the future, saw their profits fading away and determined to put a stop to it. How could they do it? Practically, no person, not a member of the Winnipeg Grain and Produce Exchange could handle grain because all the dealers were members and were forbidden to deal with outsiders. The scheme then was to get the farmers company ousted from the Exchange Soon a pretext was found.

The farmers' company had a resolution on their books stating that they intended to distribute their profits cooperatively, that is, after a reasonable interest was paid upon capital stock the balance of the profits would be distributed *pro rata* with the number of cars shipped. The farmer who shipped four cars to the company would receive four times the profit of the man who shipped but one car. The Council of the Exchange sent for Mr. Partridge and told him that such a proposition was contrary to the laws

of the Exchange and must be abandoned. The president was not inclined to yield and the company was at once suspended from membership. The fat was in the fire. The Grain Growers' Grain Company was very nearly snuffed out in the fall of 1906, and if it had been the cause of the farmers in Western Canada would have been set back for twenty years. But not so.

The few farmers at the head of the company, E. A. Partridge, John Kenneday and John Spencer, by pledging their own personal property, secured sufficient credit at the bank to finance what little grain they had on hand, and one of the members of the Exchange violated the rules of that body and bought the grain at a reduced rate. So far so good. But what about the future?

The Grain Growers' Associations have no connection whatever with the Grain Growers' Grain Company, but the members of the Associations were in sympathy with the company, which was composed from among their own members and was working generally to help the members of the association and every other farmer. Therefore the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association took up the fight for the Grain Growers' Grain Company. The Association comprised at that time over five thousand good able-bodied voters in Manitoba, and they approachel the Government to see if justice could not be done. The Winnipeg Grain and Produce Exchange was chartered by the Manitoba Legislature. The Government looked into the case and ordered the Exchange to reinstate the Grain Company. The Exchange refused and looked wise. The Association put on the pressure, and the Government issuel another order and told the Exchange that unless they took back the Grain Company a special session of the Legislature would be called and the charter of the Exchange would be cancelled. The heavy-weights in the Exchange beseeched the Government, but all to no avail, and the Grain Company, after being fastened out in the cold for seven months, was taken back into the Exchange. As Mr. Partridge aptly said, "Those fellows have been eating partridge for a long time, and now they will eat crow."

Despite all the trouble, when the Grain Growers' Grain Company held their annual meeting in July, 1907, they were able to announce that they had marketed 2,500,000 bushels of grain, had a profit of $790.54, and had sold 1,853 shares of stock to farmers.

Before beginning another year's business, the company must have credit, and it could not be secured longer from the original bank that financed them. The Home Bank of Canada had just moved into the West. The Grain Company arranged with this bank to secure a good line of credit, and in return took a slice of bank stock and the sole agency for that stock in the West. They sold the stock to farmers, and to-day the company holds a large block of bank stock and farmers throughout the West hold additional stock in the same bank, which they are rapidly increasing. Two directors of the company are now directors of the bank. Thus the company and the bank both profited.

At the end of the first year's business Mr. Partridge retired from the presidency, and T. A. Crerar became President of the company. He still holds the position. With the Exchange in line and the banking facilities arranged the Grain Company began their second year's business in the summer of 1907. They had plenty of opposition, but the farmers in the country knew a good thing when they saw it, and the end of the business year, in the summer of 1908, saw 5,000,000 bushels of grain go through the hands of the company, and a profit of $30,190.24 was declared. By this time there had been 2,932 shares sold.

In the meantime the Legislature of Manitoba met during the winter of 1906-07, and the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association went before the Legislature, demanding that the charter of the Exchange be amended most radically so that farmers would have a chance to see that their grain was handled fairly. The Legislature whittled the charter all to pieces, but the Exchange dropped the remodelled charter and have since carried on their business as a voluntary Association, known as the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, beyond the pale of the Legislature. But the Exchange has not bothered the Grain Company any further. Various attempts were made by speculators to smash this farmers company on the exchange. It was always uncertain how much grain the Grain Company had on hand, and this made it a risky business for the "bulls" and "bears," who had no desire to have a million bushels dumped on them when they had forced up the price. However, the Grain Company kept strictly to the commission end of the business and avoided the speculative part, so that they could not be caught "short" and beaten.

The fall of 1908 rolled past, and the grain kept pouring into the hands of the company. The end of the third year, in the summer of 1909, showed that the Grain Company had marketed 7,500,000 bushels of grain, and declared a profit of $53,902.08. By this time there had been 7,558 shares of stock sold to farmers.

It might be well to explain here that all prices on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange are based upon grain that is in storage in the terminal elevators in Fort William or Port Arthur. When a farmer ships a car of grain to the Company he gets a receipt from the railway agent from the point of shipment He sends this receipt to the Company. The car then passes through Winnipeg and is there inspected and graded by Dominion Government inspectors. This certificate of grade and dockage (amount of dirt or weed seeds) is sent to the Company. Then the car passes on to the terminal elevators, where it is weighed by Government weighmasters and dumped into the elevators. The certificate of weight is also sent to the company. Then, when the three papers are put together, the company may sell the grain. No grain dealer ever sees the grain he handles.

In the terminal elevators the elevator companies which operate them have a system by which they can still further manipulate the grain to their immense profit. Grain can be mixed in the terminal elevators so that a little high-grade wheat mixed with a lot of low-grade will raise the whole to high-grade and thus advance the price several cents a bushel. This is strictly against the law, and the Dominion Government have seventy inspectors and other employees watching the terminal elevators and checking their business to prevent such practices. But an army of inspectors could not stop it. Last spring the inspectors weighed all the grain in the elevators and discovered that the companies had been manipulating the wheat so that they had made about $40,000 in three months. There is good reason to believe that the elevator companies have made millions of dollars by this means in years past. This time they were caught and fined $5,500. Of course, all this plunder comes out of the pockets of the farmer and gives the Canadian wheat a black eye on the Liverpool market, which is the world's ruling wheat market.

In the fall of 1909 the Grain Growers' Grain Company went into the business by advertising largely for grain and carrying on a publicity campaign. A rule of the Grain Exchange compelled all members to charge a cent a bushel commission upon all grain handled by them. The elevator companies thought they saw in this an opportunity to smash the Grain

Company. The Exchange in the summer of 1909 dropped the "commission rule," which gave all members of the Exchange permission to charge any commission they liked. The big companies dropped their charges to half a cent and some even handled the farmers' grain for nothing, trusting to make their profits through manipulation. Things looked shady for the Grain Company again. But the leaders had faith in the loyalty of the farmers and they appealed to their shareholders. The reply was quick and sane. "Keep the commission up to one cent on wheat," was the verdict of the referendum by the shareholders. The farmers could not be bought away from their own company, and the summer of 1910, when the annual meeting of the company was held, showed a triumph. The Grain Company had handled 16,000,000 bushels of grain and had become the biggest grain commission concern in Canada.

At last the farmers were on top of the grain trade. They declared a profit of $95,662.78, but this was not all paid out in dividends. The shareholders decided that it would be better to create a reserve fund, and thus strengthen their company. They had a paid-up capital at this time of $292,957.55, and on this they declared a dividend of 15 per cent. They also set aside $25,000 for an educational fund and placed the balance in reserve. The educational fund was devoted to grants to the Grain Growers' Associations in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta and also to the support of the official organ of these Associations.

Recently there has been a move towards shipping Alberta grain westerly, and the Grain Company in order to handle this trade, opened an office at Calgary, where that business is cared for. Another provision which the Company made last year to protect the farmers was to check the Government system of sampling the grain. This is done in the United States by the Grain Exchanges, but not so in Canada. The company secured permission from the Chief Grain Inspector to take a sample from the cars of grain consigned to the company. They placed an expert in charge of their sampling bureau and thus had an effectual check upon the work of the Government inspectors. This was not because of dishonesty on the part of the Government officials, but simply to correct errors. When upwards of 100,000 cars of grain are being sampled in a year mistakes are bound to happen. By means of the duplicate sampling system the company occasionally saved from $30 to $50 to a farmer upon his car of wheat. Naturally the farmers were glad to see this done and no other company had ever attempted it. Another protection afforded by the company was their Claims Department, by which the interests of the shippers were protected against the railway companies. When a farmer is alone against a railway company he is about the most forlorn object imaginable, but when he is backed up by a powerful company he is likely to secure a fuller measure of justice.

This in brief is the sustance of the history of the greatest farmers' company on this continent. The Grain Growers' Grain Company last year did over $20,000,000 worth of business. They have demonstrated that farmers are fully capable of conducting their own affairs. They have been compelled to fight their way against the allied forces of the big pioneer grain companies with millions of dollars at their backs and have won out against all odds. The spread between "street" and "track" wheat has been greatly reduced, and to-day farmers are getting a better price for their wheat than ever before. The company are now branching out into other lines of activity. They have determined to acquire storage

elevators and provide reliable seed grain to the western farmers. It is largely through bad seed that the farms of the West are to-day covered in many cases with all sorts of noxious weeds.

The originators of the company had no intention of making it merely a profit-producing scheme. It was intended to improve conditions not only in the grain trade but economic conditions in general in order that the agriculture might be raised to its proper level and that farmers might live more wholesome and happier lives. To this end it was intended to conduct the business upon co-operative principles. This intention is still in view. The company are now doing business in almost every province of Canada and are also exporting largely to the old country. They now operate under a provincial charter, but this winter a Federal charter will be secured from the Dominion Parliament; it will give them wider powers. The Manitoba elevators are now being taken over by the Government, and a similar action is expected in Saskatchewan and Alberta. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has promised that the graft in the terminal elevators shall be stopped. All this will break the power of the elevator companies and will place the Grain Company more strongly than ever in control of the grain trade. Then through the introduction of the co-operative principle and the handling of all kinds of farm produce the company will be performing a valuable function. A part of the profits will be devoted to educational work each year, and farmers will be educated to the value of protecting their own interests against the encroachments of monopoly. It is not a mere dream to see the day when the Farmers will own their own mills and grind the wheat which they are now growing and placing on the market. The milling industry is a very profitable one, and the Western farmers pay more for the flour ground from their own wheat in their own province than do the people of England for the same flour made in the same place. This doesn't look good, but it is true. The farmers have accomplished much, but their work is not nearly done.

Editor's Note.—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Chipman describing the organisation of Western Canadian Farmers. The first appeared in the November Number. The third will be in the February Number.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE TORONTO BOARD OF TRADE

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED POEM

By GOLDWIN SMITH

RISE, stately pile, palatial home of trade;
Our City's promise on thy front displayed:
Rise, and . . . . on far Ontario's strand
The Merchants' honour in the father-land;
Rise, where, but a short century ago,
No sound was heard except the Indian's prow,
Ruffling the silent mirror of the mere,
The plashing waterfowl, the wading deer,
The deep, hoarse moan of the primeval wood

Answering the voices of the lonely flood!
Now, shore and lake and isle alike are rife
With all the sights and sounds of busy life.

Swift as Canadian spring, that, shooting on
From bud to leaf, makes spring and summer one;
Swift as Canadian dawn, with no delay
Of lingering twilight, rushing into day,
Has been the City's progress: since that hour
To this, her height of wealth and pride and power.

In the Old World all things through cycles grew
To greatness: years are cycles in the New.
What hands, brains, hearts through many a changeful age,
Commerce, have toiled to build thy heritage,
Since barter in the savage cave began,
And rudely showed what man must owe to man;
Since infant enterprise its sail unfurled,
And ventured forth into an unknown world;
Since new-born science, with unaided eyes,
Looked up for guidance to the starlit skies!

Use well what labouring time for thee hath won.
In these proud halls let no mean deeds be done.
Let never gambling lust of gold deface
With artifice accursed thy mansion's grace;
Nor avarice issue from thy lofty door
To rob the guileless or oppress the poor.
Let never policy, debased and blind,
Lead thee to shut the gate upon thy kind;
When God hath bidden all lands to all impart
Their gifts, and have one harvest and one heart.
Nor let thy thoughts on wealth alone be bent;
The gold is dross that is not nobly spent.

Think how, in former days, each farmer's mart
Was the bright home of Learning, Science, Art;
And bid, with kindred grace, 'neath other skies
A second Venice, Florence, Nürnberg rise.
Still, from these Chambers, may wise counsels come
And bear good fruit in each industrious home;
Still, to these gates may traffic waft its stores
Of golden tribute from Earth's utmost shores;
And Labour still, its righteous guerdon paid,
Behold with grateful eyes the Home of Trade

Toronto, January 28, 1891.

ROMANCE OF TOBACCO

BY WILLIAM HARRISON

FROM the days of King James II., when he issued his historic "Counterblast to Tobacco," all down the lapse of years, in widespread dailies, in fly-sheets innumerable, in prose and poetry, in learned dissertations and in lively discussion, there has been poured forth a great volume of invective against the use of the weed. Most of those who think, write or argue on this matter do so in a way that their deductions and conclusions are negative, and the habit of using the narcotic is censured and condemned without the least consideration or respect for the opinions of its innumerable devotees.

Without the least intention of endorsing the almost universal custom of using tobacco or of commending the practice, on the supposition that there are two sides to every question, let us for the amusement of the moment indulge in a little "special pleading," dealing with facts as they exist.

No thoughtful, intelligent observer of the characteristics of the human family can ignore the fact that in every one of us there is an innate natural desire for stimulants of some kind. Call it an evil propensity if you will, but it is there all the same, and with it we have to do. It matters not how abundantly our necessities are supplied, there is an "aching void within" that must be filled, a craving for a luxury that is imperative. If this desire for something more than our natural food is not hereditary, it certainly originates very early in our existence. The infant, though full to satiety, will suck its thumb with evident satisfaction. The growing child will reach with outstretched hands for candy, and older infants will chew gum. Others will gratify the desire for stimulants by indulging in alcoholic beverages. If we would not increase the already too large army of drunkards, some lesser evil must be brought into requisition, a lesser evil that will soothe, but not inebriate.

Whether this propensity for stimulants in man is natural or acquired, nature seems to have made provision for it. In India the poppy flourishes for the manufacture of opium; 400,000,000 of its people chew the betel leaf and 300,000,000 the Indian hemp. In Africa 10,000,000 use the cocoa leaf and a gum that exudes from a tree. In the tropics they grow the roots of the haasslegh and the ginging. In other portions of the globe they use absinthe, morphine, henbane, choral, and opium. As a stimulant each of these is of doubtful character and many of them deplorable in their effects on the human system. Not having any special liking for any of these, our alternative is tobacco. This the temperate zone produces and provides lavishly. Here it flourishes indigenous to the soil. Tobacco needs no introduction. Its presence is familiar to us all. It embraces the circumference of the globe. It comprehends every class of people from the most savage to the most refined. Its universality is acknowledged. Its adaptability to meet the craving instincts of the human race is conced-

ed. It is everywhere. We find it in the castle of royalty and in the home of the poorest subject in the realm, in the gilded palace of the millionaire, and in the home of the pauper. The high-born dame who graces the drawing-rooms of aristocracy and the stormiest virago who yells in the slums of London are sisters in the use of the narcotic. It is between the lips of the most exquisite dude who promenades for exhibition and in the mouth of the dirtiest tramp in the purlieus of filth. It is patronised by the greatest preachers of the gospel of purity, and practised by the vilest sinner in the catalogue of crime. It beguiles the distance to the traveller on the wide prairie and it smoothes the rugged path of the alpine tourist. The native of India on his elephant attacks the lion in the jungle, and the Arab as he crosses the great Sahara puffs its fragrance on the desert air. It is an inspiration to the soldiers in the bivouac and the life of the camp fire, for they tell of deeds of heroism, narrow escapes and perilous adventures with greater zest when their heads are enveloped in the smoke of a dozen pipes. It helps the astronomer as in imagination he soars away into the illimitable, the geologist, as in fancy he dives down into the unfathomable, and the philosopher as in faith he tries to grasp the incomprehensible. It inspires the poet as he writes, and the author as he cogitates. It is the young man's pride and the old man's comfort. The father smokes when his child is born, he smokes when it gets married, and he smokes when it dies. The boy smokes because his father smokes, or because he thinks he has the toothache. The president of the university indulges in a whiff as a relief to intellectual labours, and the student takes a puff as a sedative to the excitement of footfball. The millionaire smokes his twenty-dollar highly perfumed havanna, and Jack Tar his five-cent horrible.

The smoker has special privileges throughout the world, and is tolerated by all communities. He can smoke at home or abroad, in the stately mansion or palatial residence, in the park or on the promenade. He puffs in the lowest haunts of iniquity, and in the legislative hall; and with a very thin apology, even in the company of ladies, he can pour forth volumes of scented aroma. Its unequivocal marks may be seen everywhere, on land or sea, in the great ocean liner, and in the palace car, on the pavement, the grass and on the pure white snow. The habit grows in spite of legal enactments, protestations, maledictions, and resolutions to the contrary. It is indigenous to every land. It grows spontaneously in every climate, and its fascination would puzzle the most experienced smoker to explain.

The incessant holding of the pipe in his mouth, it is said, gives to the Turk his noble appearance, to the Spanish cavalier his stateliness, to the Arab *sheik* his majestic mien, and to the Indian chief his dignity. The Mexican would as soon be without his sombrero, as without his *chibouk*, and the daring cowboy of the Northwest would not be equipped without the modest cigar or the inevitable pipe.

Do you want the poetry of smoking? Go to the land of the Turk and the Syrian, where tobacco grown in Nubian and Egyptian valleys and in Persian and Macedonian gardens is prepared without adulteration and inhaled without nausea by the most effeminate. Watch the Persian nobleman and the Syrian gentleman, representatives of Oriental aristocracy, as amid the grandeur of Eastern architecture and magnificent surroundings, on the wide piazza, in the marble hall or spacious corridor, they gather around the bubbling *nargileh* and from long stems inhale, as we do the freshest air, the fumes of the sweet *tombecah*. Read the sparkling

"Letters" of Lady Wortley Montague, once the pride of England's court, as she tells of the delightful evenings spent with the lovely Selma and the other wives of the Eastern harem, enjoying through mouth-pieces of gold and amber the deliciously-prepared aroma of their favourite *latakia*. Read the graphic accounts of travellers toward the rising sun, Warburton's "Crescent and the Cross," Taylor's "Saracenic lands," and Kingslake's "Eothen," and you are charmed with the delights of the *hookah*, and the luxurious enjoyments of the *nargileh*. Read the long list of Eastern stories of more modern authors, and you will find the heads of their heroes wreathed in snowy clouds of glorious satisfaction, as they puff the widespread narcotic at all times, in all climates and under all circumstances. Snatch tobacco from the lips of the Oriental, and you deprive him of all his happiness this side of Mahomed's heaven. Take it from the mouth of the Occidental, and you make him say,

"He that steals my pure—steals trash,
But he who filches from me my pipe,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

No wonder that Spencer in his "Faerie Queen" calls it "Divine Tobacco."

Would you have the prose of smoking? It is woven in the world's history for the past three centuries. Read the lives of Raleigh, Byron, Burns, Carlyle, Tennyson, Scott, Bonaparte, and Bismarck. Read Bowsell's "Life of Johnson;" Dickens's "Oliver Twist" and the immortal *Pickwick*. Peruse Lever's "Charles O'Malley," Ballantyne's travels, Henty's historic tales, Artemus Ward, Burdette, and a score of other authors who have catered for the information of millions, and you will find the smoke issuing from the lips of the Musselman, The Old English Gentleman, The American Citizen, the *Mickey Frees*, the artful *Dodgers*, and the *Josiahs* of biography travel and romance, and detect also the aromatic odour of tobacco in the fact and fiction of the world's great library.

Amid the fumes of tobacco, Lord Palmerston, Earl Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Bismarck, and Sir John Macdonald solved abstruse questions of state and finance, originated and formulated schemes that changed the political aspect of nations, and commanded the attention and admiration of the world, Russell, Forbes, Henty and Vickers, war correspondents at the front, smoked amid the roar of cannon and the crash of artillery, and history informs us that in a desperate engagement a Scots Gray fought his way through blood and carnage, cleaved the head of a French standard bearer, snatched the ensign from his grasp, and bore it in triumph to the lines without even once removing his pipe from his mouth.

Tobacco as a commercial interest rears its colossal head with imposing dignity and bows to none but the gigantic liquor traffic. Tens of thousands of the human race owe their bread to this world-wide autocrat. In the City of Hamburg, Germany, the manufacture of tobacco gives employment to 10,000 of its citizens, who turn out 160,000,000 cigars a year, valued at $2,000,000. From Havanna and Manilla, Hamburg imports 18,000,000 cigars every year, making, including their own production, an aggregate of 178,000,000, of which 153,000,000 are exported, leaving 25,000,000 for home consumption. England's tobacco bill is $40,000,000 annually. France is a huge factory for its preparation, and Germany is one great atmosphere of smoke. New Zealand consumes 40,000,000 cigarettes a year; New South Wales, 50,000,000, and Victoria, 90,000,000.

Tobacco is a staple production of the United States, which patronises its own industry by a home consumption of nearly 200,000,000 pounds, ex-

porting and consuming according to a government report in 1908, 55,402,330,113 cigars or in other words, 5,500,000,000 packages, with ten cigars to a package on which a tax of one cent a package was proposed, which means an extra tax of fifty-five million dollars on the patrons of the weed.

Canada is no juvenile novice at the business, for we contribute our share to the universal volume of smoke by a yearly consumption of 12,000,000 pounds, with an annual outlay on 70,000,000 cigarettes.

A million and a half of the world's population are engaged in the manufacture of pipes—clay, briar, porcelain, china, and amber. One town in France turns out 40,000,000 clay pipes alone, and as a Dominion the people of Canada puff the narcotic through $164,000 worth of these ornaments that go to make up the smoker's paradise.

As a source of revenue, there are millions in it. Every civilised nation on the face of the globe, makes money out of it. It is the chief factor in the estimates of every government, a revenue drawn from every home. Statistics tell us that the tobacco crop of the world is annually 4,480,000,000 pounds from 5,500,000 acres of land, on which duties are collected to the amount of one billion dollars annually. This enormous quantity is burned and puffed, snuffed, sneezed, and chewed by a force of 900,000,000 devotees. The world is one great smoke-house.

Youth passes; love ofttimes grows cold; wealth often fails to reach, but Tobacco remains with us. It is here to stay. There may be some consolation in the thought that to tens of thousands of our fellow-participants in life's struggles, it may be the only one source of happiness left in a world that has dealt unkindly with them.

Oh, thou great goddess *Nicotia*! Millions have bowed at thy shrine, have drunk the waters of *Lethe*, have passed away and are forgotten. Millions still are thy willing worshippers. Thy charms are irresistible. Thy mild sedative influence is greater far to-day than when thy great discoverer, Sir Walter Raleigh, designated thee "The Elixir of Life."

BURIAL AT SEA

By ALAN SULLIVAN

A NEST of bubbles in the wrinkled swell
  Of a long wave that lifted round and free,
As though to take its burden tenderly;
Till, pregnant with mortality, it fell:
There was no requiem but the wind to tell
  That a man died, and crests of ivory
  Trampling the patient bosom of the sea
Rang the grim thunder of his passing bell.
So, while the good ship plunged, he winnowed deep
  To fathom uncommunicable plains,
    Where space is not and time itself is old;
Where blind things clamber and lost navies sleep,
  Moored in a tideless port, and men in chains
    Slumber with kings caparisoned in gold.

ROYALTIES ALL ROUND

BY G. H. READE

MY solicitor, Mr. Bell, was a tall, gaunt man, and no ordinary doorway could be entered by him without a stoop. He was a keen business man, well-to-do, and like many another, keenly desirous to add to his financial gains.

I owed him £800.

"You are quite mad to go down to the races each day of the meet," he said, after I had told him that such was my avowed intention, "and you'll only sink deeper into the mire, and if you should lose on the first and second days. . . ."

"Or otherwise," I retorted.

"I count upon probabilities not possibilities," he answered.

My friend of the law was not a "nagger;" so the discussion dropped; we quietly took up our hats, left the offices and reached his club.

"Tell, me," I said, "you know Samuel, and he knows a good deal. What will win the 'Jubilee'?"

"To be honest," Bell replied, "I have £5 each way on the favourite—that's Samuel's *advice.*"

Samuel was a shrewd money-lending book-maker—one of Bell's clients.

I said nothing, and Bell continued: "I tell you that, in order that you may not go down and lose too much."

A crowded race special train is hateful, at least both Bell and I thought so. A crowded race-course enclosure is even worse, at least Bell was certain of this, for when five races had been concluded we met for the first time since the start of the day's racing. Bell had lost £25, I had won £400 odd.

Bell was very nice then, for did I not owe him £800, with good hopes?

Saturday was the day of the "Jubilee." Bell would not come down; begged me again and again not to go as well, and thus make a certainty of my first winnings. The advice was disregarded. I went.

His Majesty the King was an interested spectator. As a consequence, many other distinguished people enjoyed a similar privilege, and so likewise did I.

Now, if there is one thing more than another that is useful in life, it is the secret feeling internally that all is well and to find yourself in that desirable frame of mind that to leave it is madness; pursue each link that has some definite connection with one already forged.

I had a cousin, a friend of the King's, and he was there.

"Tell you what," he said to me when I had buttonholed him, "I'm going down to Taunton to-night if His Majesty leaves early after the big race—Aunt Gertrude has asked me down."

"And she's asked me," I rejoined.

"Well, you can't go," he snapped, "for you will not possibly be able to be back in London till seven or later, and then you could not leave Paddington till late in the evening, which will, of course, be too late to get into Taunton to-night."

Now Lord Shortland and I were both enamoured of the same sweet girl. I had prior claims and prouder rights. He had merely his title and cash, which with the parents went further than my plain name. Also, I had a very great weight at heart handicap-

ping my position. I had promised "the fairest of the fair" to pay off Mr. Bell, the solicitor, before I ever sought her presence again, and therefore I had not given Aunt Gertrude a decided answer to her week-end invitation.

There were also other sundry debts I had promised to pay. In truth, she, dear girl, had bargained for a clean slate.

I knew Cousin Lord Shortland was impatient. So were her ma and pa (I write ma first, for women, social women, dearly love social flutters, social titles and the consequent social advancements thereof, and particularly a tip-top wedding).

All this I had pondered deeply, when Mr. Bell, who had cared only for his £800, had begged me to stay home and not go racing. Lastly, there was this burning thought, "Shortland can go by the royal special and then catch the 'diner' at Paddington, which left at 6.30." I stamped on the wooden platform of the race stand as the thought swept by me and muttered, "Why can't I?"

And something else swept by at the same time. I looked—a piece of horseflesh that moved like machinery. Lost in my reverie of jealous love, time had taken me by the forelock, and the "Jubilee" parade was cantering past the stands.

I looked again, and the more I looked the more I liked it, so I asked the man standing at my right hand, "What is it?"

He replied, "Royal George."

That was sufficient—it was something Royal; so down I went into the surging crowd and had £200 each way at "tens"; and not content I had another £100 on the favourite, "Revenue," for a place first, second, or third, six to four against, as a "saver."

I saw Lord Shortland; he turned away to speak to the Duke of Achill; and as he turned, he seemed to me to sneer.

"No doubt," said I to myself, "he thinks himself immeasurably my superior; perhaps he is." Therefore I felt as if I cared not one button what happened or what won. Truly a royal feeling.

It was a great race. I can remember it distinctly, there was an excellent start; then one or two forged ahead coming round the bend; there was little in it with any of them. Then a yell, "The favourite wins," then another, "She doesn't." A counter cry, "She does," and then a sort of stiffled groan to the accompaniment of sundry cheers. Then something "swept by," drawing quite clear of the others and winning comfortably. All I could see was that the favourite, ridden by Mornington Cannon, was third.

'My place money saves me," I muttered hoarsely.

I shut my glasses up with a thump and looked bewildered.

"Royal George," was the cry.

I gazed at the board; then went up the number, 10.

I looked at my card: No. 10, "Royal George."

Well, words will not portray my feelings, for now I had won and won handsomely, and already I saw my debts paid. What should I do?

"Go home," said a small voice, "lest you bet again and lose all."

Instinctively I obeyed.

I elbowed my way out of the crowd; flashing eyes and silken skirts were naught to me; I was a self-conscious king. I had won. Consequently my actions were king-like, sedate and dignified, and down the covered path to the railway station I walked with regal steps.

But alas! the station officials thought otherwise of my "status."

"There is no train, sir, till after the fifth race is over, and that only for members."

"But I want to get to Taunton tonight and must catch the 6.30 'diner' from Paddington," I protested angrily and with an important air.

"Maybe, you'll ride with the King, when he goes shortly," was the satire

I received for my splendid conceit.

I turned on my heel and walked down the platform.

Close to me was a railway guard.

He looked at me carefully. Perhaps thought he (and who shall say not rightly), "he's a King's messenger, or summat like that," so he doffed his cap.

At that moment I took some notes and gold out of my pocket, intending quietly to count my petty cash. This action confirmed the old guard's first impression.

He came across the lines.

"The royal special will be shunted down in ten minutes' time, sir," he said.

"Oh! will it?" I replied calmly.

"Want a lift," said the guard very quietly.

I tumbled to it all instantly.

In a minute three sovereigns were in his hand.

"I heard you asking the inspector yonder," said the guard, and still talking in an undertone," and I thought as I know'd you, sir; my brother's a waiter at your club and often speaks of you. I recognise you by the photograph you sent him as a present."

"Ah, yes!" I replied.

"Then, sir, walk up the platform directly the inspector's gone inside the office and I'll let you into my van."

I nodded acquiesence.

The royal special was a corridor train, made up of three carriages and a guard's van. Into the latter I jumped at the auspicious moment, and made myself small (in body only), by taking up a post in the corridor connection between the King's saloon and the guard's van, the guard carefully locking each door of the connecting passage.

Ten minutes later the special was shunted back.

Five minutes more and the King and his party, including my cousin, were all on board. Another minute, we were off, and in another I was sitting with the guard, no longer a prisoner.

Only one check by signal, and an otherwise uninterrupted journey was made to Waterloo.

I saw His Majesty get out—hats off and on, etc. I saw the others, the Duke of Achill, and Earl of Creswell, and Lord Shortland also on the platform. His Majesty drove off by himself; the others by themselves. Shortland had his own private carriage. And, lastly, I got out of the guard's van and made my escape.

Hailing a hansom, I said: "One sovereign to drive me to my rooms and Paddington within an hour."

"Done," said the Jehu, having first learned the location of my rooms.

And it was done.

No one was more astonished than Lord Shortland when I met him on the platform. He gasped.

At the station I saw Bell, too, of all men. He was off for the week-end to see a wealthy client at Bath.

The news of my success was a tonic to his dinner. He looked less gaunt when that meal was over, and he had a cheque of mine for £800 in his left-hand waistcoat pocket.

As for the dearest one, she was radiant. Lord Shortland returned by the early breakfast train on Monday.

I remained a week, and paid my bills by way of the post. So she saw each receipt and noted the delighted remarks of the recipients of the cheques and Bell's comments on my incomparable honesty.

But, of course, I was of blue blood, and it couldn't be wondered at one little bit.

A well-known Society weekly had the following paragraph in its contents a few weeks later.

"Their Royal Highnesses ..... honoured the wedding ceremony of Mr. Guy ..... and the Honourable Eileen ..... Royalty all round."

THE MERMAID

By THEODORE ROBERTS

LIFE, I make my peace with you.
For I have read the signals true,
And I am done with the green and blue.
Death, I make my prayer.
For I am done with the slanted deck,
The fog and the windy air.

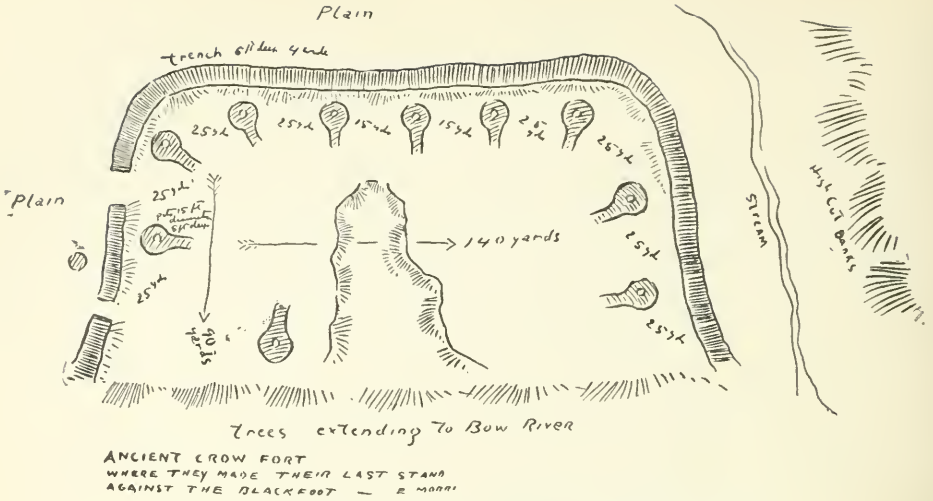
For I have spied (once and again)
The face of snow, the lips' red stain,
The eyes that never gleam in vain.
A-flash in the wake's bright whirl
I have beheld—God save my soul!—
The pleading hands of pearl.

Hispaniola knows my spars;
And roaring towns and Christ's high stars
Have seen my glory and my scars.
Bahia knows my fire,
And many a palm-fringed anchorage
Has burned to my desire.

But now! Dear Life, I needs must go,
For I have seen the arms of snow—
Frost and fire in the depths below.
Quick, Death, I wait you now,
For I must touch my lips upon
Her pitiful, white brow.

No more for me shall islands rise
Like mist and fire beneath the skies.
No more for me life's mad emprise.
Like candles on the tide
The sweet familiar lamps grow dim
By wharf and harbour-side.

Life, I make my peace with you.
For I have heard the summons true,
And I am done with the green and blue.
Death, I make my plea.
Strike not, until I feel her lips
Press mine beneath the sea!



PLAN OF THE OLD FORT OF THE CROW INDIANS, ON THE BLACKFOOT RESERVE

AN ANCIENT INDIAN FORT

BY EDMUND MORRIS
(KYAI-YI-A-SO-KOS-IM)

WHILE camped on the Blackfoot reserve painting interesting primitive types to be found amongst the tribe, I made a discovery of archæological importance, namely, the ancient fort made by the Crow Indians where they took their last stand against the Blackfoot, who came from the timber country to the north of the present city of Edmonton and drove them out of the country towards the Missouri.

The Crow Indians were a fierce and war-like tribe of the Dakotah linguistic stock, and originally, like the Assiniboins and Manadans, formed a part of the great Sioux Nation, but were expelled by them from their early hunting grounds and driven into the country of the Flatheads; later they were again thrust aside by the invincible Blackfoot, who became plainsmen and entered into possession of the vast country extending on both sides of the international boundary line near the Rocky Mountains. At the time referred to, the Crow Indians had horses, which they had stolen from the Mexicans or captured on the plains. The Blackfoot came afoot.

No white people on the reserve know anything about this particular spot, except as "The Fort," and there was found only one old Indian who knew its history, corroborating what Father Doucet had told me the previous year. This aged missionary, now no longer with the Blackfoot proper, said he and John L'Hereux many years ago had camped near the fort, and when L'Hereux saw it he became greatly excited and exclaimed: "The remains of the Spaniards or Mexicans!" But Doucet had questioned the old recorder of the tribe, Running Wolf, and he told them it had been made by the Crow Indians when the Blackfoot swooped down upon them from the north. However, as Indian tradition is not always to be re-

lied on, it is possible that the fort had been made by an earlier race and used later on by the Crows.

I engaged one of the chiefs and two Indians, who brought a team and plough, and we examined the fort and turned some of the ground.

The fort is well marked and is constructed in the shape of a horseshoe, being 140 yards long and ninety yards wide. A trench, which was originally wide and deep, surrounds the front and sides. At the back a thick brush rises and the land recedes to it. Inside the enclosure, near the trench, are ten pits fifteen feet in diameter. Most of these pits are twenty-five yards apart, and in the centre of the enclosure there is a natural hollow, where the Indians say the horses would be kept.

The locality was well chosen, being situated in the old bed of the Bow River, about a mile south of the Blackfoot crossing (Sayopawagnkwy—ridge under water); in front and on one side, a plain; on the other side, the ground recedes to a small stream, beyond which the great cut banks rise, forming excellent lookout points covering the whole of the country. The grove of trees at the back of the fort descends to the Bow River.

I questioned the Indians regarding its construction, and they said that those who made it used their hands and knives. They must have worked hard!

Turning the soil with a plough we came upon several places where fires had been built a foot under the present surface of the ground, and about these I found fragments of a thin gray pottery made of clay and ground stone with designs cut in it (Fig. 1), and a number of buffalo and antelope bones. In other places, scattered about, were human bones, amongst them the collar bone of a child, which would indicate that the women and children had taken refuge in the fort. I found also a stone with ridges cut on the face, back and edges (Fig. 2), two rude implements, such as would be used in pounding buffalo meat (Fig. 3), and beads (of bone and shell).

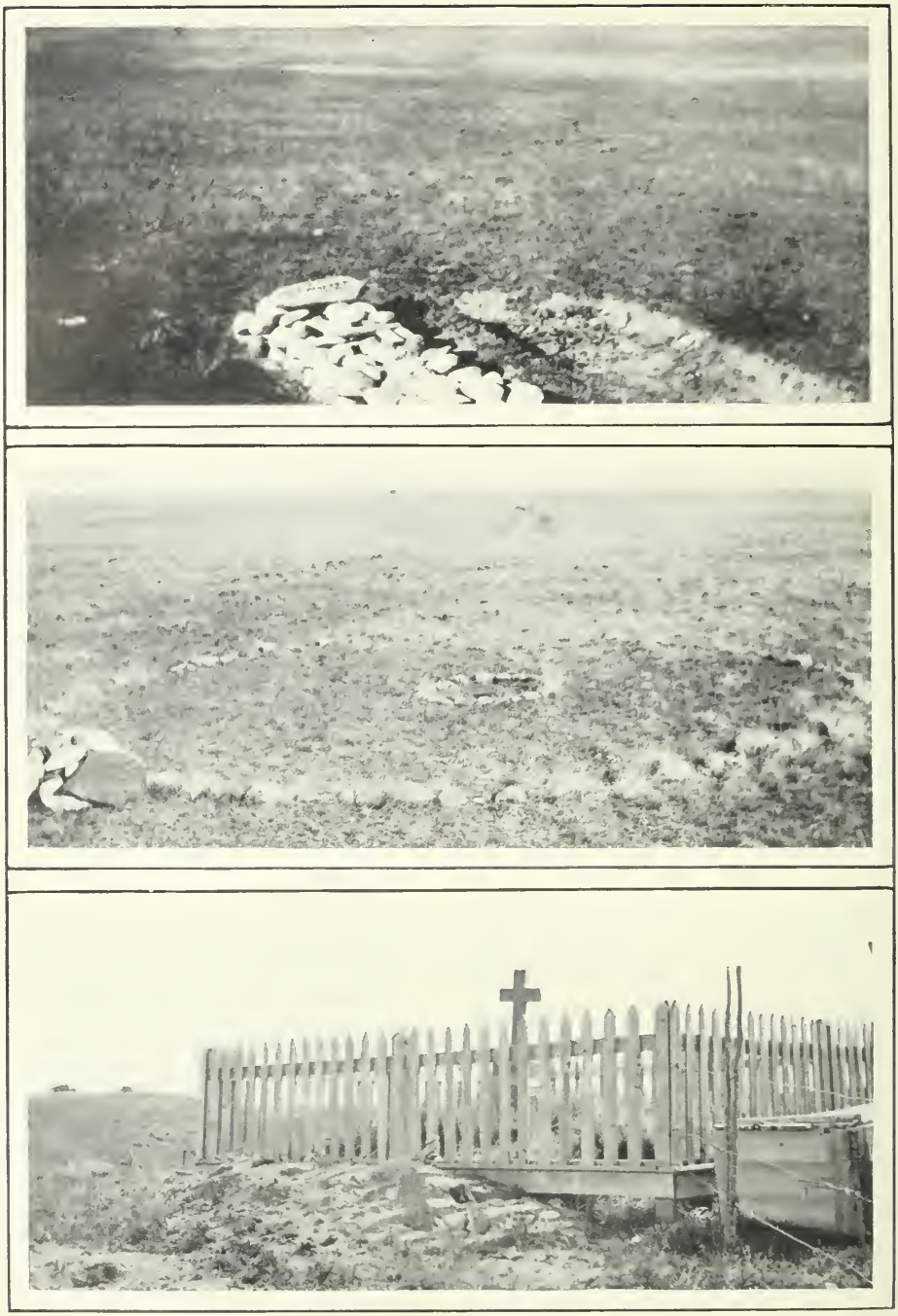
Another day with a white man and an Indian we dug out one of the pits and found five feet from the top a fireplace and a quantity of buffalo bones.

FIGURE 1—FRAGMENTS OF CLAY POTTERY FOUND A FOOT UNDER GROUND IN THE FORT

Arrangements are now being made to examine the ground carefully, and it is likely that many interesting relics of a past age will be found.

This valley of the Bow is of great historical significance. Here was the only ford on the river in the neighbourhood, so that from time immemorial it had been a great camping and burial ground of the various tribes who succeeded to the ownership of the country. Along the river-bed their lodges had stretched as far as the eye could see.

Besides this ancient fort there are other land-marks of great interest. On the prairie, high above the old river-



TOP—GRAVE OF POUNDMAKER

MIDDLE—LAST CAMP OF CHIEF CROWFOOT, HEAD CHIEF OF THE BLACKFOOT CONFEDERACY

BOTTOM—GRAVE OF CROWFOOT

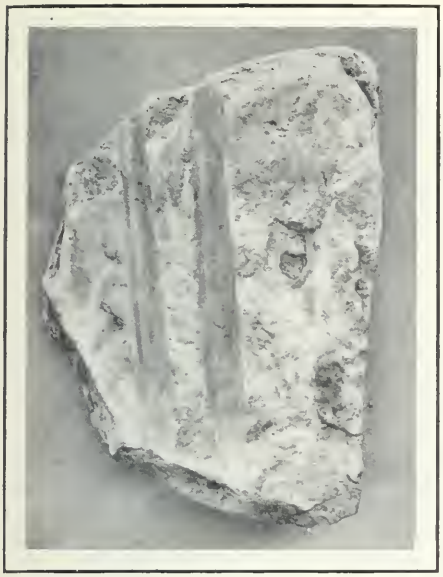


FIGURE 2
STONE WITH GROOVES CUT INTO IT. FOUND UNDER GROUND WITHIN THE ENCLOSURE OF THE FORT

bed, and overlooking the Blackfoot crossing, is the last camp of the great Crowfoot (Sapo Maxika), head chief of the Blackfoot Confederacy. A circle of stones which surrounded the lodge, and a smaller circle in the centre for a fire-place, still remain. Crowfoot's nephew asked me to mark the name of Crowfoot on the slab of stone. His remains were buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery about a mile distant, where an iron cross has been erected, with the inscription, "Chief Crowfoot died April 25th, 1890, aged 69;" and on the other side, "The Father of his people."

I inquired for the grave of the great Cree Chief Poundmaker, his adopted son, who died in 1886 while on a visit to Crowfoot, and found it situated on the prairie, about a mile south of Crowfoot's last camp. The grave had collapsed and the cross decayed, so I had the Indians fill it in with earth and haul stones from the Bow River, inscribing his name on one of them.

These great chiefs were two of the finest specimens, mentally and physically, the red race has produced, and I will have more to say about them in a work on the Indian tribes I intend to publish.

Other interesting places have been passed by, I refer to the spots where the Dominion Government met the old lords of the soil and I hope the historical societies will have columns erected to mark them. Here the treaties were signed which made it possible for us to enter into possession of the country without bloodsheed: Those great treaties of Fort Qu'-Appelle, Fort Carlton and Fort Pitt and the Blackfoot Crossing should at least be marked in this way.

It seems to me that in our country the past and those who played an important part in it are sometimes not kept in remembrance as they should be, yet across the border, poets have sung and philosophers praised the meeting of the white men and red, where Penn held a solemn conference with the Indian chiefs on the banks of the Delaware.

FIGURE 3
ANCIENT STONE IMPLEMENTS FOUND UNDER GROUND IN THE FORT

THE NATIONALIST MOVEMENT

BY JOHN BOYD

"*Mais, c'est une revolte*" (why, it is a revolt), said the luckless Louis to the Duke de Liancourt, who brought him news of the people's rising.

"Sire," answered Liancourt, "it is not a revolt; it is a revolution."

And when the result of the Drummond and Arthabaska election was announced there were many persons old in the political game who were inclined to exclaim, "It is not a revolt; it is a revolution."

The significance of the election, in which a usual Government majority of 1,200 was turned into an opposition majority of over 200, cannot be ignored. Let it be remembered that in the general election of 1896 the Liberal party carried forty-eight out of the sixty-five seats of the Province of Quebec; in 1900 the Laurier Government carried fifty-eight seats, in 1904, fifty-four seats; and after the last general election in 1908 fifty-three of the Quebec seats were found to be in the Liberal column. The Government's majority in the present Parliament is around fifty. Presuming that there would be little change in the representation from the other provinces, it would require a turnover of from twenty-five to thirty seats in the Province of Quebec to bring about an entire change in the alignment of political parties. There are those claiming to be good judges of political prospects who maintain that in the event of a general election with the Navy question as the paramount issue there would assuredly be a marked change in the political map, especially as regards Quebec. Be that as it may, the situation is such as to be of more than passing interest.

There were doubtless several contributory causes leading to the defeat of the Government candidate in Drummond and Arthabaska, but undoubtedly the main factor was the campaign conducted by Mr. Henri Bourassa and his lieutenants in the Nationalist movement, with the active co-operation and support of Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P., and other French-Canadian Conservatives.

It is not my intention to discuss in this article the merits of the Navy question or to deal with events from any party viewpoint. My object is to explain from the utterances of its responsible and accredited representatives what the Nationalist movement means and to give a pen picture of its leader and of some of those most conspicuously identified with the movement.

And first as to its leader. The question was recently put to me by a friend from Ontario—a man of prominence and influence: "What kind of a man is Bourassa and what does he really stand for?" Let me now try to answer that question as fully as will be possible within the limited space of a magazine article. The main facts of Mr. Bourassa's public career are tolerably well known to all Canadians. Born in Montreal in 1868, the son of Napoleon Bourassa, an eminent French-Canadian author and painter, who married a daughter of Louis Joseph Papineau, the great

MR. HENRI BOURASSA, LEADER OF THE NATIONALIST MOVEMENT

French-Canadian statesman and tribune. Henri Bourassa was educated by private tuition in his native city. In 1886 he removed to Montebello, so long the home of his distinguished grandfather. Mr. Bourassa was Mayor of Montebello from 1890 to 1894 and in 1897 was elected Mayor of Papineauville. At the general election of 1896 he was elected as a Liberal to represent Labelle in the House of Commons, but resigned his seat in 1899 in order to vindicate the position he had taken on the constitutional aspect of the participation of Canada in the South African war. He was re-elected by acclamation and was again returned at the general elections of 1900 and 1904. He subsequently left the Federal arena to enter Quebec politics, and in the provincial general election of 1908 he was returned both by St. James (Montreal) and St. Hyacinthe, defeating in the former division, after a memorable contest, the Prime Minister of the Province, Sir Lomer Gouin. He decided to sit for St. Hyacinthe, is still a nember of the Legisature, and is also the director and editor of *Le Devoir* newspaper

published in Montreal. Such are the bald facts of Mr. Bourassa's career. They convey no idea of the man's personality, and it is in his unique personality that much of Mr. Bourassa's potency lies.

What kind of man is he? Picture to yourself a man of forty-two years, in the full vigour of life, of medium height, compact in build, alert and energetic in his movements; of dark complexion, with a short pointed beard, his shapely head crowned by closely-cropped hair sprinkled with gray, and looking upon you from two piercing eyes that reflect a keen and subtle intellect, and you have Henri Bourassa the man. His whole make-up is one of vitality and power. In conversation he is quick and animated, speaking English and French with equal fluency. Frequently in the course of conversation, a smile will light up his countenance, indicating that subtle attribute that may best be designated as charm. For Mr. Bourassa is a charming man, with a great deal of the idealist about him. He is also a man of wide reading and deep study, in fact, there are not many men who are better informed in the various aspects of British life and history than the man whom many are fond of denouncing as anti-British. His deep knowledge of parliamentary and constitutional principles is not only shown in his public discourses, but it is apparent even in the most cursory conversation. Mr. Bourassa is no stranger in the sister provinces, he has been heard at Toronto, he has spoken at Halifax and St. John and at other points in the Maritime Provinces, and he has everywhere met with a most cordial reception.

Striking as is Mr. Bourassa's personality and charming as he is as a conversationalist, it is upon the hustings that his power is supreme. The Nationalist leader is essentially an orator—a great popular tribune. It has been my privilege frequently during the past quarter of a century to be upon the same platform and to listen to the greatest French-Canadian orators of that period, men who rank with the greatest orators that the French-Canadian race has produced—Chapleau, Mercier, Laurier, and last, but certainly not least, Bourassa. Chapleau and Mercier in their prime were men of powerful build, great physical force and magnetic qualities, and by their eloquence they were able to sway vast multitudes. Laurier, though never a strong man physically and inferior in this respect to his great rivals in eloquence, possessed in his prime the art of captivating and swaying an audience. and his influence as an orator was increased by his striking personal appearance—almost æsthetic as it was. The passage of years, while it has diminished his vigour as a speaker, has made his appearance the more striking.

But great as were Chapleau, Mercier and Laurier in their days of power, not one of them could electrify a popular gathering as Mr. Bourassa can. Not only does he appear to be himself transformed, but it seems as if his eloquence hypnotises the whole assemblage. I have stood beside him on many notable occasions and have watched him closely and witnessed the evidence of his unique power. I heard him in the St. James campaign; I stood near to him when he was addressing ten thousand people gathered on the Place d'Armes to commemorate Dollard's heroic exploit: I listened to him as he spoke in Notre Dame Church during the Eucharistic congress: I was in the audience when he addressed twenty thousand people on the Champ de Mars, protesting against insults to the Christian faith: and I was on the platform when following the Drummond and Arthabaska election he received a great ovation from ten thousand of his countrymen gathered in the Ontario rink in Montreal. On all those occasions his power as an orator was conspicuous.

Mr. Bourassa has his peculiarities as a speaker, as all great orators have. He begins quietly, and if you have never heard him before you may be disappointed at the outset and wonder if this is indeed the great orator you have heard so much about. But wait. It is not long before you are listening with interest, the spell of his voice has begun to work, and as he proceeds a wonderful change is wrought. Stronger and more resonant becomes his voice till it reaches out to the furthest limits of the audience, his countenance, in fact, his whole figure, seems to become transformed. His gestures are more frequent and effective, his utterances more and more forcible. He is constantly changing his postion on the platform. One minute he directly faces his audience from the centre of the stand, addressing his hearers quietly without the least motion, anon he raises his arm and emphasises a particular point with a dramatic gesture, frequently striking his breast; at times, as if exalted by his subject and the occassion, he will launch into a torrent of eloquence that will rouse the audience to fever heat. Some of his most eloquent periods are delivered as he leans over the railing of the platform, fixed and motionless, till suddenly rising to his full height and seeming to become taller than he really is, he concludes with a burst of impassioned eloquence, directing his invective against his opponents, his words falling like hammer strokes. And as the orator's mood varies, so does that of the audience. At times a deep silence will prevail, then there will be marks of approval and finally an outburst of wild cheering and enthusiastic gesticulation.

Such is Henri Bourassa the orator. And let it be said, in common fairness, that frequently as I have heard him, I have never heard him indulge in anti-British utterances. During the memorable campaign in St. James I heard him deliver a splendid eulogy of the British flag and the protection enjoyed by all races beneath its folds, and I heard him, addressing a great gathering of his countrymen, make this emphatic declaration: "I am loyal to the traditions of the race from which I have sprung, but I am also loyal to the British flag, which we all love and admire."

It is not only as a speaker that Mr. Bourassa shines. He can also—what is not usual with great public speakers—wield a trenchant pen, as the frequent articles which he contributes to *Le Devoir* under his own signature attest.

I have touched on Henri Bourassa the man, the orator, the writer, and now, what does he stand for?

When we come to consider this question there is a mass of misrepresentation that must be swept away. For instance, I saw it recently stated that the Bourassa movement, as it was called, is a clerical and racial campaign to extend the French language and Quebec institutions throughout Canada. Such a statement is palpably absurd. Mr. Bourassa, it is true, is a fervent Roman Catholic, attached to his faith and his language and a zealous champion of what he deems are the rights of his people when be believes the occassion demands it. But what of that? Are we therefore to infer that his object is to extend the French language and Quebec institutions throughout the Dominion? It would be as logical to say that beaause Sir James Whitney is an Anglican and a champion of the rights of Ontario his object is to extend his faith and the institutions of Ontario throughout the rest of Canada, including Quebec. Such statements as the one alluded to are on a par with a great deal that is written about the Province of Quebec. The habitants of Quebec are not the ignorant, backward and priest-ridden people that too many in the sister provinces are lead to believe. They are a generous, honest, simple-living

MR. F. D. MONK, M.P., WHO JOINED MR. BOURASSA IN OPPOSING THE GOVERNMENT'S NAVY POLICY.

hospitable, freedom-loving people, with a keen interest in public affairs, desiring to have their rights and feelings respected, but at the same time respecting the rights and feelings of others.

Let those who think that they can give pointers to the people of Quebec when it comes to the discussion of public affairs attend a political meeting in that Province, and they will be quickly disillusionised. What is wanted in Canada is more of the spirit shown by the president of the Literary and Scientific Society of Toronto University, when in introducing Armand Lavergne to a Toronto audience he said: "We are British as you are British and we glory in the right of free speech accorded to all British subjects."

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Bourassa's views, there is one inestimable service that he has rendered

He has stood for freedom of speech and independence of thought. Political parties are a necessity, but when party loyalty degenerates into abject servility the interests of the people are apt to suffer. Had Mr. Bourassa been content to be a mere party slave he might have enjoyed the sweets of office. As it was he preferred principle to party and independence of thought and action to the holding of office, and public life has been the gainer. Let that be remembered to his credit. Everybody is at liberty to differ from Mr. Bourassa, but his views are at least entitled to be fairly presented. Let Mr. Bourassa himself explain what he aims at.

It was recently my privilege to have a personal talk with the Nationalist leader, during the course of which he fully and frankly discussed the movement with which he is identified. It was while he was reviewing the situation that I put to him the straight question: "What is the object of the Nationalist movement?" His reply was equally pointed and unequivocal. "The Nationalist movement," he said (I quote his words in substance), "is what I may call the search for a common ground for all Canadians and that common ground, I believe, can be found only in looking to the development of all our Canadian forces, mental, moral and mateial. You cannot, for instance, get all Canadians to agree in their views as regards Great Britain, but you may get all Canadians to agree on the building up of Canada and the creation of a truly national sentiment throughout the Dominion. And by devoting all our energies to the development of Canada we will, I hold, most effectively help to strengthen the Empire. Such a common ground as I speak of cannot, however, be found unless the English-speaking majority take into account the feelings of the minority just as the majority in Quebec respects the rights and feelings of the minority. There must be give and take on both sides. There is nothing of a racial, religious or sectional character in the movement, as has been falsely represented; it is an appeal to all Canadians of good-will, whether they be French-speaking or English-speaking, to unite for the welfare of their common country. The movement is essentially Canadian. We want to put the issue perfectly straight, the largest measure of autonomy for Canada compatible with the maintenance of British connection."

"Then you do not appeal simply to the Province of Quebec, but to the whole Dominion?"

"To the whole Dominion, naturally," quickly responded Mr. Bourassa. "The campaign has been begun in the Province of Quebec, because it is here that the forces we oppose have been concentrated. We are appealing to Quebec to break the yoke and to regard principles rather than attachment to any man. But our campaign will not stop there, and it will be carried into the sister Provinces and the issue Imperialism or Autonomy will be clearly defined and fought out. And from what I hear and read I am convinced that there are thousands of English-speaking Canadians who think as I do on this issue. Our appeal to the Dominion, of course, implies respect for the rights of the various elements that compose the Dominion. The principle of Confederation involves respect everywhere for the rights and liberties of minorities, just the same as the rights and liberties of the minority are respected in the Province of Quebec. In order that the spirit of Confederation shall be lived up to, it is in fact absolutely essential that the rights of minorities everywhere shall be respected."

"And what is your attitude in regard to Great Britain and so-called Imperialism?"

"We claim," answered the Nationalist leader, "that the best service we can render to great Britain and the Empire at large is to look after our

own country, to follow, in fact, the policy that was advocated by Sir Charles Tupper in 1893. If every part of the Empire does the same the Empire at large will be far stronger and more united for peace or for war than by trying to bring all parts to one standard of government and defence. We hold that what we advocate will strengthen rather than weaken the solidarity of the Empire. In fact, I consider it the worst possible thing, both for Canada and the Empire, to foster a false Imperialism, which must eventually result in grave perils and trouble. Let us before all, and above all, be Canadians; let us English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians unite our forces, let us develop our resources, let us build up a great country in which the rights of all shall be respected, let us carefully guard our autonomy, and we shall be rendering the best service, not only to Canada but to the whole Empire. That is the aim of the Nationalist movement."

Having heard what Mr. Bourassa has to say, let us turn now to another quarter. I take up a pamphlet issued some time ago by Mr. Olivar Asselin. It is entitled "A Quebec View of Canadian Nationalism: An Essay by a dyed-in-the-wool French-Canadian on the best means of ensuring the greatness of the Canadian Fatherland." It is dedicated to "the great English race." Mr. Asselin has played a conspicuous part in the Nationalist movement, and he has shown the courage of his convictions. And here a personal reference may be pardoned. In the copy of the pamphlet which Mr. Asselin was good enough to present to me he inscribed these words: "From a fair-minded man to a fair-minded man." He could have paid me no higher tribute or one that I would value or appreciate more. Fairness, respect for the views of others, even when we are not able to agree with them, not narrowness, illiberality and misrepresentation, are requisite if we are to serve the interests of our common country. Let us respect the feelings of everybody, and let the views of all be heard. What has Mr. Asselin to say? His essay, which fills sixty-one pages of a good-sized pamphlet, is a most illuminating review of the whole subject, and it would be a good thing if it could be read by all Canadians and especially by those who are wont to grossly misrepresent the French-Canadians and to advocate that the Province of Quebec shall be ostracised simply because some of its public men take a certain view of a great question. Space will only permit me to quote the summary with which Mr. Asselin has prefaced his work, but that will suffice for my purpose. Here it is:

Nationalism as advocated by the recognised leaders of the Nationlist movement in Quebec aims at the upbuilding of a Canadian nation on the four following principles:—

1. In Canada's relations with the mother country the greatest measure of autonomy consistent with the maintenance of the colonial bond.
2. In Canada's internal relations the safeguarding of provincial autonomy on the one hand and the constitutional rights of minorities on the other hand.
3. The settlement of the country with a sole view to the strengthening of Canadian nationhood.
4. The adoption by both the Federal and Provincial Governments of provident, economic and social laws, that the natural resources of the country may be a source of social contentment and political strength.

The reader may form his own judgment of this programme.

One of the main factors in the strength of the Nationalist movement is the adherence of the younger element. Mr. Bourassa has as his lieutenants and fellow-workers a band of devoted enthusiasts. There is Armand Lavergne, for instance, the Rupert of the movement, amiable, witty, *débonnaire*, concealing beneath a modest demeanour an ability that will carry him far. Armand Lavergne has been heard at Toronto, where he succinctly defined the

Nationalist creed as Canadian autonomy and British connection. Lavergne is one of the most effective campaign speakers in Quebec. He has a manner that captivates an audience and a keen sense of humour. Not only can he crack a joke, but he can enjoy one even when it is at his own expense. An instance in point: It was during the campaign in Drummond and Arthabaska. Mr. Lavergne was addressing a great meeting of the electors at what is known in the Province of Quebec as "*une assemblée contradictoire*," when both sides are heard, and was poking fun at one of the opposing orators who carried a large satchel filled with formidable looking documents. Mr. Lavergne, as is known, is the author of the law compelling transportation companies to print their tickets in both French and English. Beginning his address he said, "*Vous venez d'entendre le 'satchel' de M.* ———" (You have just heard the satchel of M——.") Instantly the crowd, with a keen sense of humour, seizing upon the English word, cried, "*Parlez francais*" (speak French). There were roars of laughter in which Mr. Lavergne heartily joined, though the joke was at his expense. The hardest workers for the Nationalist cause, such men as Olivar Asselin, Omer Heroux, Tancrede Mansil, to mention only a few, are all charged with the spirit of enthusiasm. As I surveyed the great gathering at the Ontario rink, I could not help thinking that history was repeating itself. I recalled the time when, prior to the general election of 1896, I attended one of the closing meetings of the campaign held at Lachine and heard the Liberal leader prophesy that his party would sweep the country. I recalled, too, the great meeting held on the Champ de Mars in Montreal following the Liberal victory of 1896, when I stood on the platform beside Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Tarte and witnessed the great popular ovation of which they were the recipients. It was a scene of indescribable enthusiasm. The young men, the enthusiasts, those who work and struggle for a cause simply because they believe in it, surrounded the leaders. To-day Mr. Bourassa has the youth and enthusiasm on his side.

Let us now consider very briefly the attitude of Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P., and of those Fsench-Canadian Conservatives who think as he does on the navy question. Mr. Monk, as is known, joined forces with Mr. Bourassa and the Nationalists in the Drummond and Arthabaska campaign. He was on the platform with the Nationalist leader at the great Ontario rink meeting following the victory, and he received equally enthusiastic plaudits from the immense gathering. He was hailed by Mr. Bourassa on that occasion as the leader in the movement for the support of national autonomy. As a public speaker, Mr. Monk furnishes a rather striking contrast to Mr. Bourassa. He has less of the Gallic fire and more of the Saxon composure. But he is a forceful and convincing speaker who thoroughly weighs what he has to say and says it with clearness and precision. A commanding presence increases his power over an audience. I have more than once discussed the naval question with Mr. Monk, and there is no ambiguity about his views. He has been charged with disloyalty, has even been branded as a traitor to his country and his party, but he has never swerved in his course. People are at liberty to differ from him, but he can at least claim that he has been consistent in the course he has followed.

Mr. Monk's contentions are, briefly:

1. That the navy policy of the Government, the decisions of the Imperial Conference of 1902, the change in our relations with the Empire have intentionally been removed from all expression of popular opinion and the freedom of that expression denied by the Government, though it was claimed by petition from many thousands of electors from every part of Canada.

2. That the construction of the fleet proposed by the Government is to be condemned as involving a useless and ill-considered expenditure not calculated to help the Empire and violating the principle of representation, while placing upon the Canadian people responsibilities which it was eminently unfair to ask of them to assume under such intolerable conditions.

3. That the enormous sums urgently needed at once for necessary works of development in Canada, such as canals, railways, and other aids to transportation must tax to the very utmost our available resources and credit and that the expenditure absolutely required for the navy could not now be undertaken.

The result in Drummond and Arthabaska, Mr. Monk holds, is a vindication of his attitude, and he further maintains that the appeal that was there made was one that could properly be urged before the electors of any consistuency in Canada. Nor is Mr. Monk alone among French-Canadian Conservatives in the attitude he has taken. Mr. Rodolphe Forget, M.P. for Charlevoix, who occupies a foremost position in the Canadian financial world, openly expressed the view that if there was an election in Quebec the result in every constituency would be the same and that those who said that Mr. Monk was not well advised on the navy question did not understand the feeling of the people of Quebec. Mr. Thomas Chase Casgrain, a former Attorney-General of the Province and member of Parliament, declared that what had taken place in Drummond and Arthabaska would take place at the present time in any ordinary constituency of Quebec. Other leading Quebec Conservatives have expressed similar views, so that Mr. Monk is not without strong supporters and adherents.

The views of the Nationalists have been given, the attitude of Mr. Monk and his adherents has been explained, and now—what of the future? Mr. Bourassa declares that the fight has but begun and that the campaign will be carried through the English-speaking provinces. "And let neither Conservatives nor Liberals be deceived," he says. "The fight of to-morrow, which has been preparing for the past ten years, will not be fought between two armies morally decimated and whose battle-flags cover no longer an idea or a principle. The battle will be fought out between Imperialists and Autonomists. The question will be presented fairly and squarely, and the Canadian people will choose between the two principles. And, whatever may be the issue, there will be no civil war as timid people fear. The minority will accept loyally the decision of the majority, reserving, of course, the right which is essentially British to use every effort to bring the majority to think as they do."

If Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Monk, acting in concert, should in the event of a general election carry a majority of the Quebec seats, what would be the result? Would it mean that they would hold the balance of power? Would it result in a coalition? These are questions that time alone can decide. But one thing is reasonably certain, that if the campaign that Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Monk have begun in Quebec is successful, they will have to be reckoned with.

BLUE PETE

THE SENTIMENTAL HALF-BREED

BY W. LACEY AMY

NOT a rancher in the Cypress Hills district, but would have thought himself lucky could he have induced Blue Pete, the ugly, cross-eyed half-breed, to join any of his outfits permanently. All kinds of offers had been made to persuade him to settle down, for his dexterity with the rope and branding iron was unrivalled; but the tramp cow-boy preferred to move from outfit to outfit, giving everyone his services for a week or two at a time and picking up by this means a fund of information and knowledge of the country and the ways of the ranchers.

For two years every ranch house in the district was open to him. True it was suspected that the half-breed was doing a little rustling on the side, but this earned him no ill-will from the ranchers, as few of them had a scrupulous regard for the parentage of unbranded colt or calf.

Then, one day Blue Pete and his little yellow-blotched, scrubby-tailed pinto, "Whiskers," that had carried him to victory in all the roping contests, found themselves unwelcome visitors. The word had gone around that the half-breed was in the pay of the Northwest Mounted Police, and it did not take long to confirm the suspicion.

From the first day he had appeared in the country, whence no one knew, the excitement and danger of the detective's life had turned him from the cow-puncher's life, with which he seemed most familiar.

For two years he had been able to keep secret his connection with the police, but when the suspicion was aroused, the information he had acquired in his wandering life hung over the head of every rancher with whom he had worked. They did not know that in all his dealings with the police Blue Pete's information had been only to prevent rustling or lead to the return of the stolen cattle or horses, and never to apprehend the rustler.

But when the half-breed was driven from his cow-boy life, and complaints of stolen horses kept multiplying, Inspector Parker issued instructions from his quarters in Medicine Hat that the rustlers as well as the stolen bunches were to be taken.

One clear morning in June the loss of eighteen horses from the Seven Bar Y ranch was reported, and Blue Pete was dispatched with Corporal Mahon, a new member of the local force, to round up rustlers and horses.

The half-breed soon picked up the trail, and after a close examination of the tracks of the outriders started in pursuit, the wrinkles on his forehead showing that something he had discovered disturbed him.

The trail led straight towards the Cypress Hills, an odd tract of wildly-wooded hills and valleys, one hundred miles long by ten wide, rising abruptly from the prairie. Lying a dozen miles to the south of where the trail started, the Hills run parallel to the Montana border and are separated from it by a strip of rolling prairie eight or ten miles wide.

Half-way to the Hills Blue Pete left the trail and entered a coulee, following the depression for the remainder

of the distance. As the trees of the Hills loomed up in front, the riders dismounted to snatch a hurried lunch before the harder tracking ahead of them. Mahon drew a letter from his pocket, and propping it against a stone, read while he ate.

The half-breed watched curiously.

"What's that?" he asked bluntly.

"Letter from my mother," answered the corporal without moving his eyes.

The half-breed stopped his hand half-way to his mouth. "Got a mother?" he demanded almost fiercely.

Mahon looked up in surprise. "Sure I have, the best ever—and I guess she thinks I'm about *it,* too," he added, looking dreamily towards the trees, a youthful smile playing around his lips —the smile that had already won him the name of "Boy," among his companions.

"Shouldn't be in the p'lice," growled the half-breed. "Men with mothers ain't got no right to risk it."

Mahon did not answer. He was thinking of the dear, old, white-haired mother who had been able to give him little but her blessing when he left his home in England to seek his fortune in the Canadian West. The glamour of the red-coat's life had caught him before he had considered any other career.

The half-breed reached across and touched the bit of white paper reverently.

"Mind—mind readin' me somethin' of it?" he stammered. "Never got a letter myself. Like to hear what it's like. Never had a mother either, 't I know of."

Mahon carefully concealed his surprise. "Why, certainly, Pete," he answered.

" 'My dear Boy,' " he began.

"Huh! Called yuh 'Boy,' too, did she?" interrupted his listener. "Boy —Boy!" he repeated, as if the name had acquired a new significance.

"My dear Boy: I was so glad to get your letter only two days late. I always worry so when they are delayed. Of course, I know you cannot write on the same day of every week; but I live so for your letters that if they are a day late I am fretting. If they should cease to come, if anything should happen to you away out there"—

"Guess—guess that'll do," broke in the half-breed, rising suddenly and tightening the cinches on his saddle. "Got to move on now. Mustn't let 'em get out o' the Hills 'head of us."

For hours they led their horses through the wildest country Mahon had ever seen—almost impassable forest and hill, winding through brush, down steep ravines, around miniature lakes, over piles of rock and fallen trees. Blue Pete silently led the way, a frown across his face.

As they were mounting a ridge, the half-breed suddenly stopped and listened a moment. Then, beckoning Mahon to follow he turned on his tracks and hastily led his horse through the trees for a few minutes, until in a dense clump he left the policeman and glided away.

Minutes passed, a half-hour, an hour. A distant rifle shot brought Mahon to a consciousness of the growing darkness. A darker shadow moved into the clump and the "s-s-s" of the half-breed warned him not to shoot.

Quietly Blue Pete led along a ridge, and beside a small lake prepared to spend the night.

Not a word had been said in explanation of the sudden flight or the rifle shot. At last the half-breed spoke.

"Nearly hed yuh," he said. "Hed to lead 'em away, or yer mother wouldn't have got her nex' letter. Can't fight 'em in the woods."

Mahon lay back dreaming. In a few hours he had come from the treeless prairie, all sun and barrenness, into another world of shadows and trees and life. The weird calls of the night denizens of the Hills made his blood tingle. Across the lake two owls hooted to each other, a flock of

geese honked overhead, a fish leaped in the lake.

Blue Pete spoke again. "Can't get lost in these hills; jest keep on north or south 'n yuh'll reach prairie." Straight back is the nearest way out."

"Guess there's not much danger of getting lost with you, Pete."

"Mebbe, mebbe. Can't tell what might happen me, though. Keep yer head 'n you'll be all right. Mother mustn't miss her letter."

Mahon took the first watch, and at one o'clock wakened the half-breed and fell asleep almost instantly, scarcely hearing his companion's, "Don't forget, straight back's the nearest way out."

The policeman awoke the next morning with a feeling of loneliness. Broad daylight glared over the lake and softened into the woods beyond. Close at hand his horse was greedily cropping the long grass, and across the lake two deer were nibbling at the young trees and glancing inquiringly over at his horse between mouthfuls.

But Blue Pete and Whiskers had disappeared; and the half-breed's lunch parcel tied to the saddle told him that he would not return. Why he had left him he could not determine, but he knew that if he found the horses he would find the half-breed. In the meantime he would trust him.

It was no use to attempt tracking—his experience in the woods was too limited for that. But Blue Pete had said that straight back was the nearest way out. It was one of the dull days in the Western rainy season, and there was no sun to guide.

About four in the afternoon the prairie opened before him after the hardest travelling he had ever experieneed. Fortunately he could see Windy Coulee about four miles to the west, which Blue Pete had pointed out as the probable entrance point of the rustlers to the Hills, and in a short time he had turned in on the trail.

For a few yards he could see the tracks of the horses, but hard ground covered all traces as he advanced. Following a clearer space among the trees, he was drifting helplessly along when he was brought up with a jerk by the sound of two rifle shots in rapid succession.

Twilight was settling down in the forest. He urged his horse forward. A volley of revolver shots showed that the battle was at close quarters and just over the ridge.

Slipping from his saddle he hastily climbed upward. On the ridge his heart stood still. There lay Whiskers, the half-breed's friend, the yellow-blotched pinto, dead. Then he noticed what was of more serious import; beside the pinto was the half-breed's rifle, and peeping from the holster was the butt of his big revolver.

Blue Pete was surrounded by enemies, and without a gun. Was he still alive?

A welcome voice came from the other side of the ridge.

"Come out, come out! Gol dang yuh! Come into the open, just onct." Then in an entreating voice: "Won't please, someone jest show me the tip of yer ear."

A shot flashed from the darkness of the ravine, and Mahon, lying flat on the ground and peering down, noted whence it came. Sliding his rifle forward he fired towards the flash.

There was a moment's silence. Then five spots of light leaped at him from the darkness. He ducked, but two holes in his Stetson showed how close his escape had been. A scurry in the ravine, and Blue Pete shouted to him to "scoot."

Leaping on his horse he ploughed up the bank, passing the half-breed, who had already uncoiled his rope from the saddle of the dead pinto and was shouting something at him. His horse gave a few bounds forward, then stopped suddenly, almost throwing the policeman over his head. A small, gray rope had settled over his shoulders, and it knew the lassoo too well to rush to a fall.

"What 'n hell are you doing, Pete?" yelled the angry policeman, reaching for his knife.

"Cut it 'n I'll drop yer horse," answered the half-breed quietly. "Yuh dang fool! Yuh ain't got no show with them five coyotes. Want yer mother to get her nex' letter?"

Mahon saw the point and turned reluctantly back.

Blue Pete was standing looking down at the dead pinto. He had forgotten everything else.

"Poor Whiskers!" he said in a voice new to the corporal. "Dan got yuh for keeps that time. . . Yer ragged little tail won't whistle behind me in the wind any more. . . . Won't be together any more at all, will we, ol' gal?"

He straightened up. "Dan, yuh low-down cuss!" he said in a voice of restrained passion. "Yuh won't outlive her long, or my eye ain't straight."

He knelt and stroked the bony nose. "Yuh fell bad, ol' gal, 'n I couldn't get my rifle clear But yuh threw me clear o' the second shot, even if yuh had a bullet in yer heart. . . . Guess yuh won't feel the wolves to-night . . . Like to give you a decent burial, but yuh'll know I'm after Slippery Dan. . . . S' long, ol' gal. . . . s' long."

He rose and, without looking at his companion, struck off into the woods. After a short walk he suddenly disappeared from view, and Mahon, rounding a rock, saw him push his way through some dense foliage and a moment later a light spattered through. Mahon followed with his horse and found himself in a large cave. The half-breed had lit a candle from a hidden store and was sitting on a box, his head in his hands.

Mahon could stand the silence no longer.

"How did they get you, Pete?" he asked.

Blue Pete looked vacantly at him a moment. Then intelligence came into his eyes. "Ambushed me, damn 'em! Goin' to look fer you. Might a got lost, 'thout the sun. Wasn't thinkin' o' them at all, but of you—of something else. Guess yuh fitted in there all right, Boy."

"But why did you leave me last night, Pete?"

The half-breed frowned, looked confused, and, with a shrug of his huge shoulders, answered: "Yer mother, Boy, yer mother. Durn it! This ain't no game for boys with mothers. Kind o' reckoned yer mother'd want that nex' letter. . . .'n the next. . . . 'n the next."

Mahon listened in surprise. Then he reached inside his coat and drew out the letter.

"Would you like to hear the rest now," he asked gently.

Blue Pete stopped his hand, while his eyes sought the letter longingly. "No, no," he answered. "Reckon I got to get yuh through this first. . . . I'm goin' to get another horse. Goin' over to the Post. Back 'fore morning."

He glided into the darkness. A wolf howled, and the foliage parted again.

"Don't be feared," the half-breed said, "'f yuh hear shootin' over there. They've found the ol' gal."

Mahon blew out the candle and as the moonlight flickered through the leafy covering at the mouth of the cave he heard the weird howl of one, then of another wolf. As he listened two rifle shots came close together. A short yelp after each and all was silence. "Poor old Whiskers hasn't died alone," he muttered.

In the early dawn the half-breed returned with two horses, and after a bite, the chase was resumed, Blue Pete leading the extra horse. He seemed to know where to pick up the trail of the stolen horses, for in a short time they were almost clear of the trees and hot on the track.

Faster they rode, and, as they topped a roll on the prairie, a big white horse plunged up a slope far ahead, and behind it followed a bunch of horses and seven riders. The pursuers

were seen at the same time. One of the rustlers detached himself from the rest and waited, rifle ready. With cool deliberation, he fired. The bullet fell short.

"Must be losin' his nerve. Got to get that 'un, though, or he'll get us," said Blue Pete, looking to Mahon for instructions. The latter considered a moment. Another shot struck the ground close beside his horse.

"All right, Pete," he assented, "wing him."

Blue Pete wheeled to the left where the rustler had disappeared in a coulee. His rifle spoke, and in a few minutes he was back at Mahon's side, and took the extra horse.

"Scare him off?" asked the policeman.

"Y—yes."

Mahon looked suddenly at him.

The half-breed nodded. "Slippery Dan," he said laconically; and Mahon knew the rest.

Ahead of them the rustlers were urging the bunch of horses towards a line of wooded hills that marked the border of Montana and safety. All the horsemen veered off and left two men alone, whose superb horsemanship seemed to bespeak successful escape.

Blue Pete raised his rifle and a bullet hissed through the gloom. The white leader leaped into the air and fell. The remainder of the bunch broke wildly away.

"Now I want those men—but alive." The corporal added the last words hastily.

"Can't get 'em," answered the half-breed, swerving to head off the scattering horses.

"I will get them," Mahon hissed.

"Two good men gone," muttered the half-breed as he drew away.

Taking careful aim the policeman fired. The leading horse fell. The other, following closely, attempted to turn aside too quickly, stumbled and fell, picked itself up riderless, limped a few steps and stood still, one leg hanging limp. The unseated rustler sent a bullet into its head, and from behind the two horses the rustlers covered the oncoming policeman. A puff from the nearest horse and Mahon had to throw himself free of his falling horse.

Only a hundred yards lay between him and the rustlers. Without a moment's hesitation he advanced—not hastily, but deliberately. Two rifles covered him.

"You'll save a lot of trouble if you surrender quietly," he shouted advancing with his rifle in the hollow of his arm.

"You'll save more trouble if you stop where you are," a voice answered.

Mahon walked on. A Mounted Policeman never hesitates.

"You fool!" continued the voice excitedly. "You can't take us. We'll fill you full of lead if you come five yards further."

Mahon kept on. But sixty yards intervened.

"Can you shoot him, Jim?" came to the astonished ears of the corporal.

"Can't do it, Joe," answered another voice. "I guess it's all up with us this time. Sorry, Joe. This was my fault. Too big a coup to pull off. I'm not going to be taken. Good-bye, Joe!"

"What! Wait a minute, Jim!"

A figure darted from the nearest horse and sank behind the other. Two revolver shots rang out almost as one. Mahon stopped, dazed that he had escaped. Then he rushed forward.

The sun struggled through a rift in the low west and shone upon the upturned faces of the two rustlers—dead.

There they lay, their left hands clasped, revolvers still smoking, a small hole in each forehead. Only one looked up and smiled feebly. Mahon covered his face with his hands and sat down limply on the dead horse. The rustlers were brothers, big ranchers whom he had often met at their ranch north of the Hills—well educated, kindly, proud, humane, so humane that they had spared his life and tak-

en their own, so proud that they preferred death to disgrace.

Something touched him. He looked up to see Blue Pete standing beside him, cap in hand. The stolen horses were loping back towards the Hills, led by the extra horse Pete had brought.

"Knew—knew yuh wouldn't get 'em." The half-breed's voice was low and tender. "Poor Jim! Poor Joe! Knew it was you. Didn't want to be in at the death."

As they were riding back towards the Hills, the half-breed broke a long silence.

"Guess—guess I can have the rest o' yer mother's letter now, can't I, Boy? Yuh left off where she said 'if anythin' should happen yuh away out there'—start there."

Mahon read the letter through.

"Read it again."

Mahon did so.

" 'Spose yuh'll be writin' home again soon, won't yuh, Boy? Well, tell yer mother Blue Pete's lookin' after yuh."

JANUARY

By DONALD A. FRASER

A LAUGHING maiden, January stands,
Bedecked in all her snowy mantle fair;
The sunlight glints upon her golden hair,
And sleeping branches fill her warm-gloved hands.
The green pines bend to her their quiv'ring wands,
The twitt'ring birds give forth their welcome rare,
The fleecy clouds smile through the crystal air,
And Earth rejoices as she greets the lands.
She comes to tomb the faded and the sere,
To rest tired Nature after all her throes,
To cover up the blights of yesteryear,
To heal Earth's sickness and relieve her woes.
Thus January brings the world goid cheer,
And opes the door to greet the glad New Year.

JOSIANA HANDSATCHEL

BY AGNES FAULKNER NELSON

RUSSEL Craig rolled over in the long grass. It was the recess-hour, and two children had strayed from the schoolyard into the field that ran alongside the river. In another moment they would discover him—and run, perhaps, taking him for a tramp. But in that he misjudged.

"Look, Penelope! Doesn't he look like a young Adonis?"

Russel opened his eyes wide. What he saw was the second edition of some *grande dame,* with one arm thrown about the shoulders of a shy, demure little maiden. There was no hint of flight in their attitude.

"As you're so well up in the classics," he remarked lightly, clasping his hands behind his head and tossing a mop of fair hair out of his eyes with a careless, easy fling of the head, "perhaps you can tell me why Dido committed suicide."

"Because Æneas jilted her," was the quick reply.

Russel's lips puckered for a whistle, but no sound came.

"Can't you do it? You put your tongue so. Mother says there's a proverb about whistling girls, but a great many of the proverbs are out of date, don't you think so? Like Josiana Handsatchel—she's so old she should be super-ann-u-ated."

"And, pray, who is Josiana Handsatchel?"

"She's our teacher. The boys named her that because her Christian name is Josiana and she invariably carries a handsatchel to school. I never mind being punished by her, because when you cry she cuddles you. Oh, I'm plucky—I don't cry easily. But I *do* love to be cuddled. There's the bell, Pen; we'll be late for line."

They scampered off through the long grass and Russel Craig was alone again.

For five minutes he lay still, gazing up into the clear blue of the sky.

"She's a precocious little bit of humanity," he mused, "an exact copy of the mother, I'll bet . . . . And so Josiana Handsatchel cuddles you when you cry? What a comforting sort of person Josiana must be! *Josiana!* Where have I run across that name lately? Let me see: there's Victor Hugo's *Josiana*—the one who enticed the *Laughing Man* away from his little blind girl. But it's years since I've read that book.

"*Josiana!*

"I have it. I saw the name engraved on the inside of a diamond ring in the north country, three weeks ago.

"*Josiana!*

"That's the very name. A bluff, old miner wore it—a crackerjack of an engineer, they told me: an old bachelor making money and spending it right and left; a woman-hater, so they said. Now, a woman-hater's either one of two things: he's a poser or (like Dido) he's been jilted some time in his life. There's no such thing as a natural, gen-u-ine woman-hater. And that man was too sincere to be a poser, therefore—"

He stretched himself luxuriously, then leisurely sat up, gathering a handful of books that lay scattered in the grass.

Rising to his feet, he sauntered towards the fence, and, vaulting lightly

over it, made for the school-house, where he knocked at the first door he came to. No one answered, so he found himself beating time with the toe of his shoe to the singing within:

"For every little wave has its white-cap on,
White-cap, night-cap, white-cap on."

He knocked again. The chorus ended, and, just as the door was opened from within, the second verse began:

"Then the lobster, dark and green,
Appeared upon the scene—"

The singing ceased, and the teacher stood laughing up at him.

"Well, I call this tough," he remarked: "I may be a lobster, but, honestly, I don't think I'm a *green* one; and, by all that's visible, I'm not dark; now, am I?"

He was tall and fair and handsome. Taking off his cap with an elaborate bow, he introduced himself.

"I'm J. Russel Craig, B.A.," he announced.

"And I'm J. Margaret Deans, M. A.," she responded. "I have fifty odd ones and two pairs of twins. Will you come in, Mr. Craig, B.A.?"

Russel looked down into her face, and something seemed to tell him that this was Josiana Handsatchel. She was a plain little woman, with a sallow complexion, and smooth, mouse-brown hair streaked with gray, and innumerable crow's-feet about shallow gray eyes—eyes that were full of sparkle like shallow pools lying in the sunlight. She radiated motherliness—perhaps because the baby-room was hers and had been for the last thirty years.

"Thank you, I will," he replied. "I've a few books on phonics and paper-folding and a physical geography that may interest you. I'm travelling for the Graham-Elliott Company. B.A., I presume you know, stands for book agent."

"No, I was not aware of the fact. But perhaps you did not know that M.A. stands for ma—a fine degree."

They had been grave as long as they could be. Miss Dean started the laugh, and Russel joined in. It was contagious. In a moment the whole school was laughing, though what the laughing was all about not a child could have told.

"It's a good exercise for them," said Miss Dean, with a nod towards the children. "I start them laughing occasionally—it freshens them for work. There, children, that will do. Now I'll look at the books."

Russel walked home with Miss Dean —and the handsatchel—not to mention half a dozen children clinging to their two hands. At the corner they were joined by Miss Raye, a pleasant-faced teacher who somehow had escaped the "school-marm" manner and who reminded Russel of James Whitcomb Riley's poem "Out to Old Aunt Mary's."

"I hope it doesn't embarrass you—seeing two old maids home?" she smiled.

"Now, my dear," expostulated Miss Dean. "How often have I explained to you that there is a difference between old maids and maiden ladies, and that *we* are maiden ladies?"

She glanced at Russel out of the corners of her eyes.

"The difference consists in this," she went on, "that maiden ladies have had a chance and old maids have not."

"But who's to know we've had a chance?" objected Miss Raye. "We might easily be imposters."

"Trust the men for knowing it," said Russel impulsively, and the two teachers laughed.

As he had not completed his tour of the schools by four o'clock, and as it was a Friday, Russel remained in the town until the beginning of the week. Sunday evening found him in St. Andrew's, seated below the gallery. Russel's mind wandered during prayer-time—it was a bad habit he had fallen into. Not even the minis-

ter's "Gather in our wandering thoughts and strained affections" could cause him to concentrate his attention. He leaned forward, his head on his hand, a dreamy look in his wide-open eyes, when suddenly, without warning, something hard struck him on the top of the head. It was so unexpected in such a place that he started as if he had been shot, looked about guiltily, then gingerly picked up the thing that had hit him. It was round and black and covered with jet, and a bunch of faded lilacs adorned one side of it. Apparently it was a hat.

Russel glanced up towards the gallery and saw a woman's bare head. Then he knew in a flash what had happened. The woman had bowed her head on the railing and the hat, fastened all too insecurely—perhaps with only one pin—had fallen off. Very softly he slipped out of his seat, the offending thing in his hand, and entered the vestibule, to meet the owner of the hat.

It was Josiana herself.

They stood staring at each other, wanting to laugh, but restrained by a sense of the sacredness of the place.

"I'll never trust *one* hat-pin again, as long as I live," whispered Miss Dean. "I hope it didn't hurt."

She took the hat from him and placed it on her head. "Is it on straight?" she asked.

Russel nodded. "Listen," he said. "There's the amen."

The colour crept into Miss Dean's face.

"We'd be conspicuous going back together," she said. "I won't go."

"Neither shall I, then. Let's go for a walk instead—along the river-road. It must be pretty there at sunset, and we'll let nature preach us a sermon.

Very quietly they left the church, feeling like a pair of truants. Down past the old Punchbowl School-house they went, not stopping until they came to the bridge. The sun was setting, and they leaned against the railing of the bridge to watch it. Gradually it sank out of sight, turning the sky and the surface of the water to amethyst. The willows on the opposite bank drooped gracefully, touching the river where the current ran in little eddies. The crickets sang from a nearby marsh. It was much like church—only far more beautiful.

After a long silence Russel broke the stillness.

"Are you sure it's well fastened on this time?" he asked casually. "If it should fall over this railing it would strike something more ruinous than my head."

She smiled as she jabbed the hat-pin again into her thin hair.

"That comes of being in a hurry," she replied. "One should never hurry. Better be late."

"Which is a nice statement for a school-teacher to make."

"Yes, wasn't it? But the children—they have strong hearts and good digestions and are full of superfluous energy anyway. It takes *so* much energy to keep up with them."

"Are you fond of the work?"

"I love to teach; I detest keeping order. They come to me fresh from the nursery and sometimes they forget and call me mother."

A grave, sweet look came into her eyes. Russel nodded sympathetically.

"The great secret of discipline," she went on, "is not to say a thing unless you mean it, and, having said it, to stick to it. It has taken me thirty years to learn the lesson. It has been my life-lesson, too, for it cost me all I held dear in life once.

"It happened a quarter of a century ago, so I can speak calmly enough now. I was engaged to be married—it was my 'chance,'" and she smiled up at him. "He wanted me to go to Mexico, and I kept putting him off. It was such a wretched little place he lived in, up in the mountains, three days' ride from a railway station, not a white woman in the place—all Spanish, and peons for the most part—peons who stole your

valuables, and whom you daren't go near for fear of getting—fleas," she added with a blush. "Sometimes I'd say I'd go, and then I'd change my mind and give some reason for not going.

"He was a very decided man—simple and straightforward, not complex and capricious like myself. He began to think I didn't really care for him. To settle matters, he finally sent a telegram straight and to the point:

"'*Will you marry me on the thirty-first of December?*'

"It was so like him, so strong and concise, that it affected me more than the most eloquent love-letter ever written could have. I felt that I could go anywhere in the world—to Siberia, even—as long as it was to him. Unfortunately, I slept over it. I kept him waiting twenty-four hours for his answer (wasn't that like a girl?) and then I telegraphed back one word."

"Was it three letters or two?" asked Russel involuntarily.

"It was three. But it was so noncommittal. It might mean anything, that 'yes.' It might have been a begrudging 'yes,' or a sullen 'yes,' or an impatient 'yes,' or a hesitating 'yes.' He had not the slightest idea of my attitude.

"The doctor was there when he opened my telegram. The doctor was Scotch. 'Humph!' he said, 'she might have put in a few more words—it wouldn't have cost her anything. It's my opinion, Dan, you'll find trouble up home.'

"And all the time I was preparing for the trip with the gladdest of hearts. Now that the thing was settled, once for all, I ceased worrying and just gave myself up to joyful anticipation. I went to Tom Murphy (he was a jockey once) and asked him to teach me to ride.

"'Have you ever ridden before?" says he.

"I shook my head.

"'It will have to be astrad for the mountains?'

"'Yes,' I replied, quite unabashed.

"'I'll teach you to fall,' says he, 'and to take fences.'

"'But I'm not going in for a circus rider, Tom,' I protested.

"'Ain't there ravines in the mountains?' says he. 'Well, you'll have to learn to take those.'

"I think Tom's ideas of mountains were rather vague, and my own not much better. The old worries began to come back. I expected Dan on the thirtieth of December. Now that was the date agreed upon for the celebration of the raise in teachers' salaries. We had been getting on an average of one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year and we had struck in a body, and the board had yielded to our demand for increase of salary. Very much elated over the fact, the teachers had planned a supper (to celebrate) in the only restaurant the town boasted, and that supper was to be on the night of the thirtieth.

"None of them knew that I was to be married next day—I had kept it secret.

"When Dan didn't come on the afternoon train I knew the only train he could come on then was the eight-forty in the evening. The supper was to begin at eight. That gave me forty minutes, an hour perhaps, for the train was usually ten or fifteen minutes late. I suppose you wonder why I went to the supper at all?"

"I do," said Russel decidedly.

"It was from a spirit of loyalty. We had formed a sort of family compact against the board, we teachers; we had had a hard fight, and I wanted to stay with them to the last. It was a merry supper—for repartee, one of the brightest I ever attended. Naturally, I was the most excited one there, and my tongue ran away with me. Time flew.

"Suddenly I pulled out my watch. *It was twenty minutes past nine.* 'Girls,' I cried, 'I have an engagement. You'll have to excuse me.'

"They thought I was crazy. Two of them pulled me down into my seat

again, and they insisted that I remain for the toasts."

She hesitated, turning her face away from Russel.

"I stayed."

"And he had come all the way from Mexico?"

"I knew—it was inhuman. I was feverish when I reached home—and shy. I was almost afraid to go in. When at last I plucked up my courage, I found mother alone in front of the fireplace, knitting.

"'Didn't he come?' I asked. 'Yes, he came,' she replied quietly. 'But he went away again. He waited half an hour for you. I think he was angry.'

"He never came back—never gave me any chance to explain. It was just as well I had not published my wedding."

"You should have written," said Russel.

"Perhaps. He was proud, too."

"He may come back yet."

"Scarcely. I have grown philosophical. We might be so changed as not even to recognise each other. And dear knows what corner of the world he's in—mining engineers roam about so."

"He was a mining engineer then?" Russel spoke quickly, excitedly. "Had you a diamond engagement ring?" he asked, "with your name engraved on the inside?"

"Yes." She gave him a queer look. "I returned it, of course."

"By Jove!" he cried. "Coincidences aren't so rare in real life as they are in books."

The colour ebbed and flowed in her sallow cheeks.

"Do you know him?" she asked, after a slight pause.

"I think I do."

"Well—please don't tell him *my* side of the story. And remember," she warned him, "I've learned to mean what I say. You promise?"

Russel's face fell.

"I promise," he said.

* * * * * * *

Russel was late in coming down to breakfast next morning—not that his Sunday evening had been so very dissipating. Passing through the hotel office on his way to the dining-room, the figure of a man leaning over the desk, to register, attracted his attention. He was a powerfully built man, strong and muscular, slightly bald at the temples, and in his left hand hung loosely a white felt hat adorned with a leather band of exceedingly fine workmanship. There was a sort of cowboy air about him that attracted other eyes than Russel's. Suddenly the man looked up.

"Drummond! Well, I'll be dingdonged!"

Russel marched up to him and put out a hand.

"Thought there was something familiar about you," he said. "Going to be here long?"

"No—just passing through," replied the man, with a grip that made Russel wince. "It's twenty-five years to-day since I was here before. I find a good many changes."

Russel glanced involuntarily at the ring on the man's little finger and acquiesced with a mental reservation, that he would find changes in more than one place. A woman at twenty-five may not be beautiful, but at least she has youth in her favour.

A desire seized him to impress upon the man before him the *fineness* of a woman whose freshness may have faded, but whose heart was still young—at fifty. Would Dan Drummond be able to appreciate her?

"I'll show you around this morning," he suggested. "If you'll wait until I've had my breakfast."

"Thank you." The man spoke without the slightest hesitation. "I've an engagement."

"It's all right," returned Russel carelessly. "Thought you might be going my way—that's all. I'm a sort of school inspector."

Drummond gave him a sharp look.

"See you later?" said Russel, as, with the slightest elevation of the eye-

brows, he strolled gracefully into the dining-room.

He had only the next ward to visit, and his tour of the schools would be completed. At noon he returned to the hotel, and, when he had dined, paid his bill. His train left at two. Having nothing else to do, he walked to the station, sauntering slowly along the widest, shadiest avenue in the town. As he approached St. Andrew's he caught a glimpse of his little friend, the *grande dame,* standing disconsolately against a tree on the church lawn. She seemed to be guarding something in the pocket of her pinny.

The minister's son, a boy of her own age, came out of the manse. When he spied her he walked boldly over to where she stood.

"You'll please get off of this lawn," he said; "it's my father's lawn."

"It isn't," retorted the *grande dame.* "It's God's lawn—and I'll stay on God's lawn if I like."

Her words ended in a sob—a strange sound coming from the little lips. It nonplussed the boy, whose arrogance turned to curiosity. It brought Russel over to where she stood with quivering lips, trying to force back the tears.

"What is the matter, child?"

He drew her hand into his, scattering a handful of rice on the ground.

"She's—in—there," sobbed the child, pointing towards the church door. "I'll never go to school another day in my life."

Light dawned upon Russel.

"Is it a wedding?" he asked, his face becoming animated. "Gee whizz! They didn't lose any time. Let's go and peek, little girl."

He drew the unwilling child after him into the vestibule of the church. Was it only last night he had stood in that very place, staring at the bride, hatless and embarrassed? Softly he pushed open the red felt door. They were coming down the aisle—Dan Drummond and his wife, followed by the minister and the two witnesses. Dan looked radiant, his wife soberly happy.

"Congratulations!" called Russel. "Where's the rice, girlie? Bless me, the child's crying!"

The bridal party entered the vestibule, and the *grande dame* rushed forward, clasping her arms about the teacher's knees.

"Don't go away," she pleaded, raising her tear-stained face to the bride's. "I'll promise to be *so* good if you'll stay."

"There, there, dearie, don't cry." She placed a hand on the child's head, and Russel thought he saw a tear glisten in her own eye. "You'll have a new teacher and perhaps a better one."

She glanced up at Russel. "You didn't expect to witness the closing chapter, did you?" she asked, with her whimsical smile. "I haven't quite realised it myself, yet. It was very good of the board to let me off, wasn't it? Dan, this is my friend, Mr. J. Russel Craig, B.A. Mr. Craig, this is—my husband."

The colour rushed into her sallow cheeks, and Russel could feel the thrill that went through her as she uttered those two words.

The men shook hands heartily.

A cab drove up to the church door, and the bride stooped and kissed the child who clung to her.

"We mustn't miss our train, Elizabeth. Good-bye, little girl."

She turned again at the door to give Russel a roguish glance.

"I've three hat-pins in it to-day," she said. "I took no chances."

Russel picked Elizabeth up in his arms and followed them to the cab. As it drove off, the bride leaned out to wave them farewell, and in her hand was a brown leather hand satchel.

Russel whistled a bar of *Lohengrin.*

"Well, Elizabeth," was his philosophical remark, "I guess she's superannuated all right."

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

PROFITING, no doubt, by the success in this particular field of endeavour last year and mindful of the frame of mind in which our jaded spirits approach the shrine of dramatic art at summer-end, the early season's efforts were devoted almost entirely to comedy and farce offerings. Of these we had at least a round dozen: "Love Among the Lions," "The Brass Bottle," "The Commuters," "The Cheater," "Baby Mine," "Bobby Burnit," "The Country Boy," "Miss Patsy," followed at short intervals by "Con & Co.," "Anti-Matrimony," "Decorating Clementine," and "Smith." Add to these such lusty yearlings as "Seven Days," "Tillie's Nightmare," and "The Fortune Hunter," and our early list is practically complete.

There was just one flaw in the managerial logic: Comedy, even farce comedy, may on occasion belong to the realm of pure art, and for proper appreciation must needs be approached in as serious and discriminating a frame of mind as the sternest tragedy. "Love Among the Lions," for instance, or "The Brass Bottle" had literary and artistic qualities that entitled them to be heard, not in an idle moment, but when the season was at its height and in its most discriminating mood. To the mistaken policy of launching them earlier, may be attributed their only partial success. At least, that is a fair inference and not too flattering, we hope, to New York taste at its best. "Anti-Matrimony" paid a compliment to our literary and intellectual refinement that we could hardly appropriate under any conditions. These examples are, of course, the exception, and few of the offerings named are open to the accusation of flattering public taste even at its lowest ebb. In fact, casting back over the few short summer months, the contrast was not specially cheering. Spring had brought us Ibsen, Hauptman, Brieux, a charming revival of Tom Robertson's "Caste" and a gala performance of the famous Gilbert-Sullivan operatic idyll of a generation ago, "The Mikado." The season of flowers and love and other joyous things had therefore an interesting counterpart in our theatrical experience. But the promise of the sowing has not yet appeared in the harvest. On the other hand, and for our temporary encouragement, we may remember that the dramatic season often finds its highest artistic level in the spring.

"Anti-Matrimony," among other things, emphasised the distance of a scholarly recluse from the habits of thought of, say, Broadway. Measured by a purely intellectual standard and choice of theme, Mr. Percy Mackay's comedy, in spite of some dull moments, is superior to any offering of the season. In fact, that is its fault. It is too superior by comparison, too isolated from its contemporaries, too aristocratic and cold, its ivory whiteness humbling too much our more or less begrimed tastes. It is packed with critical analysis and shrewd penetrating thought. It is jewelled with scintillating epigrams. But it soars above the multitude like an aeroplane,

EDITH LYLE, LEADING WOMAN IN "THE COUNTRY BOY," BY EDGAR SELWYN.

and its sparkling, mordant wit shines on us from the distance of fixed stars. This aloofness seemed to be realised for a friendly human hand, in the form of a pamphlet, stretched across the void, inviting us to feel at home, to be happy and to laugh whenever we felt disposed towards merriment.

The comedy is a gentle satire on certain phases of modern thought or, to be more exact, on certain popular interpretations of modern thinkers, with particular reference to that ever-present subject, matrimony.

The action takes place in Massachusetts, in the home of the *Rever-*

RICHARD BENNETT AND IRENE FENWICK, IN "THE BRASS BOWL."

end Elliott Grey, a young clergyman modern enough to be interested in sociology and practical reforms. His younger brother, *Morris*, has just returned from abroad, where he has picked up a leaf or two of Nietsche and the masters, and proceeds to assail the suburban views of his brother's household with his new-found doctrine of freedom, individuality, the oversoul, the superman and other stray ends of Continental philosophy. His companion and soul-mate is a young woman of nineteen, *Isabelle*, by name, equally sentimental—which in this, as in most instances, means devoid of humour. She happens also to be a sister of the clergyman's wife, *Mildred*. *Mildred* is clever, tactful and practical, and in addition to her other charms seems to have inherited the sense of humour that was left out of *Isabelle's* compound. The viewpoint of the comedy is disclosed in this, and it is *Mildred's* sense of humour exposing the unsuspecting young sentimentalists to constant ridicule that provides the entertainment and finally restores them to sanity. Meanwhile they have the floor, and to be entirely consistent in their anti-matrimonial propaganda, have announced the non-existence of any legal marriage tie between them—a statement not borne out by fact, as we afterwards learn. They have really been married in the ordinary way, but, ashamed of their weakness, have agreed to keep the fact a secret. This knowledge gives *Mildred* her opportunity. By pre-arrangement with her husband, she places herself under *Morris's* influence, professes conversion to his views, and feeds his per-

HELEN WARE, THE STAR IN "THE DESERTERS."

sonal vanity to such an extent that he fancies her his real soul-mate instead of the complaisant *Isabelle*. This situation arouses the hitherto emancipated and un-domestic *Isabelle* into a betrayal of the very domestic passion of jealousy; and, to block further advances on her preserves, she blurts out the truth they were all waiting for—the marriage. This scene develops into pure burlesque, in which "Rosmersholm" is travestied with considerable literary adroitness, to provide a mill-race, a mill-door that locks on the inside and plenty of mud to complete the discomfort and cure of the sentimentalists. All this, of course, suggests no clue to the brilliant verbal exchanges, the wealth of literary allusion, or the keen humorous insight into some familiar modern currents of thought that adorn the play. All the elements of a splendid literary comedy are there, the lines are above reproach, and the situation a perfect one. But, unfortunately, while the satirisation was evidently meant for popular entertainment, and written from the popular point of view, the populace is still innocent of the matters satirised. Miss Henrietta Crossfan played the rôle of *Mildred* with entire success.

"The Deserters," by Robert Peyton Carter and Alice Chapin, is frank melodrama. It is an army-post story, told in an interesting way, and it holds one or two intensely dramatic situations, but as a picture of army life its accuracy would be open to serious question. A murder has been done and through a combination of

MARY BOLAND, JOHN DREW AND SIBYL THORNDIKE, IN "SMITH."

circumstances, made known to the audience in a prologue, the wrong man is not only accused of the crime, but is himself convinced of his guilt and persuaded to desert. His innocence is known only to the real slayer, an army captain and his wife. As the woman's reputation, already compromised, is at stake, their silence is explained. Meanwhile the Federal Government have sent a woman detective to track the deserter, but, as she will not act in cases that end in capital punishment, the circumstances are not fully explained. The result is that she locates her man, and, having fallen in love with him after the manner of fiction, surrenders him to his post from a sense of duty to him. When she learns the truth of his position, she sets about to track the real murderer and, of course, at the psychological moment, rounds up the guilty pair in true melodramatic style.

The best reason for the play is that it provides Miss Helen Ware, now elevated to the rank of "star," with an excellent acting vehicle. Miss Ware's brilliant work some years ago in "Kreutzer Sonata," when she outshone so experienced an actress as Blanche Walsh, followed afterward by equally effective performances in "Regeneration" and "The Road to Yesterday," and more recently in "The Third Degree," have gradually but firmly established her reputation as one of the leading emotional actresses of the country. In "The Deserters" she has a part calling for considerable versatility and variety of acting method, but she runs the gamut with entire success, culminating in emotional scenes of real dramatic power.

"Love Among the Lions" is adapted from the novel of F. Anstey, by Mr. Winchell Smith. The story has to do with one *Theodore Sanders*, a gentle tea-taster, who has conceived a long-distance passion for the ward of a teacher of elocution. Up to the

DORIS KEANE, G. P. HUNTLEY AND HETTIE WILLIAMS, IN "DECORATING CLEMENTINE."

present he has seen the lady from afar only—or, to be quite precise, from the other side of the street. On summoning courage for a closer acquaintance, he finds a lady of highly romantic temperament, anxious to relieve the monotony of her hum-drum life by some heroic act. His timid wooings are in consequence suddenly confronted with the novel proposition that he marry the young lady in a cage of lions. He accepts the terms with a certain show of bravado, but most of the humour that follows is concerned with his efforts to find some loop-hole of escape from the terrifying prospect.

Apart from its downright entertaining qualities, interest centered in the charming performance of Mr. E. A. Mathews, a refined young English comedian, whom the play introduced to the American public. Mr. Mathews is an actor of the most refined type, and his handling of the highly farcial situations proved him an artist of restraint, delicacy and the utmost finish.

"The Brass Bottle," also by F. Anstey, was a leaf torn bodily from the book of Arabian Nights, in which genii, enchanted palaces, and other highly improbable, but diverting phenomena, together with some touches of Eastern lore, appear. Here is the story: A young architect has brought back from an apparently fruitless mission to the auctioneer, a sealed brass bottle of curious Oriental design. His prospective father-in-law, who commissioned him to visit the auction-room, is disgusted. On opening the bottle, however, a genie, imprisoned therein two thousand years before by one of the Ptolemies (?) is liberated. In gratitude for his deliverance from long imprisonment, he proceeds to re-

MILLETTE KERSHAW AND FORREST WIMANT, IN "THE COUNTRY BOY."

ward the impecunious young architect with lavish but impracticable gifts. The genie also finds a prosperous client for him, and rears the client a palace while the architect is working on the plans. The architect's own humble abode he transforms into a veritable Alhambra and provides him a retinue of servants and dancers from his own harem for entertainment. Generous to friends, he is nevertheless ready to wreak vengeance on enemies and ingrates. The client who found fault with his palace is transformed into a dog, and the pedantic, peevish professor—happy symbolism!—into an obstreperous ass.

This was all igeniously worked into the fabric of a modern farce comedy, and, as may be imagined, with highly humerous results. The transitions are also accomplished without too great a shock to credulity—at least, no greater shock than burlesque which is used at points of severest strain—imposes. Mr. Richard Bennett acted the part of the architect with his usual skill and the Oriental professor of Mr. Fuller Mellish had the right flavour of scholarship. The staging was good.

In his new comedy, "The Commuters," Mr. James Forbes, a successful Canadian dramatist, by the way, has taken for his field of merriment the little ills that vex the life of the suburban dweller. Suburban life, it

would seem, is not all bird-song and scent of new-mown hay, but between the daily nervous tension of those who have to "catch" trains and the anxious vigil of those who remain stationery at home, rustic peace is bought at considerable nervous expenditure. These vicissitudes Mr. Forbes has set forth in his own humorous, pungent and telling way in the course of four acts.

Mr Edgar Selwyn is another Canadian dramatist who figures conspicuously in the season's offerings. The popular success of "The Country Boy" is probably due to the vein of strong human interest underlying its fund of genuine humour, bright dialogue and droll characterisation. Within the strict limits of comedy, Mr. Selwyn tells the story of an artless country boy's experiences in the city, and in the course of a humorous narrative, succeeds in throwing into strong contrast the forced artificial life of the city, and the simple natural life of the country.

"The Cheater," adapted by himself from a German farce "*Der Doppelmensch*," provides Mr. Louis Mann with one of those excitable German characters in which he revels. Known already as a leader in social reform, *Godfrey Plittersdorf* finds himself, thanks to his late brother's sense of humour, heir to a dance-hall of sullied reputation but shining profits. The profits, of course, get the better of Godfrey's scruples, and the comedy is mostly based on his efforts to keep the fact of his heritage a secret from both his family and his constituents. The fun may be imagined.

"The Marriage of a Star," Miss Clara Lipman's theatrical vehicle for this year, strikes a somewhat serious strain. A concert star, with a divorced husband, a marriageable daughter, an artistic temperament and an extremely youthful face, manages unconsciously to divert the attention of the cub lover of the daughter to herself. In the adjustment that follows, hidden sentiments are brought to light that

DANCE OF THE HOURS, IN "THE BLUE BIRD."

result in the reunion of the divorced pair, her giving up of public life, and the return of the young lovers to their interrupted happiness. The chief aim of the story seems to be to enable this versatile actress to be seen in many moods and contrasting scenes, ranging from the gayest comedy to strong emotional drama.

"Con and Co." facetiously described by its adapter, Mr. Oliver Herford, as "a cheeky comedy," discloses how a resourceful young American contrives to do the gay life of Berlin on his uncle's niggardly allowance of five dollars a week and his own wit. The title is derived from the firm name under which his financial operations are conducted, and is sufficiently descriptive of their character.

"Decorating Clementine," from the French of de Caillavet and de Flers, is evidently an expurgation as well as a translation. At least, one can hardly imagine a French audience being highly amused over either the lines or the situations of the Gallicised version now running on Broadway. However, the acting is so excellent that we may forgive much, even the doubtful compliment of considering our morals at the expense of our entertainment.

Clementine is a famous authoress, happily married to a man whose chief recommendation, according to her own statement, is his abundant good health. It has just been proposed to confer for the first time in its history, the ribbon of the Legion of Honour on a woman. *Clementine* at first does not aspire to the decoration, but when she learns that a rival claimant, with half her reputation, has been entered, she loses no time in putting the necessary wires in motion. She goes so far as to flirt with the director of fine arts, and persuades her good-natured and dutiful husband to flirt with the director's wife in her interests. It so happens, however, that the latter is a more or less dangerous coquette, and *Clementine* awakens to the fact that a serious flirtation is on between the two. She has won the ribbon, but apparently at the expense of her domestic happiness. However, things are not so serious as she feared, and when explanations are made and the husband's gentle philanderings forgiven, the devoted couple prepare for the country, and a new lease of conjugal happiness.

Miss Hattie Williams plays the part of *Clementine* with considerable spirit and that sterling comedian, Mr. G. P. Huntley, is admirable as *Count Zakouskine*, the conceited fop with the "fatal charm." Miss Doris Keane, however, as the flirtatious young wife of the *Director*, carries off the lion's share of the honours for a performance full of vivacity, piquancy and charm, with an occasional serious note.

The happiest of all the numerous brood, and the brightest farce in many a day is Margaret Mayo's new-born "Baby Mine." The authoress modestly claims origin (on the paternal side, we assume), in a recent newspaper despatch which contained the startling information that about 3,000 Chicago husbands were at the moment fondling the children of others in the belief that they were fondling their own. But lest we jump to conclusions concerning the morality of the Western city, we are in the same breath assured that the wives' deception goes no further than the maternity hospitals.

The absence of certain details in the report imposes some tax on credulity, and in endeavouring to supply these — with an eye always to humourous possibilities — Miss Mayo has constructed a rollicking, joyous human farce, handling the delicate situations with considerable *naïveté* and yet with an engaging frankness that disarms the most prudish objector. A young husband and his *ingenue* wife have quarrelled. The charming wife has one fault: She fibs. She has just fibbed over a per-

fectly innocent luncheon engagement, and the exasperated young husband packs his grip and accepts an agency in another town. It develops that one of the numerous bones of contention has been children. It is at this crisis that the newspaper paragraph enters into the story. Guided by her best friend, the hitherto reluctant wife sees an opportunity to gratify her husband's dearest wish, on very agreeable terms, and the prospective months of separation seem a gift from heaven to make the deception perfect. The absent husband has, of course, been gradually prepared for the momentous event, and preparations at home timed with his inevitable return. It so happens, however, that at the crucial moment the real mother changes her mind, and with an already arrived, eager husband on their hands, the dilemma of the household may be imagined. Then arises a series of those humorous complications by which the delighted young husband temporarily finds himself a father, not of one but three, all borrowed, bought or stolen for the occasion, and as ruthlessly torn from his paternal grasp by irate or repentant parents.

Whatever the ultimate effect on the domestic happiness of the twain, the purposes of the comedy have at least been most agreeably served and excellent entertainment provided. The diminutive Miss Marguerite Clark, in the rôle of the ingenuous wife, played with unexpected skill and all her accustomed charm.

"Smith" oscillates between a sentimental comedy and pure farce, and Maugham's hand is too fine for either. The chief interest of the play to New Yorkers will probably be that it presents its favourite, John Drew, in the rôle of a farmer. At least the dialogue informs us that the character Mr. Drew impersonates is a farmer, though there is nothing in his make-up or general appearance to suggest a rural occupation. This is perhaps explained by the fact that the action takes place in London, and the farm is away off in Rhodesia along with the clothes, the brogans, and the rusticity. In fact, by the time *Tom Freeman* (John Drew), reaches London, he presents the front of a well-tailored, well-groomed, very gentlemanly member of society. He does submit one evidence of his physical prowess—he pulls a cork after a servant has failed, a feat which finds great favour with "Smith," whom he is already bent upon marrying and taking back to Rhodesia. As may already be gathered, Mr. Drew does not supply much of the illusion of the farmer here, and his comedy work is along the old familiar lines. However, his public is satisfied, and he is always a graceful, refined and agreeable figure on the stage. Miss Isabelle Irving, as the sister, played with her accustomed buoyancy and charm, and Hassard Short, as the impertinent snob, could not be improved upon. First honours, however, fall to Miss Mary Boland in the technically difficult rôle of *Smith*. Beautiful in the extreme, Miss Boland is rapidly becoming an artist of front rank, and *Smith* is her best and most charming performance to date.

One views the New Theatre's production of "The Blue Bird" with mingled feelings—gratitude that a play of its inherent literary and poetic quality should have had a hearing amid so much that is commonplace, banal and remote from any considerations of art; disappointment that so much of the charm, fancy and mystic quality of the Mæterlinck fairy tale would not yield to the visualising process of the stage. This is by no means a criticism of the New Theatre's efforts. The production was on a scale of real magnificence. Nothing was lacking to give the proper pictorial setting. And in elaborateness of detail and pure scenic wealth it will compare with the best we have seen. But the fact remains, and it saves disappointment to remember it, that the emotions excited by the stage per-

formance fall short of the emotions excited on reading. We are pleased, interested and carried along with the children in delighted surprise, but the imagination is not stirred as in the mental journey through the same dream world, and the sense of unreality, far from being realised, is often destroyed in the attempt at realisation. The essence of "The Blue Bird" is spirit, and spirit cannot be made manifest in the flesh without some toughening and coarsening of the spiritual fibres. And pictorial setting, though it have the delicacy and illusiveness of a Whistler nocturne, still imposes a restraint on the roamings of fancy, still defines rather than extends the limits of the imagination. Stage ventures into the realm of the mystic and unknown have, therefore, to contend with very tangible obstacles at the outset, and while the delicate manipulations of the modern stage can modify these, it can never quite overcome them.

Dignity, pictorial eloquence, seriousness of purpose and, with one or two exceptions, effective casting, greatly aided the New Theatre in its lofty enterprise. Atmosphere was perhaps lacking, but these minor shortcomings and the limitations imposed by a definite medium still leave "The Blue Bird" the most delightful, the most inspiring and dramatically satisfying experience of the season at the moment of writing.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

By INGLIS MORSE

IN mad processional the wind
Sweeps homeward from the sea
On this, the last night of the year—
Awaking memory

Of phantom days, shrined in brief song,
To fleeing music set.
And Time's crescendo stirs again
The surges of regret.

The tolling of the midnight bell
I hear across the sky,
While o'er the magic threshold comes
The new year's glad reply.

Aside like some loose fitting cloak
The worn-out vesture lay.
And don with proud and joyous thrill
This garb of New Year's day.

THE CANADIAN SPEECH

A CRITICISM

BY MIRIAM WILLIAMS BROWN

"ONE hates to think of these splendid people using second-class words to express first-class emotions," wrote Rudyard Kipling in "Letters to the Family" during his last visit to Canada. Many persons from the old land lament the degeneracy of the Canadian tongue, not only in regard to the choice of words, but also as to the manner of uttering them.

So pronounced are our faults that, though we speak English, we can scarcely boast of what should be our rightful heritage, speaking the "tongue that Shakespeare spake." Rather are we guilty of the improprieties which Hamlet strove to overcome in the players when he said: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it as many of our players do I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines."

The art of speech is a part of education that is sadly neglected. I am not now speaking of sermons, orations and debates but of the common, everyday uses of speech. When the time comes that we recognise the importance of training along this line, the English language will lose its undeserved reputation for harshness, and we shall learn that it is rich in beautiful and sonorous sounds. But English as we generally hear it spoken in all parts of this continent is harsh, nasal and often unintelligible. Recently a lady was heard to say: "I tot fur three year 'n Trntuh," which being translated reads, "I taught for three years in Toronto." This example is not an exaggeration, but a fair instance of what may be heard any day and in almost any locality.

Ask a street car conductor to call out the name of the street at which you wish to get off. How often are you able to tell what he says?

Of late the fault of mumbling has been to some extent remedied by the girls in the telephone office, but not before a long-suffering public was almost driven to desperation.

Think of the economy of nerve force it would mean if all employees in public offices, ticket agents, train dispatchers and clerks, were made to pass an examination in correct enunciation before receiving an appointment. Such training would be eminently practical, for it would save both time and energy for the employee as well as for the public.

One who appreciates the music of speech cannot but deplore the muttering, mumbling and mouthing which are so general. Those who know what constitutes accuracy of language are constantly shocked by grave errors of enunciation. If these defects were confined to the classes already mentioned, the case would not be so bad; but in all classes, from the society lady with her pink tea gabble, to the parliamentarian, the clergyman and college professor—from persons of all ranks—we hear the most serious offences against the mother tongue. When a clergyman announces his "tex" from the "Axe" of the Apostles, and expresses a wish that all differences of "sex" (sects) were at an

end, it is time to think of finding a remedy.

Canadians and people of the United States are fond of attributing their vocal and speech defects to the climate. Not climate, but carelessness and ignorance, make one say mout'n, for mountain, fount'n for fountain, vilet for violet. The omission of the vowel sounds destroys the beauty of the words and often gives them a nasal quality.

This is a fault that is very marked with us. We smile in a superior way when we hear a cockney say, "Hi ham Henglish." A Canadian would say, "I saw 'er las' Tuesday an' tol' 'er to tell 'im the nooz," and would be resentful if the Englishman smiled.

How often we hear such expressions as "the childr'n of Isrel," "edjukashun," "wuz, fur, frum, ov, onto." This slovenly mode of speech destroys the tonal quality of the language, and it is not surprising that foreigners find it harsh or that English people are amused when they hear us speak. The fact is, that we do not take time to open the mouth properly, and therefore the vowels are distorted.

The music of speech is largely in the vowel sounds; but the consonants must also be distinctly articulated. Another fault, which is akin to our lack of repose of manner, is a cramping of the vocal organs so that a nasal twang is produced. These unpleasant effects may be overcome by correct training—not, however, by the use of the forced and bombastic tones of the "elocutionist." It is quite as necessary to train the speaking voice as it is to train the singing voice, and excellence in either is rarely attained without painstaking effort.

Many young women spend much time and money acquiring accomplishments such as music and French, which in the end are by most of them executed very badly. Any of these things, well done, is desirable; but is there not something wrong when we turn our attention to so many different subjects and leave out of our scheme of education the one art which we are most frequently called upon to use—the art of speech? Has any young woman a more effective accomplishment than that of a gracious manner and a musical, well-modulated voice? Yet how rarely is a good speaking voice heard!

It is pitiful to notice the number of voices that are being ruined every year, and especially when we reflect how much might be done by a little common sense instruction. Children scream and shout, straining the muscles of the throat in a way that is ruinous to the voice, yet no one checks them. Mouth breathing is a very common habit, and all too seldom is the information given that this habit is the cause of a very large percentage of throat diseases.

It is quite distressing, too, to find how few persons can speak in a public room in a way that will make them heard at a distance. We have all many times strained our nerves trying to listen to some poor, mumbling speaker, who really had a message worth delivering, but who was prevented from doing so because he did not know how to use his voice. This fault is by no means confined to amateurs: lecturers, actors and clergymen are often quite unintelligible in their mode of utterance. Yet carrying power, resonance, beauty and richness of voice may be acquired by most persons.

When we come to the question of reading, the case is no better. Ask the average college student to read a passage aloud, and his bungling, hesitating efforts will convince you that reading is a lost art. Even when his training has fitted him from an intellectual standpoint to interpret literature, the improprieties of utterance are so marked that listening is painful; yet he may have before him most excellent material for effective reading. Says Gummere: "Sounds of the human voice have an endless variety and shade of gradations. Think of the modulations of spoken words by

which we express grief, joy, threats, entreaty, pain and so on." The sharp "explosive" consonants, the lingering effect of the liquids, the broad vowels, the thin vowels—all these, with their combinations, make up a wonderful material for the skilful poet to work with. Such qualities of sound add to the mere rhythm of poetry what melody adds to the rhythm of music. The most evident use of these qualities lies in the imitation of natural sounds—like "hiss," "cuckoo," "murmur," "buzz." Or the imitation may extend to more than one word and so suggest some action or situation—onomatopoeia. Homer has a line which resounds with the swell and surge of the ocean bellow. Shakespeare's verse—

"The multitudinous sea incarnadine,"

does not so much imitate as give a distant echo and hint of tossing and storm-swept waves, and the suggestion of a sea-beach far below the speaker who describes it is certainly audible in

"The murmuring surge that on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes."

More directly imitative is Milton's description of the opening doors of hell—

"On a sudden open fly with impetuous recoil
and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges
grate
Harsh thunder."

Or of heaven—

"Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,
On golden hinges moving."

In order that the reader may be able to render these tonal effects, the speaking voice must submit to the same orderly task, the masterly discipline, the unwearied superintendence undergone by those who reach the utmost accomplishment of the singing voice.

Unfortunately, there is but little realisation of the need of such preparation. Doctor Rush, speaking on this question, says: "There is a wholesome kind of conviction in the minds of fools which forces them to confess their want of knowledge in mathematics if they have not studied that science. But taste, they say, is 'natural,' therefore everyone should have his own. It is true everyone knows what will please himself in his ignorance, the wise alone know what will please the intelligent in education."

In every civilised country the art of speaking well, that is, of using refinement and accuracy of utterance, has been a distinguishing mark of the cultured classes. It is then somewhat singular that the world has been content to be guided by blind impulse and the imitation of very imperfect models, without endeavouring to find some system of instruction which would produce many instances of success, just as the conservatories of music produce multiplied instances of success in the art of singing. In this country the past generation had to give their time and energies to hewing out homes in the wilderness; but with the development of the wealth of the country has come a greater opportunity for the finer things of life.

The ideals of the nation are forming, and in this formative period it is most important that correct standards of speech should be maintained, that enunciation, care of the voice, tonal quality and music of speech should receive due attention in all our schools and colleges. When this is done we may realise the truth of Emerson's words: "The sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks from its instant life tones of tenderness, truth or courage. The oratorio has already lost its relation to the morning, to the sun, and the earth, but that persuading voice is in tune with these."

L. P. BRODEUR:

THE MAN BEHIND THE NAVY

BY FRED G. H. WILLIAMS

THE St. Lawrence route is now the Dominion's greatest asset, and L. P. Brodeur is the greatest asset of the St. Lawrence route."

This is the way in which one of the best known business men of Montreal answered me when I asked him for an opinion of the Montreal lawyer and statesman who has come so prominently before the people of the Dominion in connection with the creation of the Canadian navy. And it was a description of the Minister which I found universally accepted by the business men of Montreal, regardless of their tongue, their faith or their politics, whenever I began to "talk Brodeur."

Some wit remarked the other day that the City of Montreal owed so much to the dredges which have made the channel wherein the great ocean vessels come up to its wharves, that it should add the design of a dredge to its coat of arms. But Montreal might well go further than that. It should reserve a place on its remodelled harbour front for a statue in years to come (may the day be long distant) of Louis Philippe Brodeur, the French-Canadian who has made a reality of the dreams had over sixty years ago by John Young and Hugh Allan, and the other pioneer shipping men of the city under the shadow of Mount Royal.

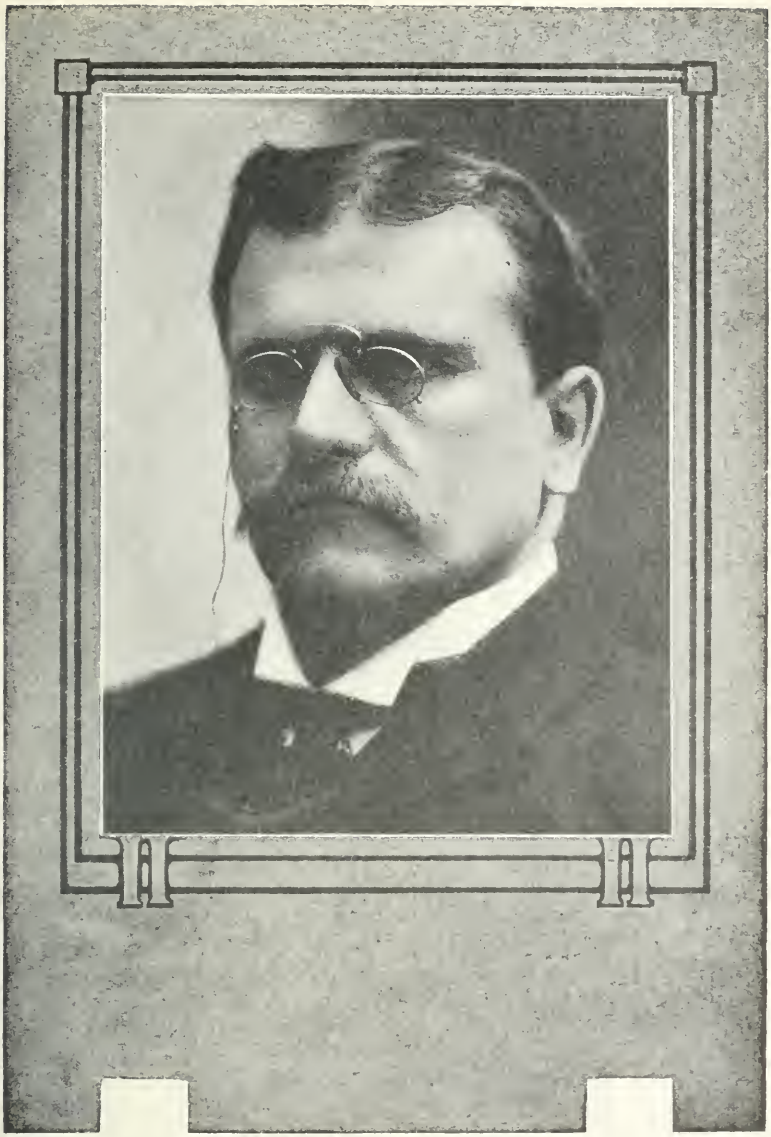
While the deepening of the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec was commenced before Confederation, under the direction of Honourable John Young, and carried on under successive governments until a twenty foot channel had been secured in 1869, one of twenty-two and a half feet in 1877, and one of twenty-five feet in 1882, it was not until 1904 that the work was formally transferred from the Department of Public Works to that of Marine and Fisheries. The minister in charge at that time was the late Honourable Raymond Prefontaine, and upon his sudden death at Paris he was succeeded as the head of the department by Mr. Brodeur, who had for two years occupied the post of Minister of Inland Revenue. Since that time the work of deepening the ship channel has gone on with immense speed, owing largely to the personal enthusiasm of the head of the department and his determination to make the St. Lawrence that which nature intended it to be, the true channel for the export of the products of the northwestern half of the continent to the sea. The enterprise involved more than the deepening of the ship channel. It meant the transformation of the harbour of Montreal into a properly organised port, with elevators of great capacity, with remodelled wharves, and with a systematic co-operation between the railways and the shipping companies. It has been a tremendous work, but it has been pushed well on to completion, because of the personal de-

termination of the minister and of his success in convincing his colleagues of the Privy Council, and especially Mr. Fielding, the Finance Minister, that every dollar expended on the St. Lawrence ship channel and the port of Montreal is a dollar well spent for Canada, and a dollar which has been repaid back to the farmers and other shippers of Canada in the form of reduced freight rates. It has involved the expenditure of many millions of dollars; it will mean the outlay of many more millions (for the size of the steamers coming to the St. Lawrence is increasing every year, and the ship channel will have to be deepened to thirty-five feet at low water); it has called for the spending of hundreds of thousands of dollars for lights and other aids to navigation, but it has resulted in the transformation of the St. Lawrence into a channel, which is as well lighted for its nearly a thousand miles from the ocean to Montreal as is the estuary of the Mersey and the great port of Liverpool. And while no one would claim that all the credit for this national benefit is due to Mr. Brodeur, there can be little doubt that his persistence and his enthusiasm have been responsible for no small share in it.

What manner of man is this who, trained in the law, has thus turned out to be a successful administrator of a great department of the Government? First and foremost, he is a typical French-Canadian, proud of his native province, prouder still of the great Dominion of which it is so important a part, and proudest most of all that he is a citizen of the British Empire. The son of a man who fought for constitutional liberty in the struggle of 1837, Louis Philippe Brodeur is a living proof of the fact that freedom is the mother of free men. Born at Beloeil, on the banks of the Richelieu river, in the homestead which saw his father take up arms against the government, the boy was early the father of the man. He was naturally a Liberal—what else could be expected from his parentage? And when in the late 'seventies he left College of St. Hyacinthe to proceed to Montreal and enter Laval to study law, it was not surprising that he became affiliated with young men whose minds ran in the same direction as his own.

Like many another who has since attained national reputation, young Brodeur was but poorly endowed with this world's goods, and it became necessary for him to find some work to do which would put him through college, and, following the example set years before by Cartier and Laurier, he divided his time between law books and lectures on the one hand and journalism on the other hand. He was a good reporter and a clever political paragrapher, and proved a great addition to the newspaper fraternity of Montreal. But his skill in politics was by no means confined to the use of his pencil and pen. Gifted like most of his compatriots with a ready speech, with the faculty of stating political points with vigour and lucidity, he became an active politician before he reached his majority.

These were the days when the Province of Quebec was almost hopelessly Conservative and gave a majority of twenty-five for Sir John Macdonald, for Sir Hector Langevin, for Caron and Mousseau; and it took no small courage to be a Liberal. But a little band of students in Montreal "kept the fires alight," and they, mostly members of the Club National, never failed to respond to the call of duty to go out into the country and talk to the habitants upon the issues of the day. Among them were Dandurand, the Speaker of the Senate in the last Parliament; Marcil, the present Speaker of the House of Commons; Prefontaine, who died in harness as Minister of Marine; Lemieux, now Postmaster-General; Belcourt,



HONOURABLE LOUIS BRODEUR.

an ex-Speaker of the Commons and now a senator; Cloran, then an editor and now also a senator; Devlin, since a member of three Parliaments (the Dominion, the British, and now that of Quebec); Guerin, afterward appointed a judge; and others whose names have passed from memory. Chief among them was L. P. Brodeur. While he had not the fiery eloquence of some of his colleagues, such for instance as Dandurand or Devlin, or in later years of Lemieux, he possessed a forcible style of oratory, which went home with the people and made him of exceptional value as a campaign stumper.

There was one feature about that Club National of the late 'seventies and the 'eighties, which has left its

impress upon Canadian politics. Its members were all enthusiastic French-Canadians, but they recognised that an essential of success in Canadian politics was a knowledge of English, and they one and all made it their business to learn the language of Shakespeare (or perhaps it would be more fitting to say the language of Gladstone, for, taught by Laurier, they almost worshipped the Grand Old Man). And so it came that when the first mock parliament was started in Montreal in the mid-'eighties the leaders of the Club National became members. There they had the opportunity, both of becoming acquainted with parliamentary procedure and of making speeches in the two languages. L. P. Brodeur was, for one term, the "Speaker" of this mock parliament, and when, years afterwards, he occupied the Speaker's chair in the real Parliament at Ottawa, he confessed more than once that the lessons learned in the Fraser Institute in Montreal were of immense value to him.

The choice of Wilfrid Laurier as leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons in 1887 put new hope into the veins of the fighting young Liberals of Quebec, who foresaw the day when he would lead them to victory, and they redoubled their endeavours for the cause and the leader, with the result that, although the Liberals lost the country as a whole in the general elections of 1891, they, for the first time, secured a majority of the members from the Province of Quebec. Among the Liberals who came into the House of Commons at that election was L. P. Brodeur, then twenty-nine years of age, and a lawyer of seven years' standing. His election for Rouville county was a complete surprise to the politicians, and his majority was small, only sixty-nine, but he has held the constituency ever since, obtaining a majority of 1,085 in 1900, and has the distinction of being the only Liberal elected in Quebec by acclamation at the last general election.

This young man soon made his mark in the chamber. Applying himself with diligence to his duties in the House and in committees, he was of great value to his party in the fighting sessions which intervened between 1891 and 1896. It was, therefore, with little surprise that parliamentarians learned, after the Liberals got in in 1896, that Brodeur was Laurier's choice for the position of Deputy Speaker and chairman of committees. This office carries with it the succession to the Speaker's chair, if one's political party is retained in power, so that when Sir Wilfrid came back, after the general elections of 1900, Mr. Brodeur was promoted to be the First Commoner of Canada. And a most popular Speaker he proved to be.

Cabinet rank was next. When Mr. Bernier, the Minister of Inland Revenue, was appointed to the Railway Commission in January, 1904, Mr. Brodeur was called to the Privy Council and sworn in as the new holder of that portfolio. Many people outside of Parliament consider this department as one of the least important in the Government, but Mr. Brodeur brought it into the limelight by the active and successful campaign which he waged against the American tobacco trust, in which he clipped the claws of that monopoly and compelled it to respect Canadian law.

Then in 1906 there came the vacancy in the Department of Marine and Fisheries, caused by the death of Mr. Prefontaine, and Mr. Brodeur stepped upward. From that date to this he has been engaged in work of the most arduous description. He had not long been in charge before he found that the methods of doing business in the department were, to say the least, antiquated and not suited to modern needs. He engaged a force of expert accountants to go over the books and inaugurate a modern system of accounts. And when

MIDSHIPMAN BRODEUR, SON OF THE MINISTER OF MARINE AND NAVAL AFFAIRS.

the Civil Service Commission, under the chairmanship of Mr. J. M. Courtney, was appointed, Mr. Brodeur threw the doors of his department wide open and gave the commissioners every opportunity to investigate its workings.

While this work was in progress, Mr. Brodeur was chosen by the Premier to accompany him to the Imperial Conference of 1907, and no sooner had that historic gathering adjourned than Mr. Brodeur and Mr. Fielding were appointed by the Imperial Government to negotiate the first treaty ever secured by one of the self-governing dominions with a foreign power. These negotiations in Paris, which lasted for several months, resulted in the trade treaty between Canada and France which was finally ratified this year and is now in operation. Then came a strenuous session during which Mr. Brodeur was the target for attack by his political opponents as a consequence of the report of the Civil Service Commission. The revelations were an undoubted shock to the country, but they have resulted in permanent good. When the Minister saw that the Civil Service Commissioners had not placed their finger upon any guilty man in particular, he urged, and secured, the appointment of Mr. Justice Cassels as a special commissioner to investigate the whole department. As a result all the guilty men implicated in the revelations before Judge Cassels have been got rid of. New men have taken their places, and the system of purchase by patronage has been swept away and replaced by a system of purchase by open competition in all cases. To-day the department is on

a straight and honest basis and Mr. Brodeur claims credit for the regeneration which has taken place under his administration.

The crowning of Mr. Brodeur's political career, so far, came, however, when last year he represented Canada at the Imperial Defence conference as a result of which came the Naval Bill of the present year under which Canada has made a start with its own navy. Unfortunately, the constant pressure of official work ever since his appointment to the Marine department resulted in a physical breakdown on Mr. Brodeur's part, and the work of putting the Naval bill through Parliament fell to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, although the bill itself was drafted by the Minister of Marine. Since then, until a few weeks ago, Mr. Brodeur has been on the sick list, but he was sufficiently convalescent to go down to Halifax and personally welcome His Majesty's Canadian ship *Niobe* to Canadian waters when she arrived on October twenty-first.

Mr. Brodeur has been, and is, the recipient of many attacks from the opponents of the naval policy. He is condemned in some of the English-speaking provinces because he would go no further than he did in meeting the views of the Admiralty. He is denounced by the Nationalists of Quebec because he has gone too far; but since he has partially recovered his health he has shewn that he is willing to face the issue in any of the provinces and to defend with all his power the very important step towards "nationality within the Empire" with which his name will be ever associated.

Louis Philippe Brodeur is as large of heart as he is of body. Generous to a degree, so far as his income will allow, the poor, the rich, the labourer or the capitalist, all equally get from him a cordial shake of the hand and a cheery word. And, while a firm friend, he is a hard fighter. As Laurier's chief lieutenant in the Province of Quebec he is beloved by his parliamentary following, while he is just as popular with his English-speaking colleagues in Parliament as with those who speak his mother tongue.

The Minister of Marine and of Naval Affairs is one of the hardest workers in the Government. Each morning finds him busy in his home at an hour when the ordinary business man is thinking of turning over to have his last forty winks. It is a common thing for him to reach his office in the West block before nine in the morning and to remain there until six or eight at night, unless called to a meeting of the Cabinet or required to attend to his duties in Parliament. And the work continues until well on in the evening. Many a legal question is decided by the Minister without reference to the Justice department, and it is significant that in no case has his judgment ever been over-ruled.

He has done much for Canada on both coasts as Minister of Marine. Now that he is also Minister of Naval Affairs, he has added responsibilities, but the spirit in which he intends to administer them is well illustrated by the following extract from his speech of welcome to the officers and men of the *Niobe*:—"We must consider that our interests are so interwoven with those of Great Britain that her supremacy on the sea and her perpetual command of the great commerce of the world appeal to us anl awaken a responsive echo in our country. If, then, we can assist even in a small way, but in proportion to our strength and resources, in the safeguarding of her supremacy, it becomes our duty to do so. And in this establishment of a Canadian navy for the protection of our commerce and defence of our coasts we are displaying to the world our readiness to do our share in the upbuilding of the Empire."

And so while Louis Philippe Bro-

deur is developing our means of transport, while he is improving our channels of communication to our overseas markets, he is also doing his share to provide defence for that trade and commerce which he has done so much to benefit. The one is the complement of the other. He has given as well, his son, to be one of the first midshipmen of the Canadian navy; and while we all hope that the day for the defence of Canada's commerce by Canada's cruisers may be far off, we can all, no matter what our politics, join in paying tribute to the national work performed for Canada and the Empire, by the son of the rebel farmer on the banks of the Richelieu river.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

DO you remember that lone, ancient shore
Whose irised waters, stretching towards the west,
Into uncharted realms of sunset bore
Our vision and our quest?
We stood together....over land and sky
A silence like a benediction fell,
But the sea wove its immemmorial spell
And would not cease to sigh.
A gray ship went adown the dusky east,
Drifting in phantom fashion past our ken,
And a white gull soared where the heaven was fleeced
To wide, free wastes again.
With lifted eyes we watched its glorious flight,
And saw a sinking moon beyond the bar,
A silver shallop moored unto a star
In haven of the night.
Behind us was a land all dim with pines
Garmented in the twilight; and before
Lay the dark ocean symbolled with the signs
Of untranslated lore;
And we, drawn nearer, felt our hearts beset
With love that needed not of words to be
Best understood....Oh, time stands still for me
And holds that moment yet!

GOLDWIN SMITH'S "REMINISCENCES"

A REVIEW

BY THE EDITOR

"REMINISCENCES," by Goldwin Smith, is in importance and genuine interest one of the first publications of the year. Its appearance upon the book counters so soon after its author's death is a triumph in editorial anticipation and publishing enterprise. When Mr. Arnold Haultain began the task of editing this volume he elaborated his responsibilities, with the result that nothing of significance in the original text is permitted to pass without all additional information being given necessary to intelligent reading. But that is not all. A reference is made to Andrew D. White, first President of Cornell University, who "shone as a writer," and the foot-note (an instance of editorial aptitude) shows that the latest volume, "Seven Great Statesmen," by this author was published so recently as last September. Again, a reference is made to "My friend Warren," and the foot-note shows that he referred to T. Herbert Warren, who was Vice-Chancellor of Magdalen College, Oxford, from 1906 until his quite recent resignation of that position. Therefore it is evident also that the volume has been edited with infinite care.

Goldwin Smith had a wealth of reminiscence, and to even glance over the pages of this volume gives one the impression that he must have had something to do with every person of note who lived within the last seventy-five years, or is still living. In one of the first chapters he relates personal observations regarding the great Duke of Wellington, and towards the close he comments on the political attitude of Henri Bourassa.

The atmosphere in which Goldwin Smith passed his last days contained a subtle tincture of pathos. Mr. Smith himself was by no means a sombre man, for he possessed a keen sense of humour, and he cherished the memory of any fine satirical turn. But he had none of the serene complacency of old age, the serenity that seems to be the portion of those who have an abiding faith in happiness that awaits.

A few years before his death, when asked why he had never published anything on a particular incident to his career, he replied that he had written something on the subject, that there were some things that might better appear after the writer had passed away, and that the particular chronicle would in all probability not be kept long from the light. There was in his look and in his words a fine tone of sadness, and one could scarcely dissipate the serious reflection that it imposed.

Some readers have failed to find beauty of style in the writings of Goldwin Smith. Perhaps they have been looking for the obscureness of

MR. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, EDITOR OF "REMINISCENCES," BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

Emerson, the oratorical elegance of Macaulay or the flamboyancy of Ingersol. With better results, they might have looked for the simplicity of Goldsmith. But Goldwin Smith suited his style to his subject, and if one seeks beauty one need go no farther than the first chapter of these "Reminiscences." It is entitled "Boyhood." I do not know when it was written, but the very first paragraph can be cited as an outstanding instance of masterful description and literary beauty.

Observers of Goldwin Smith might look for a severe arrangement of Disraeli, but the incident is dismissed with nothing more than a few burning words—in one paragraph. Mention is made of an attack by Disraeli in the House of Commons, with this further statement: "He afterwards pursued me across the Atlantic and tried to brand me, under a perfectly transparent-pseudonym, if 'Oxford Professor' could be called a pseudonym at all, as a 'social sycophant.' There is surely nothing more dastardly than this mode of stabbing a reputation. . . .

"Disraeli's strong point as a speaker was personal attack, apart from which he was apt to be heavy. I heard him at the time of the Mutiny make a highly laboured speech on the Indian question which evidently wearied and partly cleared the House. Even as a novelist he indulges in personal attack, though when he comes to deal with Lord Hertford his own sycophancy betrays itself and he betrays a strong contrast to the free hand of Thackeray. His "Letters of Runnymede" are an extravagant imitation of Junius. He says to Russell, who had given him no provocation,

> A miniature Mokanna, you are now exhaling upon the constitution of your country, which you once eulogised, and its great fortunes, of which you once were proud, all that long-hoarded venom and all those distempered humours that have for years accumulated in your petty heart, and tainted the current of your mortified life.

"He avowed that he was a flatterer, having, as he said, found the practice

useful. To the Queen he "laid it on with a trowel" and with most satisfactory effect. He once opened a sitting of the Privy Council with an extravagant compliment to her as an authoress. He was overheard pandering to her hatred of Garibaldi, and when she said that she had been told the same thing before, said, 'Then it must be true, for no one would tell your Majesty anything but the truth.' "

Of the 466 pages comprising the volume, the last forty-two are devoted mostly to Canada and Canadians. Sir John Macdonald is the "Great Man of Canadian Politics," at the time of the writer's coming to Canada. [About 1870.] "A very curious and notable character he was," observes the writer. "The study of his life from his earliest years had been the manipulation of human nature for the purposes of party. In that craft he was unrivalled. A statesman in the higher sense he was not, nor an administrator. His principles, his economical principles especially, were the shifts of the hour. Only in his attachment to the British Crown, and in his determination, as he said, to die a British subject, could he be said to be firm. He was personally very attractive, bright, good-humoured, versatile, capable of being all things to all men, of talking well on serious and even on literary subjects to the guests at one end of the table, and cracking rough jokes or telling *risqué* anecdotes to the guests at the other end. He was said to be like Disraeli. There may have been a slight likeness in face. The dark Highland face has something of Jewish cast. Other likeness there was none. Macdonald had nothing of Disraeli's imagination. He more resembled Palmerston as a tactician and a speaker whose object was not oratorical effect, but the capture of votes. He was not himself corrupt. It was for the game more than for the stakes that he cared. But he was unscrupulous in corrupting other men. He decidedly did not love Spartans. He was credited with saying that the perfection of a ministry would be twelve men, each of whom, if you liked, you could put into the penitentiary. He spoke in jest, no doubt; but in the jest there was a grain of truth. On the eve of a general election it was pointed out to him that some of his men were talking Protectionism which, whatever might be its effect in such a country as the United States, with their vast area of production and home trade, would not do for Canada. "No," was his reply, "you need not think I am going to get into that hole." Scarcely two months had passed when into that hole he got. Rallied by his friend on his change, he jauntily replied, "Yes, Protection has done so much for me, that I must do something for Protection." He was a survivor of the times in which whisky played an important part in politics, and he had not put off the habits of his jovial generation.

"Macdonald was not delicate in the choice of his instruments. An incident which I am going to mention showed this and at the same time a certain sensitiveness which he retained after a life which it might have been supposed would have thoroughly steeled his nerves. He came to my house for the wedding of his son. On the evening of his arrival he was in his usual spirits. Next morning as we drove to the church a cloud seemed to have come over him. At the wedding breakfast he sat perfectly silent. When his health was drunk, he disappointed the company by merely stumbling through two or three disjointed sentences. He was called up to reply to another toast, with no happier result. On my return home I found the Chief of Police waiting at my door and desiring to see Sir John Macdonald. Those were the days of Fenianism, and I fancied that this was some alarm from that quarter. It

turned out, however, an American who had served Sir John in some secret and probably associated with him, and having demanded $3,000 of him was trying to indict him for perjury and had chosen the day of the marriage for the service of the writ. The attempt, of course, came to nothing, but the apprehension of it had evidently been enough to upset Sir John Macdonald.

"The professions of George Brown, the head of the Grit party and Macdonald's mortal enemy, were far more moral than those of Macdonald. Whether he was a better man may be questioned, while he unquestionably was far less attractive and amusing. A Liberal he might call himself; but it could be only in a party sense. Of liberality of character and sentiment, of breadth of view or toleration of difference of opinion no human being was ever more devoid. Master of *The Globe*, which then, unhappily for the country, was the only powerful paper, he used it without scruple or mercy to crush everybody who would not bow to his will. For this work he had congenial instruments in his brother Gordon and his chief writer Inglis, a Presbyterian minister instinct with the spirit of the Westminster Confession. The headship of a party and the editorship of a paper ought not to be in the same hands. When they are, the judge is confounded with the advocate or with something still more unfair or bitter. The best of Brown was his fidelity to the cause of the North during the American war of Secession. On the other hand, he traded long on the antipathy of the British and Protestant to the French and Catholic Province, a very mischievous and unpatriotic line. For one moment George Brown touched the goal of his ambition, having in consequence of a mere Parliamentary accident been called upon to form a Government. But he immediately fell, raging through his organ against Sir Edmund Head, who had very properly refused him a dissolution. In his large and burly body dwelt a strong but thoroughly coarse mind. When pitted against Sir John Macdonald in the Confederation Government he soon felt his own inferiority and withdrew to his despotic reign in the office of *The Globe*."

There is a reference to Quebec in Confederation and to the Nationalist movement, which is of especial interest just now:

"Confederation, when settled itself, could not beget issues of principle. The contest between parties again became a struggle of factions for power and place, with the rancour, intrigue, and corruption inseparable from such a contest, and with the sort of statesmanship that it forms.

"What is the destiny of Quebec? Durham took it for granted that Quebec must be absorbed in British Canada. Instead of being absorbed, Quebec dominates by the help of venal support in the other Provinces. Her *quasi* nationality has now a powerful and chivalrous champion in Bourassa. But the end must come. The English Provinces and the United States, to which the workmen of Quebec go, will have their influence. The people of Quebec, the peasantry especially, are pious and devoted to the priesthood, who have hitherto been their leaders and masters. But Papalism cannot reign for ever, and when it loses its hold, Quebec's nationality will fall.

"In these movements and the attendent controversies I supported the policy which I believed to be best for England as well as for Canada and the continent to which Canada belonged. England was uppermost in my thoughts. But I was thus exposed to the ire of Imperialists, to some of whom the character and manners of the English gentleman were an object rather of praise than of imitation.

"To grace their movement, the Im-

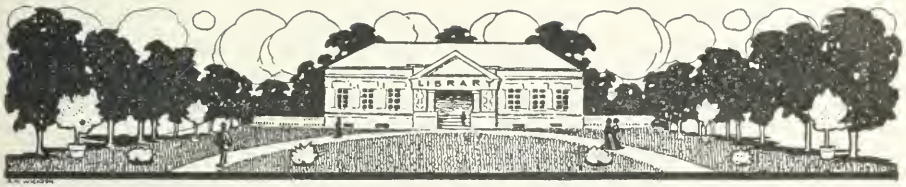
perial Federationists brought over a Duke. On a very hot day he was driving with a party of which I was one. Opposite him sat a Mayor, who took his hat off. The Duke, taking this for an act of social homage, bent condescendingly forward and said, 'Pray, Mr. Mayor, keep your hat on.' 'Thank your Grace, I was only cooling my head.' ''

There is no record that Goldwin Smith ever got farther than the "Riddle of Existence." He may have hesitated at the brink; he may have possessed sufficient consciousness at the end to feel the slipping away of all that materialists can cling to—but we have no record of it. His last words for publication ring their own knell of finality:

"My wife's name on the tumb, my joy departed, I still did not want to spend the rest of my days in idle gloom. My eyes were turned to Cornell, one of the happiest scenes of my life. I was still, for my age, vigorous and able to hold the pen, which, not the sword or the spade, had been my instrument of labour. At Cornell a new building of the University had been called after my name, and, what was more to the purpose, teaching in History seemed likely to be of special use to American youth in the coming time. I might have gone down to my grave in honour, as I certainly should in peace.

"That hope was suddenly blighted, that door to a happy and perhaps not unfruitful old age and exit, was shut. I received a shock which ruined my intellect, my memory, my powers as a teacher. Without the aid of a first-rate Secretary, I could not have stumbled on as I have done."

The shock he refers to, as Mr. Haultain explains, is the fall he received a few months before he died.



The WAY of LETTERS

"THE Gospel of the Hereafter" is the title of a volume of extreme interest by Reverend J. Paterson-Smyth, of Montreal. Some time ago three articles by this writer appeared in *The Canadian Magazine* under the general caption of "The Gospel of the Hereafter," with distinctive subtitles of "Hades," "Heaven," "Hell." These contributions to a popular magazine caused a great amount of discussion, perhaps because of the fact that the author, who occupies one of the most important Anglican pulpits in Canada and is a man of scholarly attainments, avowed a profound belief in the existence of an "intermediary" state after death and before judgment. He distinguishes between Hades and Hell, Hades being, according to his interpretation of the Scriptures, the same as the Catholic Purgatory. Paradise he distinguishes from Heaven, and interprets the words of Christ as directed towards the thief on the cross, "To-day then shall be with me in Paradise," as meaning that the thief would meet with Christ again in the intermediary state between death and the final judgment. Again he quotes: "No man hath ascended into Heaven, only the son of Man who is in Heaven." This, he contends with reason, is good ground for the belief that Heaven and Hell are stages in the existence of humanity that have not yet been reached. The volume is in large measure an elaboration of this theory, with emphasis on the belief that Hades is a place of preparation, that much can be done even after death as preparation for the final state, and that the Heathen, for instance, have an opportunity in Hades to hear about the plan of salvation and to prepare for judgment. There are chapters on "Communion of the Saints," and "Probation in this life," and the speculation is made that the Ministry of the Gospel is carried on after death.

The volume is one of the most interesting publications of the season. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell).

*

IT would be difficult for the author of "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus" to follow that novel with another equally successful, yet Mary E. Waller has almost done so in "Flamsted Quarries." Both books are full of what is known as gushy sentiment, asd yet there is in them a quality that appeals strongly to the average reader; and it is, after all, to the average reader that a writer should direct his appeal. "Flamsted Quarries" is the story of a girl, the child of Irish immgrants to the United States. This girl is rescued from the New York vaudeville stage by a priest and taken to "Flamstead," a small

village in Maine, and there she lives amongst the plain, unaffected people who toil in the granite quarries. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Cloth, $1.50).

*

IT is a great pleasure to read Doctor Wilfred T. Grenfell's unaffected accounts of his experiences in Labrador. His latest volume is entitled "Down to the Sea," and while it is not, as its title might indicate, a novel it has all the fascination of romance. Doctor Grenfell does not need to excite his imagination, for a simple statement of fact is sufficient in the circumstances. "Down to the Sea" contains many entertaining chapters and anecdotes, and one might well quote from any page. In the first chapter, under the title "The Northern Lights," the author is writing about the superstition and simplicity of the people of Labrador, and their abounding faith in charms, in seventh sons and more unswervingly in seventh sons of seventh sons. He relates an incident to a night's lodging. Dogs were barking underneath the house and keeping them awake. "It so happened," writes Doctor Grenfell, "that my host's seventh son was at home, and he promptly offered to charm the dogs into quietude. This he did by standing with his back to the wall and apparently twiddling the thumbs of his clasped hands in some peculiar way. He also muttered a few words which he would not tell me. For my part, I was so tired that I went to sleep watching him, and for me, at least, the charm worked. My driver also confessed that he thought it was we who were charmed; for the seventh son had faded from sight and memory while still twiddling his thumbs." (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, $1).

*

THE latest novel by Henry De Morgan, "An affair of Dishonour," is a tale of the time of Charles II. In this particular at least it is different from this author's other stories, and the fact that he has subdued history and brought his imagination to play upon it sufficiently to produce a novel such as this seems to be adequate proof that he possesses greater capabilities as a writer than the ability to recount in an entertaining manner his own observations and the doings of people he has met. The principal figures in "An Affair of Dishonour" are *Sir Oliver Mauleverer*, a conniving, sensuous member of the English aristocracy, and *Lucinda*, a charming, high-minded and lovable woman. *Sir Oliver* is a product of his time, a time when woman's honour was more than otherwise of but little consequence. He is attracted by *Lucinda*, but the attractiin is such that he wishes merely to make her his plaything for an hour. But in the end he comes to love the girl, and in view of his colossal vanity and selfishness it is not easy for him to obey the dictates of a genuinely tender passion. *Lucy* loves him devotedly and is blind to his faults and vices. She succumbs to his stronger will, and when her disgrace becomes known her father challenges *Sir Oliver* to fight a duel. *Sir Oliver* does not fight fairly, and the father is slain, whereby *Sir Oliver* becomes in all sense of honour a murderer. Lucinda in time abandons him, but with the anticipation of motherhood she returns and marries the father for the child's sake. She does not know that *Sir Oliver* tricked her father in the duel, and she misleads herself in the belief that her sin has been the indirect cause of her father's death. This story is not so good as the others by the same author, and the time it covers is only a few months. (Toronto: Henry Frowde).

*

STORIES of real life in modern India, touching both European and native sides of it, are presented to the

public in a new book by Winifred Hestos, M.D., entitled. "A Blue Stocking in India." The author spent some years of strenuous work in India, accepting the duties attached to the life of a missionary doctor, and from time to time recording her impressions in letters which she addressed to a person named *Eleanor*. This series of letters has been compiled into book form, readers of which get an insight into the joys and sorrows experienced by the brave little doctor, who gave her best efforts to improve conditions in general, asd in particular to alleviate the burdens of oppressed women and girls. The narrator's letters are strikingly simple in style, and much of them is written in a semi-serious vein. Whether the little woman is in the throes of overtaxing professional duties in the heat on the plains, or is striving to recover from physical collapse, while resting in the cool pine woods of the Himalays, she writes with a facile pen and shows a personality that mostly leans to the humorous and to the hopeful in life. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company).

*

WHATEVER might be said against G. K. Chesterton's theories or comments as set forth in his latest volume, "What's Wrong With the World," there is no doubt at all that to read his pages is to receive first-rate entertainment. He is, if nothing else, brilliant, and nowadays brilliancy counts for much. In this book he virtually says that any person might tell what is wrong with the world, but the great thing is to tell what would make it right. It is difficult to tell what Mr. Chesterton writes about, because there is so much merely in the way it is presented. He uses an abundance of instances, one, for instance, that some people say Canada is creating a literature of her own and that one might just as sensibly say that Canada is growing a moustache of her own. However, not to read some of Chesterton's writings is to not be in good touch with current literature. (Toronto: Cassel and Company).

*

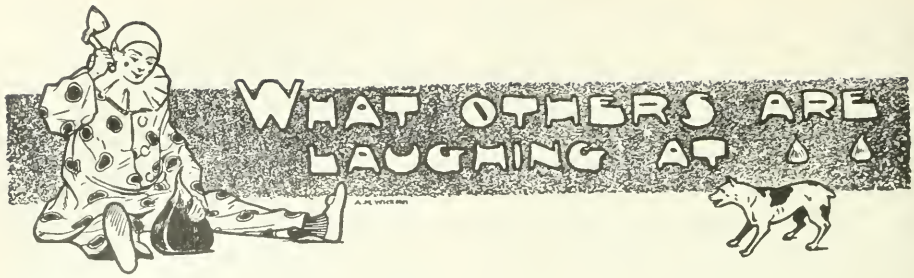
TWELVE short stories in one volume by the Baroness Orczy, the author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," is enough to arrest any one. Such, however, is what is presented in "Lady Molly of Scotland Yard." This is a volume of detective stories told by the author of one of the most romantic of detective stories written in recent years. They are full of interest and action, and that is what the reader of this class of fiction likes most of all. (Toronto: Cassel and Company).

*

"HOW to read character in handwriting" is the title of a small book by Mary H. Booth. The author treats the subject as a science and an entertainment as well. (Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company).

*

A LITTLE love story, written with some charm, but possessing no particular originality, is entitled "The Story of Yuku." The author is Dorothy Dean Tate. (Toronto: William Briggs).



Directions for Getting Your Daughter to Elope with Your Chauffeur

Surround her, from her earliest youth, with religious influences.

Be engaged, during the time of adolescence, in making so much money yourself that you have no time to supervise her education personally.

Make a rule never to let her see any young man who isn't a member of some Y.M.C.A. Never permit her to associate with men, anyway.

When you hire your chauffeur be sure and get one of the kind known as "husky." It makes no difference how much or little education he has. If he is "husky" he will answer.

Then let nature do the rest.—*Life.*

THE AMERICAN OF THE FUTURE
—*Le Rire* (Paris)

A Luxury

Judge—"Why did you burn your barn down, just after getting it insured?"

Farmer—"Your honour, a poor man like me can't afford to have a barn and insurance too."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

*

Arranging It

Irate Tailor (who has called frequently to collect, without success) —"My dear sir, I wish you'd make some definite arrangement with me."

The Man—"Why, surely—let's see —well, suppose you call every Monday."—*Judge.*

*

Taking Care of the Neighbours

The new clerk at the drug-store returned the prescription to the old customer with a request that he wait till the boss returned.

"But why can't you fill it out?"

"I could if you was a stranger, but I ain't to fill 'em for folks that lives about here."—*Success.*

*

It Works Both Ways

The Woman—"Here's a wonderful thing. I've just been reading of a man who reached the age of forty without learning how to read or write. He met a woman, and for her sake he made a scholar of himself in two years!"

The Man—"That's nothing. I know a man who was a profound scholar at forty. Then he met a woman, and for her sake he made a fool of himself in two days!"—Cleveland *Leader.*

At Any Cost

Jane—"I've something on me mind, 'Arry, that I hardly knows how to tell yer."

'Arry—"Aht wiv it."

Jane—"I'm afraid yer won't marry me if I tells yer."

'Arry—"Aht wiv it."

Jane—"I'm a somnambulist, 'Arry."

'Arry (after prolonged pause) —"Never mind, Jane, it'll be all right. If there ain't no chapel for it, we'll be married at a registry."—*Punch.*

*

Generous.

"Joseph," said his mother, reprovingly, "I should think you'd be ashamed to be in the same class with boys so much smaller than yourself."

"Well, mother," replied Joe, "I look upon the matter in a different way altogether. It makes me feel fine to see how proud the small boys are to be in the class with a big boy like me."—*The Delineator.*

*

The Exile.

The Walrus—"Gee! But it's lonesome around here. What caused you to become a hermit?"

Eskimo Dog (sadly)—"I was with Cook!"—*Puck.*

*

Tact

A fashionable photographer has undoubtedly achieved the pinnacle of tactful achievement. A woman with a decided squint came to him for a photograph.

"Will you permit me," he said, promptly, "to take your portrait in profile? There is a certain shyness about one of your eyes which is as difficult in art as it is fascinating in nature."—*Youth's Companion.*

*

A Failure

"Have you completed your graduation essay?"

"No," replied Mildred. "I read it over to father and he understood every sentence. I've got to rewrite it."—Washington *Star.*

A PAINFUL MISUNDERSTANDING.

Applicant for Situation—"I've come abaht that job wot wos advertised."

Employer—"Well, can you do the work?"

Applicant, (in great alarm)—Work! I thought it was a foreman you wanted!" —*Punch*

Generosity

The Backer—"Go it, Billy, yer ain't half licked yet."

The Fighter—"Well, you come and 'ave the other 'arf. I ain't greedy!"—*Tit-Bits.*

*

The Limit

Knicker — "Is his house mortgaged?"

Bocker — "Up to the auto."—New York *Sun.*

*

The World on Wheels

"Well, I mortgaged my home yesterday."

"What make of auto are you going to get?"—Houston *Post.*

*

The Root of All Evil

Bill—"They tell me that y'r old friend Jimmy got'r job yesterday."

Dan—"Ain't it terrible, Bill, wot some people will do f'r money?"—Sydney *Bulletin.*

GOLFER—"I can't get the thing out, and I've hit hard enough!"

SUPERIOR CADDIE—"Ah, sir! it's not strength wot's required, it's intellec'." —*Punch.*

A TERRIBLE THREAT

Immature Conductor (to clarinet player)—"See here, Herr Schlag, why don't you follow my beat?"

Veteran Clarinet (solemnly)—"If you don't look owd, I vill!"—*Puck.*

*

DUSTY

Train Passenger (to porter who is wielding whisk)—"Much dust on me, porter?"

Porter—"'Bout fiftey cents' wuth, sir."—Boston *Transcript.*

*

HORSES LATER

"My lord, the carriage waits without."

"Without what, base varlet, without what?"

"Without horses, my lord—it is the automobile."—Brooklyn *Life.*

*

LAW EXAMINATION IN THE LADIES' SEMINARY

Examiner—"Miss Jones, state the chief impediment to marriage."

Candidate—"When no one presents himself."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

HOW THINGS LOOK:

TO PESSIMIST

Keep out.
Dangerous.
No smoking.
No admission.
Beware of the dog.
Keep off the grass.
Elevator not running.
Don't feed the animals.
Trespassers will be prosecuted.
Not responsible for hats and coats.

TO OPTIMIST

Come in.
Take one.
No collection.
Admission free.
You are invited.
Strangers welcome.
Ask for free sample.
No trouble to show goods.
Let us "feather the nest."
Money back if not satisfied.—*Life.*

*

WHY WILLIE QUIT

Joiner (to his apprentice)—"Well, Willie, have you sharpened all the tools?"

Willie—"Yes—all but the 'and-saw, and I haven't quite got all the gaps out of it."—*Sketch.*

*

FORTUNATE

"Did Tom have any luck hunting tigers in India?"

"Yes; great luck."

"How?"

"He didn't meet any tigers."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

A MORTAL COMPLAINT

"Your husband will soon be convalescent."

"Convalescent! Oh, doctor, can't you give him some medicine to cure that?"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

INCONSIDERATE

Lawyer (to client)—"It is an unheard-of thing for you to murder an old lady for the sake of forty cents! You didn't get enough even to pay your lawyer."—*Soleil.*

THE CAVALIER

From the Painting, by Meissonier, in the Wallace Collection

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STORMONT: A TOWN UNBUILT

BY A. CLARE GIFFIN

Photographs by Lyman Fancy

"Except the Lord do build the house,
The builders lose their pain;
Except the Lord the city keep,
The watchman watch in vain."

TROY town fell and furnished thereby subject for an epic and material for some few mounds on a windy plain. In this "Town of Stormont, in the County of Guysborough, Nova Scotia," and its desolation there is, beyond dispute, no material for an epic, though perchance somewhat for a plain history, conceiving that history to be an account of people who would have built a town and of that town as it is today.

During the struggle that ended in the separate establishment of the United States, the last Royal Governor of North Carolina, Sir Charles Grenville Montagu (to whose memory there is, by the way, a tablet in St. Paul's Church, Halifax), formed a regiment—the King's Rangers—of volunteers and volunteers persuaded. He found his men in the colony of which he had been Governor. This regiment fought through the war, and when the treaty was finally made was of course disbanded. But to those who had composed it, there was scant prospect of making any comfortable settlement with the new authorities who were founding the great republic. New homes were therefore the question, and these were offered in Nova Scotia, an unconsidered place to them hitherto, unfamiliar to their minds in every way.

Nevertheless, they put to sea from St. Augustine, in two transports, and came late in 1784 to Halifax, which was dreary enough at that time of fall gales, no doubt, but to them, in some sort, a city of refuge. They had already provisions, farming tools, and clothing for three years; and at Halifax one of the transports took on a deck-load of lumber. They were ready, as it seemed, for their venture, for their entrance into their heritage. Yet they were, it is said, unwilling to go on just then, though surely the future should have seemed fair enough. To each one had been given "a building lot in the town of Stormont, on the east side of Country Harbour." Well provided for as they were, what else could they reasonably ask? Perhaps they thought, and surely not without reason, that the chill of this new land of promise might strike harshly on blood tempered beneath a warmer sky; perhaps they (or some black woman among them with a touch of African witchcraft) divined afar off the sweep of

icy north wind down Country Harbour; perhaps it was no more than a sub-tropical unwillingness to work. At any rate, their leaders, Captains Leggatt and Dawkins, urged a move forward, and perhaps wisely enough. The Halifax of 1784 had small accommodation for such guests.

That Country Harbour, whither they were bound, lies about one hundred miles eastward along the coast from Halifax. All the shoreline is a succession of harbours, but this one stands among them without equal: a deep gash between hills; a mile or more wide, and perhaps ten miles from harbour mouth to where the tide is lost; spacious and safe; such a haven as those that elsewhere have sheltered half the world's shipping, though scarce a keel furrows its waters. The western shore runs far out forming one side of a wide bay.

DARBY'S POINT. NEAR HERE STOOD THE CAPTAIN'S HOUSE

Hither the "King's Rangers" came, on Christmas Day, 1784. About three miles up the harbour on the eastern side a steep hill runs down in a wooded slope to the water's edge, and at the foot of this, at the place now called Niblett's Landing, they went on shore. But only one of their ships had arrived; the missing one, with their lumber, had been blown off shore in one of the fierce northerly gales of the season, and the company that looked up at that snow-clad slope must have known more than a little discouragement. Snow and desolation, desolation and snow! It was melancholy enough to look at, more melancholy to go into and by force of muscle and courage make homes. It is not hard to think, surely, that they looked back, some of them at any rate, to Christmas days spent riotously perhaps, yet merrily: kept with old-world pomp and circumstances or with homely good cheer, certainly in care-free fashion and under kindlier skies. Be that as it may, they went on shore at last, and in good time came the other transport; but the lumber that was to have built their shelter had been swept overboard in the gale! A problem now arose, one to them almost unsolvable; to make in this wilderness some protection from the weather, whose quality they had already tested.

So they began work. They were not pioneers by blood, but of the same type and class, many of them, as those "poor gentlemen" down whose sleeves Captain John Smith poured cans of water in Virginia. Not hardy New Englanders these, moving on into deeper forest unafraid, but

AT "THE WILLOWS"

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN STORMONT. IT WAS BUILT BY GUY MORRIS MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE HARBOUR FROM HINDS' PLACE. MOUNT MISERY IS THE MOUND-TOPPED HILL THAT FORMS A PENINSULA ON THE RIGHT

slave owners and what are called now-a-days "poor whites," the last breed in the world to put down on the coast of Nova Scotia in mid-winter and bid seek out the "many inventions" of the successful pioneer. And altogether, men women and children, white and black, there were about nine hundred of them.

Along the face of the hill they built, with who knows how much needless labour (the sure penalty of lack of skill), log cabins, filling the chinks in the walls with moss. So far, so good; the four rude walls would withstand the wind and even keep most of it out; but the problem of roofing confronted them and found either them or their resources inadequate; they roofed their cabins with brush, the thick, strong-looking fir and spruce brush that was so plentiful, and no doubt looked so fit to keep out the snow. They did not count on the rain!

But the rain came, in perhaps, one of those January thaws that are a feature of the Nova Scotian climate, and soaked unfailingly through their roofs and into their cabins, so that they took cold and died, many of them, and had no further use for their town-lots, except as earth for shallow graves. Those who lived learned by experience, and tried another scheme for roofing. They took tree-trunks and split pieces from them, somewhat like stavewood, and made their roofs of them, with better results. Somehow they struggled through the winter. Three hundred of them died and were buried all along the slope of the hill: the rest lived through it in their leaky cabins, not, it is easy to imagine, with any rose-coloured hopes for spring, but with who knows how much of anguished looking forward to that season and surprise that was half terror at its lateness.

There had been other enemies than cold during the winter. With but little practice in restraint, brought to

PART OF THE OLD ROAD BETWEEN LEGAIT'S AND MARSHALL'S

"THE BROOK . . . WHERE THE GHOST OF A MAN FOULLY SLAIN WALKS AT TWILIGHT"

despair by the implacable winter and disease, the less responsible class among the settlers ran wild. Strange tales of sudden death were told around the cabin fires, of brawls with the Indians and atrocities that followed, of all the riot and disorder that might have been expected. Those who had money hid it in the chinks of their cabin walls; and women, left alone while their men were hunting, dared unbar the door to none. Then, and even later, it was no uncommon thing for the owner of one of those town lots to barter it quite openly for a pint of rum; even their wives, some said, were exchange for the "sovereign" elements.

Spring came at last by the infinitely slow degrees peculiar to the climate. In April there was snow on the ground; in May it flew in the air, but the grass began to look green, and by the first of June there were leaves on

THE HINDS BURYING GROUND

the trees. The colonists, or rather some of them, began to take heart and to think of the town yet to be built. Others, of less during fibre, refused to cast in their lot with an enterprise that was, they said, patently doomed from its beginning; and mindful of that hill so liberally bestrewn with graves, they went their way elsewhere; back South, to other settlements, anywhere, away from that place of evil omen.

The others, those who stayed, cleared the land where they had landed and for about two miles down or up the harbour, at intervals, as far as the head of the tide, along the western side of the harbour, notably on that hill, aptly named Mount Misery, where the initials of five of them are still to be seen cut in a rock near the summit, with the date—1785. One went far out into the forest on this western side, and there cleared a farm and worked as a cooper. Another, Hinds by name, a young man, married the daughter of one of his officers and built a sturdy house of logs, with a chimney of stone and wicker work, opposite to and a little above their landing-place. Around this he planted in course of time an orchard whereof two old trees stand to this day. He had a cider press and a tannery. With his own hands he chiselled stones for his gristmill, one of which is still to be seen and was in use not so many years ago. He reared cattle and sheep and swine, had a loom in his house, and wove cloth; learned to make shoes, and made them, out of leather of his own tanning; and so lived and brought up his family, in prosperity, homely enough, but still untroubled.

Farther up on this same western side lived coloured people and, farther down, an eccentric person, Doctor Deal, whose house stood in a clearing still to be seen—a tiny plot of bright green grass, circled by tall trees, a fearsome place at twilight. And there he lived with his negro wife, whom he taught, so they said, strange arts of compounding medicines.

On the eastern side, near the original landing-place, was the most thickly-settled spot. There two of

the officers, Marshall and Darby, built houses of some size, and around them clustered others, whose names are not preserved except in the casual mention given them in a book, now nearly destroyed, but still profoundly interesting, if only for its unsatisfactory glimpses into the past—the "Records of the Town of Stormont," begun about 1785. This book was kept by a succession of officials. It recorded births and marriages, transfers of land, and sheep marks. In it are names quite forgotten, others barely remembered, native hints of scandals more than a century old, tantalising suggestions of romance unremembered for fifty years. It has lost many pages, and its brown sheepskin covers have suffered; but, in spite of all, it retains a subtle air of confidence with the past, of being essentially a link with those who wrote in it.

Far up the harbour settled the Hudsons and a Doctor Cornwall (mentioned in the book), from whom the "Doctor's Brook," a romantic, pebbly stream and the scene of one of the best of Stornmont's many ghost stories, takes its name.

As time went on, all this scattered life began to crystallise around one point—the "Willow Trees," as it was called, where the senior captain of the regiment, Leggatt by name, had built his house. He had come better provided with money and slaves than any of the others, and his house—two-storied and capacious—became the centre of this exotic community. He was the great man of the settlements. On him fell, to a great extent, the charge of its government. The greater number of his large family were born at Stormont, and are duly recorded in the book, and each is furnished with a name of imposing length, according to ancient custom. The great house by the water swarmed with servants and hangers-on, white and black. Wide Southern hospitality was dispensed there, and it must have seemed that around this nucleus would grow up the town of promise.

There was, moreover, trade: an export of timber, for the forest beyond the hills was hardwood and absolutely untouched. This, with the energy of some few of the settlers, seemed to make prosperity an assured fact; and they must have taken heart not a little as, in the first quarter century after their landing, large and comfortable houses rose here and there along the water-side, as orchards bloomed on the slopes of the hills, and as yearly more and more ships dropped down stream, timber-laden. The spirit of the first winter had never died out, and with prosperity came opportunity. There were still tales, less openly told now, of cruelties to Indians, of murder done quietly and covered hastily, of rebellion threatened among the negro slaves and punished with quick and secret death. Riot and drunkenness still led to their old results and, if less discussed, brought their punishment. It was when the place had been settled for nearly thirty years that a privateer came into the harbour one day, a Liverpool privateer, fitted out and commanded by that shrewd old citizen of Liverpool, afterwards the Honourable Enos Collins. It cast anchor off the "Willow Trees," where the great house and store indicated a place of mark, and there the crew went on shore. What riot there was that night could only be guessed at by the shouts faintly heard from the ship. But the privateer sailed next morning with a man missing, and not long after a body drifted ashore on the little beach, "Dead Man's Beach" they call it now, at the foot of Mount Misery. The body was buried quietly, and no more was said about it. But it has stood as an unhappy memory of the place.

Thus it went on, till finally, it is said, a crowning act of cruelty brought a curse on the place, a curse of desolation and misfortune, even to the seventh generation, a curse laid

on it by an Indian, one of the last of his race. A useless thing, seemingly, to call down desolation and failure on a town built on the shores of a superb harbour backed by heavy-timbered hills, and already becoming a shipping port. Useless, seemingly, but significant, as it expressed what already hung over the place; the doom of lawlessness or indolence in the greater part of its settlers.

In truth, it was not long after this that the first stroke of deadly misfortune fell on Stormont. About the year 1817, a great gale, accompanied by a phenomenally high tide, ravaged all the south coast of Nova Scotia. At Halifax its effects were bad enough, but on Stormont a sudden and terrible misfortune fell. The great forests, the source of its chief industry, were so ravaged that scarce any timber of value remained, for the salt wind had killed and laid flat the trees.

At the "Willow Trees," too, the storm did its utmost. The master of the house was on his way home from Guysborough, the county town, riding through the woods by a bride-path. When at last, wearied out and ill (for he had been seriously hurt in falling from a cliff a year or two previously), he reached his home it was to find scarcely its ruins. The tide, rising above the road, had swept both house and store away. Completely disheartened by this calamity, he was carried by his servants up the dark windswept road, about two miles, to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Morris, with whom his wife and family had already taken refuge. There, broken down by disease as well as misfortune, he died; and his widow and younger daughters, left homeless, went to England. His sons found their way out into the world and a more eventful life. One daughter, a Mrs. Goudge, of Halifax, afterwards built the Anglican Church still standing at Stormont, and for many years she took a generous interest in some old coloured servants of the family. But at her death all connection of the Leggatt family with Stormont ceased. The Morris house, too, had its share of misfortune. Its owner bled to death there from a wound, some time after Captain Leggatt's death, and his widow moved away.

From the time of the gale onward Stormont continued to go down hill. There were gleams of prosperity, it is true, but no venture prospered steadily, no family made for itself a secure home; and this, too, in spite of efforts repeatedly made. Whatever may have been the underlying reason, some malignant fate seemed to work against all who tried to bring back the prosperity that had seemed the place's right. Their houses were burned, their fortunes wasted, their plans over-thrown. More and more people followed those who had moved away in the first years of hardship. They went, some to Guysborough, some to Halifax, and in their places came in time, new adventurers, with new plans and new hopes.

Early among these were a Mr. Stuart and a Mr. Archibald, partners in a saw-milling and ship-building venture. For a while all went well. The Archibald family moved to Stormont and lived in a large house far up the harbour. "Squire" Archibald filled, in a sense, the place that Captain Leggatt had held, and around his house and shipyard as a centre gathered the social and industrial life of the place. Stuart married a widow, Mrs. Stephens, whose parents, the Stevensons, had been among the original settlers and who had some little fortune. With her husband she left the Stevenson place, the property of her mother (near where the old family burying-ground still remains); and, buying the Morris house, they moved into it a spacious, stong-built house, standing to this day, finished quaintly within, with panelling and heavy cornices, and obtaining up till a few years ago, sundry treasures of mahogany furniture and old china.

But though a son of the buyer still occupies this house, neither the mill nor the shipyard prospered. Less and less came in every year, till the owners were fain to give up in despair. The Archibald house was deserted, as the family died out or moved away. Mill and ship-yard had become the regulation Stormont venture.

Another bid for success was made by a man named Modstock, son of one of the original settlers. He traded for a number of years, and not unsuccessfully; he made money, and built therewith his house. Then to him, when, with several others, he put most of his capital into the schooner *Reindeer*, came the seemingly inevitable. Swiftly his luck turned and left him as poor as it had found him.

Almost the last of these who fought against the adverse fate of Stormont was yet another ship-builder and a captain of ships as well. Captain Ira Pride set up his shipyard not far from the original landing-place of the settlers, and he built there a house and store. He had energy and skill, but no better fate than the others. The shipyard did not pay, it was deserted, and finally buildings and all were burned in a forest fire. So that to-day there is scarcely a trace of the life there of forty years ago. Little was done after this, and when the brig *Wanderer*, launched from Hayne's yard, dropped down the stream the end of Stormont's ship-building had come, and its ancient quiet settled down once more over almost the whole region.

Such a quiet! It is to-day almost as still as before the King's Rangers made their landing. On "The Commons," as it is called, on the east side of the harbour, opposite Mount Misery, a few descendants of the early adventurers live, notably Jesse Clyburne, and his wife, who was Sarah Hudson. They make a little garden, and they like to talk of that picturesque history now fading out of remembrance. The old man's father was the first white child born in Stormont. So close is this link with forgotten things! The few cleared fields among which they live are being gradually reclaimed by the forest; but here and there among them is a wide space, the site of some of the larger houses of the old days. The wooded spaces farther back are pitted with old cellars, overgrown now with blackberry vines and ferns. Overgrown, too, and lost somewhere in the tangle is the Leggatt burying-ground nobody knows just where.

On the western side of the harbour, at the Hinds place, there is more show of life and movement; there are more people and more houses and a certain air of prosperity. But the original home farm, deserted many years ago, is fast being overgrown with alders. Only the site of the house remains, a distinct cup of green, with a great stone where the door hung, and on the sunny hill-slope before it scattered patches of columbine show where the garden once flourished. Here, too, by the brook, are two old apple-trees, the last of the orchard. And not far from the present house is the family burying-ground, for like the Stevensons and Leggatts, they kept up the old Southern custom.

Up the river, at the Archibald place, and above, there is something life-life and properous. There is no ship-building, no export of timber, none of the life that was there for some fifty years of last country; but there is a certain amount of lumbering and farming and an air of chastened enterprise. There are, moreover, two types, persistent still: the mild, sandy-haired, invertebrate, poor white, and the military-looking, well set-up representative of a fiercer breed —interesting, perhaps, to the observer of such things.

But at the "Willow Trees," where the vivid life of the place first centered, there is no promise of enter-

prise. The turf, with scarcely the faintest outline of a house, slopes green below and above the old road. The great willow trees that marked the spot have fallen, and from their trunks a mist of new shoots has sprung up. The road down the harbour from here leads past the deserted Marshall and Darby places, past the mound that marks the Marshall vault, past the little house where two old people live with their memories; down still, till it loses itself in the thick woods on Douglass' Mountain. This eminence is named for yet another of the colonists, he who dealt so promptly with rebellious slaves.

A quiet road now, grown grassy and edged in spring with delicate young leaves, and yet, not so long ago, within the lives of the fathers of some now living, it was the artery of how keen and colourful a life! They lived with all the warmth of the blood that was in them, intensely, heartily; and in the affairs of that living they passed along this old road, where to-day even the birds are fearless, so quiet it is. They passed along this road, beyond the "Willow Trees" and over the brook just above them, where the ghost of a man foully slain is said to walk at twilight, and up into the stretch of road that lies between that brook and Pride's deserted shipyard. Did they feel, ever in the old days, the weirdness that is in the air there now? Who knows? The road runs at the foot of the hill where they built their cabins in that first winter. All along the sides of the hill, overgrown now with a thick wood, are the graves of the three hundred who died before the first spring came—those dead people of whom they said, "The good sleep in peace, but the bad walk." So that, even in those days, there rested on the place a sort of shadow. Now the trees are high and dark above the path; the wind blows softly, and the sky and the light seem far away over this place, in a greater degree than anywhere else in Stormont, hangs the shadow of failure, almost of tragedy. Truly, they lost their pain who built. And of their hopeful building so little remains!

A lonely road! Lonely, though the hill-top above looks southward across the deserted fields and out over the wide sweep of the harbour to the bay, where the ships go by in the sunlight.

THE CANYON

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

DOWN in the trampled street a twilight of mirk and mist!
Blank looking window-eyes that flare into sudden light,
Up and up, till we strain to follow their weary height—
And, above, a sky as gorgeous as ever a sunset kissed.
Purple and gold and gray, with silver space between
Billowing opal waves, their flaming crests wind-curled,
Light that glitters and heaves and breaks on a rounded world,
Breaks and scatters in glory and slips to the vast unseen!
Down in the muddy street the toll that the night demands;
Red staring window-eyes up, up till the eyeballs pain,
Soul-weary men, earth bent,—and this is the thing we gain
When we shut ourselves in a canyon, built up by our own mad hands!

"THE RING AND THE BOOK"

AN APPRECIATION OF BROWNING'S GREAT EPIC

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

ONE lays down this great work with a sense of a confusion of voices sounding and echoing within—voices that declare and argue, that doom and defend, that explain craftily, grieve comfortlessly, plead tenderly, that review and adjudge, that execrate and blaspheme. Is there any common calculus here,—any one principle to which all conform? Various and incongruous as these voices are, all alike seem to be seeking—though few sincerely—a single centre, truth. Let them be heard a moment, one by one:—

Half-Rome.

". . . . Now, am I fair or no
In what I utter? Do I state the facts,
Having forechosen a side? I promised you!"

The Other Half-Rome.

"All is told."

Tertium Quid.

"The long and the short is, truth seems what I show."

Count Guido Franceschini.

"Now for truth!"

Giuseppe Capensacchi.

"Well then, I have a mind to speak, see cause
To relume the quenched flax by this dreadful light,
Burn my soul out in showing you the truth."

Pompilia.

". . . 'Twas truth singed the lies
And saved me, not the vain sword nor weak speech."
"Well, and there is more! Yes, my end of breath
Shall bear away my soul in being true!"

Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis.

"Explaining matters, not denying them."

Juris Dr. Johannes-Baptista Bottinius.

"Able once more, despite my impotence,
And helped by the acumen of the Court,
To eliminate, display, make triumph truth!
What other prize than truth were worth the pains?"

The Pope.

"Pleadings and counter-pleadings, figure of fact
Beside fact's self, these summaries, to wit,—
How certain three were slain by certain five:
I read here why it was, and how it went,
And how the chief o' the five preferred excuse,
And how law rather chose defence should lie,—
What argument he urged by wary word
When free to play off wile, start subterfuge,
And what the unguarded groan told, torture's feat
When law grew brutal, outbroke, overbore
And glutted hunger on the truth, at last,—
No matter for the flesh and blood between.
All's a clear rede and no more riddle now.
Truth, nowhere, lies yet everywhere in these—
Not absolutely in a portion, yet
Evolvable from the whole: evolved at last
Painfully, held tenaciously by me.
Therefore there is not any doubt to clear
When I shall write the brief word presently
And chink the hand-bell, which I pause to do."

Guido.

"Sirs, my first true word, all truth and no lie,
Is—save me notwithstanding!"

These several recurrent expressions of loyalty to truth can hardly be looked upon as the result of a literary accident. From Browning's point of view, they are significant and deliberate, ranging all the way from skilful deceitfulness, through conventional credibility, to a childlike simplicity, a manly passion for truth, and a wise appraisal of human instinct and evidence as seen in the light of history and religion.

And then? In which of these hearts lies the final truth? Whose mouth utters it? May we find it at last in the scorn, the sorrow, the despair of Caponsacchi, in the smiling innocence of the child-woman, Pompilia, or in the aged virtue

" . . . of an old, good man
Who happens to hate darkness and love light?"

In none of these, the Poet seems to say, loyal and noble spirits as they are; else why hear so carefully each of the three, with the sinister Guido and the lesser persons that have but a public or professional interest in the case? All must speak freely and be heard patiently, nay eagerly, because the being of truth is spiritual and eternal and universal; while language is human and mutable and partial; because, although Art cannot be content to formulate expressions of fact merely, it can and does evoke spirit from spirit, flashing out truth in the process—essential truth, as Mrs. Browning calls it in her "Aurora Leigh," not "relative, comparative, and temporal truths"; because—and now it is Browning himself speaking directly:—

"Because, it is the glory and good of Art,
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine at least.
How look a brother in the face and say,
'Thy right is wrong, eyes hast thou yet art blind;
Thine ears are stuffed and stopped, despite their length:
And, oh, the foolishness thou countest faith!'
Say this as silverly as tongue can troll—
The anger of the man may be endured,
The shrug, the disappointed eyes of him
Are not so bad to bear—but here's the plague
That all this trouble comes of telling truth,
Which truth, by when it reaches him, looks false,
Seems to be just the thing it would supplant,
Nor recognisable by whom it left:
While falsehood would have done the work of truth.
But Art,—wherein man nowise speaks to men,
Only to mankind,—Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.
So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,
Beyond mere imagery on the wall,—
So, note by note, bring music from your mind,
Deeper than ever e'en Beethoven dived,—
So write a book shall mean beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye and save the soul beside."

In these lines are found Browning's apology for his ample epic, in which he seeks to get at the eternal significance (that is, the truth), of an Italian murder case of the seventeenth century. If it were the final legal or humanly moral pronouncement that Browning had hoped to disengage, his task might justly deserve Carlyle's bit of badinage: "What a wonderful fellow you are, Browning; you have written a whole series of 'books' about what could be summed up in a newspaper paragraph!" But though Browning is here patiently caring for the truth of fact, he does so only in order that he may with constant honour and cumulative power strike through to the truth of life, the true truth, as the French call it, back of its human shadows and semblances. What that true truth is, all who read this monumental poem may come to feel, and may make it their own possession through mental intuition and emotional sympathy.

It is a singularly invalid objection to urge against "The Ring and the

Book," that its theme is a sordid one. Says William Sharp: "There is nothing grand, nothing noble here; at most only a tragic pathos in the fate of the innocent child-wife Pompilia." "The subject," says Stopford Brooke, "is not great, the fates concerned are not important, and the same event runs through twelve books and is described twelve times. This is more than the subject bears, and than we can always endure." With the latter part of this objection—though this will be noticed again—we have already dealt; let the charge of unimportance be considered a moment.

Viewed merely as a matter of record, the source-book of "The Ring and the Book" is, of course, criminal and gruesome enough; but so are many of the bald themes of Æschylus, Euripides and Sophocles; of Shakespeare's "Othello," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Lear"; of Shelley's and of a host of modern plays and novels. If the criminal element were to be eliminated from literature, a scanty little would remain. Cruelty and struggle are necessary to tragedy, and these reach their supreme human expression in murderous crime, which thus becomes the touchstone of tragedy. And tragedy, for its part, as the writer has tried to show elsewhere, is the greatest form and atmosphere of drama—of all literature and all art—because of its mystery. "The idea of tragedy," (I quote from my treatment of "Hamlet"), "is the deepest idea of life—portent, riddle, Destiny, yet in the very storm and stress of its assault upon the Sphinx of Existence it becomes the most dynamic form of literature, and teaches implicitly the inevitableness of eternal growth." To condemn the subject of "The Ring and the Book" as sordid and uninteresting is to condemn life at one of its most awful, yet powerful points of symbolic virtue. Crime, as the agent of tragedy, gathers into its inner history not only the fiercest meanings, but the intensest. It is not, I think, too much to say that a crime requires a constrained, if momentary, sincerity of character that through the genius of a master-interpreter may light up a world of darkness. Murder both complicates and in some sense solves its own mystery.

"The murder-poem," then — as Browning calls his masterpiece in a letter to Miss Blagden—let it remain. Its history is, is brief, as follows:—

One June day in 1860, just about a year before Mrs. Browning's death, the Poet found among a miscellany of second-hand wares, displayed for sale on a stall of the Piazza San Lorenzo, "odds and ends of ravage," a square old yellow vellum-covered book, "part print, part manuscript." A glance or two sufficed to convince him that he had a prize of unusual worth to such a mind as his. He bought the book for a single *lira* (eightpence), reading it all the way back to Casa Guidi, and there at home read on copiously until he had mastered the contents by nightfall. Stepping outside upon the narrow terrace of his home, he passionately dreamed his way through the summer night to.

" . . . Arezzo, the man's town,
The woman's trap and cage and torture-place,
Also the stage where the priest played his part,
A spectacle for angels."

Thence the tragedy moved itself to Rome, and, scene by scene, was re-enacted before his inner eye, while

"The life in me abolished the death of things,
Deep calling unto deep."

For four years he brooded his epic, before beginning the actual writing of it—years filled with the crushing sorrow of his wife's death, with readjustments, caused by the removal from Italy to England, the editing of Mrs. Browning's last work and the production and arrangement of much of his own. "The Ring and the Book" was

published at last in four parts of three books each, during the winter of 1868-69. Its title refers to the source-book whose story we are now about to tell, and to the image of a ring worn by his wife and carried by Browning on his watch-chain after her death. As the soft gold could not be rounded into

"The rondure brave, the lilied loveliness,"

save by admixture with gold's alloy, so, though by reversal, the crude, hard fact of the Book's record cannot be made to yield pure truth save by admixture with the softening alloy of fancy, for truth being spiritually born is spiritually perceived, and the very hardness of fact makes it alien to the gentleness and pervasiveness of truth until mingled with the directing, controlling power of the imagination. Fancy and fact combine, then, to round out this epical ring of truth, which becomes "just one fact the more."

The source-book, evidently preserved by one Cencini, a friend of Guido's advocate, contains virtually all the important documents in the case—pleadings and testimony, letters and court-records, with the Latin title-page transcribed by Browning:

" . . . A Roman murder-case:
Position of the entire criminal cause
Guido Franceschini, nobleman,
With certain Four, the cutthroats in his pay,
Tried, all five, and found guilty and put to death
By heading or hanging as befitted ranks, ranks,
At Rome on February Twenty-two,
Since our salvation Sixteen Ninety-Eight:
Wherein it is disputed if, and when,
Husbands many kill adulterous wives, yet 'scape
The customary forfeit."

It sets forth the following facts:

In the year 1679, Pietro and Violante Comparini, Romans of the middle class and past fifty years of age, were living in a seemingly well-to-do way but in reality beyond their means, being secretly in receipt of the papal bounty. Both loved good living, but were improvident. Their debts were pressing, but, being childless, they were unable to touch their capital, held in trust for a distant heir. Violante at length conceived the idea of misleading the law and her husband alike by pretending to become the mother of a babe and thus relieve their financial situation by freeing their tied-up capital.

The plan was skilfully carried out, Violante privately visiting and bargaining with a disreputable mother-to-be, who agreed to forego all maternal rights in her infant in consideration of a certain sum paid to herself, and another, no doubt, to the church for

" . . . mass to make all straight."

In due time, then, the doubtful Pietro doubted no longer, but rejoiced to find himself father of a child indeed—a girl-babe, upon whom he and Violante next day proudly bestowed the name of Francesca Camilla Vittoria Angela Pompilia, and who for twelve years was tenderly nurtured in father-love and mother-love until she became

"The strange tall pale beautiful creature grown
Lily-like out o' the cleft i' the sun-smit rock
To bow its white miraculous birth of buds
I' the way of wandering Joseph and his spouse—
So painters fancy: here it was a fact."

Pompilia was now marriageable, and her repute as a beautiful young heiress began to extend among the local gossips. It was heard of by Paolo, second of the three brothers Franceschini, a noble family of Arezzo, Guido being his senior and Girolamo his junior. Paolo was sly and shrewd, had become priest and Abate, and was at this moment anxiously seeking to advance the impoverished fortune of his brother as head of the family by arranging Guido's marriage with a woman of wealth. Guido himself was forty-six years of age, and his affairs had been deeply embarrassed for many years.

He had been sent to Rome at the age of fifteen to make his way to purse and place under the ægis of the Church, wherein he had taken four minor orders. For thirty years he had played the gallant and the courtier, only to see his fellows advanced and himself ignored, until he felt himself constrained to choose between a profitable marriage and the retirement of defeat at Arezzo. Accordingly, he accepted his brother's advice and, old and unpleasing as he was, became a suitor for the hand of Pompilia. Both Paolo and Guido overstated the financial condition of their family, and Pietro, after making some inquiries, declined to countenance the suit; but Violante was dazzled by the idea of wedding Pompilia to a nobleman, and deceived her husband a second time by arranging a secret marriage in the church of San Lorenzo, in Lucina, where Pompilia had been baptised and where her dead body was afterward displayed. The poor young frightened girl was hurried through a cold and stormy December evening to the church; the door was locked;

" . . . for the customary warmth,
Two tapers shivered on the altar. 'Quick—
Lose no time!' cried the priest. And straightway down
From . . what's behind the altar where he hid—
Hawk-nose and yellowness and bush and all,
Stepped Guido, caught my hand, and there was I
O' the chancel, and the priest had opened book,
Read here and there, made me say that and this,
And after, told me I was now a wife,
Honoured indeed, since Christ thus weds the Church,
And therefore turned he water into wine,
To show I should obey my spouse like Christ.
Then the two slipped aside and talked apart,
And I, silent and scared, got down again
And joined my mother, who was weeping now.
Nobody seemed to mind us any more,
And both of us on tiptoe found our way
To the door which was unlocked by this, and wide.
When we were in the street, the rain had stopped,
All things looked better. At our own house-door,
Violante whispered, 'No one syllable
To Pietro! Girl-brides never breathe a word!' "

Three weeks later Guido claimed and carried off his bride to Arezzo, accompanied by her foster-parents; for Pietro saw no alternative but to submit, and even agreed to pay an instalment of Pompilia's dowry in cash, and to complete the residue by making over to husband and wife virtually all of which he was possessed, on condition that he and Violante were to be provided for at Arezzo during the remainder of their lives. Actually, however, their stay was of short duration. They seem to have been treated with impatience and contempt, if not with cruelty, and returned sorrowfully to Rome.

As Violante had before found it impossible to use the family capital unless she could become a mother, so now that all had been transferred to Guido and Pompilia, she resolved to annul the transfer by confessing the deceit she had practised as to Pompilia's birth. This she did, and the case was carried into court, which issued a compromise decree, allowing Guido a fraction of Pompilia's dowry, but cancelling Pietro's renunciation of his estate, appeals against which decision on both sides were now pending.

Meantime Pompilia, the lamb, remained in the cruel clutches of Guido, the wolf. She seems to have sunk into a state of quiet self-effacement and unresistingness, an attitude that provoked Guido's fury, already kindled and flaming with the discovery of Violante's deceit and the fear of his own financial loss. But Guido was crafty and avaricious as well as selfish and brutal, and he plotted to ruin his wife by an accusation of marital infidelity that should seem to have ample support in fact. There was a

young Canon, Giuseppe Caponsacchi, who had once seen her distantly at the theatre and had seemed struck by her beauty and innocence. Him Guido selected as his rival-to-be, sending him forged love-letters ostensibly written by Pompilia, intercepting those that came in reply, and substituting others to be read to unlettered Pompilia by her waiting-woman, so that Guido completely controlled the fictitious romance, and hoped that he was making it appear a reality to both priest and wife.

Suddenly and strangely enough it became a reality. The letters Caponsacchi received ceased to invite his presence, urging him instead to stay away for his safety's sake. The young priest was no coward, and he was, besides, growing tired of a plot through which he saw clearly enough. This time, therefore, he went directly to the Franceschini palace, meaning to beard Guido on watch and tax him with his duplicity. Pompilia, meanwhile, had apparently yielded to the constant urgings of her maid and Guido's mistress, Margherita, who was persuading her (always at Guido's instance), of the love of Caponsacchi. The young bride bade Margherita have her will at last and appoint an hour for the meeting—hence the cleverly luring letter that brought the priest. A cross-tangled state of affairs, through which only the fine souls of Caponsacchi and Pompilia saw with any clearness! Pompilia, aware of approaching motherhood and unable to enlist the aid of either Archbishop or Governor, had now resolved for her babe's sake to leave Arezzo and fly to Rome at any cost, and Caponsacchi, himself looking Romeward, was her only hope in this extremity. As he waited in the street, she addressed him from the terrace in an appeal of exquisite purity; his heart was melted within him, and he accepted her trust. Despite misgivings, only overcome indeed by another sight of her, he made the necessary arrangements, and the two left Arezzo together just before daybreak by carriage for Rome. All that day they journeyed, with slight pauses, and the succeeding night and day, until at sunset Pompilia's strength failed her and they were forced to rest at Castelnuovo, only a four hours' stage from Rome.

Here Guido overtook the fugitives, precisely the end toward which he had been working, and procured their arrest and trial on the charge of adultery. The letters which each had supposedly penned to the other, besides a number more alleged to have been found by Guido in the inn at Castelnuovo, were introduced in evidence. Notwithstanding the weight of testimony, however, the attitude of the fugitives, as against that of Guido, created an impression so favourable to them that the court regarded its duty lightly and imposed only a nominal punishment, sending Caponsacchi to a retreat in Civita Vecchia for three years, and relegating Pompilia to the Monastery of the Convertites for women.

This outcome was not altogether pleasing to Guido. He sought a complete divorce, and entered suit for one through his brother Paolo in Rome. Pompilia remained at the Convent only a short time, and was allowed to return to Pietro and Violante in Rome prior to the birth of her child. Once born, the infant was safely carried away and concealed, and soon afterward Guido, seeing that his monetary rights were now secured in the person of his son, and burning with the desire of revenge against both his wife and her parents, broke at night with his hirelings into the lonely villa through a subterfuge, and there slew all three of the inmates.

An account of the crime was written in full in a pamphlet issued immediately after Guido's execution, a copy of which Browning secured in London, and from the translation of

which I quote several paragraphs:

"Being oppressed by various feelings, and stimulated to revenge, now by honour, now by self-interest, yielding to his wicked thoughts, he devised a plan for killing his wife and her nominal parents; and having enlisted in his enterprise four other ruffians, labourers on his property, started with them from Arezzo, and on Christmas-eve arrived in Rome, and took up his abode at Ponte Milvio, where there was a villa belonging to his brother. Having therefore watched from thence all the movements of the Comparini family, he proceeded on Thursday, the 2nd of January, at one o'clock of the night (i.e., the first hour after sunset), with his companions to the Comparinis' house; and having left Biagio Agostinelli and Domenico Gambasini at the gate, he instructed one of the others to knock at the house-door, which was opened to him on his declaring that he brought a letter from Canon Caponsacchi at Civita Vecchia. The wicked Franceschini, supported by two other of his assassins, instantly threw himself on Violante Comparini, who had opened the door, and flung her dead upon the ground. Pompilia, in this extremity, extinguished the light, thinking thus to elude her assassins, and made for the door of a neighbouring blacksmith, crying for help; seeing Franceschini provided with a lantern, she ran and hid herself under the bed, but being dragged from under it, the unhappy woman was barbarously put to death by twenty-two wounds from the hand of her husband, who, not content with this, dragged her to the feet of Comparini, who being similarly wounded by another of the assassins, was crying, 'Confession.'

"At the noise of this horrible massacre people rushed to the spot; but the villains succeeded in flying, leaving behind, however, in their haste, one his cloak, and Franceschini his cap, which was the means of betraying them. The unfortunate Francesca Pompilia, in spite of all the wounds with which she had been mangled, having implored of the Holy Virgin the grace of being allowed to confess, obtained it, since she was able to survive for a short time and describe the horrible attack. She also related that after the deed her husband asked the assassin who had helped him to murder her, if she were really dead; and being assured that she was, quickly rejoined, let us lose no time, but return to the vineyard; and so they escaped. Meanwhile the police having been called, it arrived with the chief officer, and a confessor was soon procured, together with a surgeon, who devoted himself to the treatment of the unfortunate girl."

All five miscreants were discovered and arrested at the Merluzza Inn, some twenty miles distant, whither, failing other means of escape, they had made their way on foot. The trial was long, and involved, until all the murderers confessed under torture, and, notwithstanding the skill of their defenders, were sentenced to die by public execution, the Pope affirming the sentence upon appeal. The execution took place on the Piazza del Popolo, in sight of a multitude, Franceschini being beheaded and his companions hanged.

Such is the framework of the story of "The Ring and the Book." What now of the structure of the epic itself? One recalls the difficulties experienced by Tennyson in rounding out the magic number of "Idylls of the King," inserting in the final edition "Balin and Balan," which made eleven, and cutting "Geraint and Enid" in two, in order to make twelve. From the first, Browning had frankly planned an epic, and his twelve-book scheme has not only traditional literary justification, but its own peculiar validity as well. It has been likened by James Thomson to a vast Gothic cathedral—"for here truly we find the soaring towers and pinnacles, the multitudinous niches with their statues, the innumerable intricate traceries, the gargoyles wildly grotesque; and, within, the many coloured lights through the stained windows, with the red and purple of blood predominant, the long, pillared, echoing aisles, the altar with its piteous crucifix and altar-piece of the Last Judgment, the organ and choir pealing their *Miserére* and *De Profundis* and *In Excelsis Deo*, the side chapels and confessionals, the fantastic wood-carvings, the tombs with effigies sculptured supine; and, beneath, yet another chapel, as of death, and the solemn sepulchral crypts. The counterparts of all these,

I dare affirm, may veritably be found in this immense and complicate structure, whose foundations are so deep and whose crests are so lofty. Only as a Gothic cathedral has been termed a petrified forest, we must image this work as a vivified cathedral, thrilling hot, swift life through all its marble nerves." Again it has been likened to "a great fugue, blending, with the threads of its crossing and recrossing voices, a single web of harmony. The 'theme' is Pompilia; around her the whole action circles." (Symonds). To the present writer it seems that the work progresses like a mountainous country from irregular foothills to higher and higher peaks until Pompilia is reached—the spiritual height that dwarfs even Caponsacchi and the Pope, to say nothing of the limited, self-satisfied lawyers. Or, again, it may be seen to move as a day from the slow sunrise of doubt and hope and conjecture to high noon of truth and purity, and slowly down again to blood-red sunset in Guido's doom. Or, better than either, perhaps, of these two figures, may be suggested the image of a slowly kindling fire, lit in the Introduction; giving forth in Books II to IV thick, obscuring smoke with scant warmth; in Books V to VII mounting into keen flame with heat and brightness; in Books VIII and IX fading into an afterglow, which still claims to be fire, while in Book X it is calming, graying, reviewable; in Book XI sunk into the black clinkered ashes of hatred and despair; in the Epilogue, shaken and cleared away. The Poet himself more than once suggests at least the momentary application of such a figure. Despite Sharp's and Brooke's strictures, the order of the several Books is no whit irregular or haphazard, but as nicely fashioned in the relation of part to part as the more obviously articulated moments of a drama. Indeed, one may discern here the rising action of the sad story towards the crisis of Pompilia's deathbed utterances; the falling action in the failure of Guido's base purposes; the final suspense in the review of the case by the Pope and the last desperate hope of Guido; and the catastrophe in the public execution.

In the Prologue or Introduction the Poet describes and accounts for his material, sets forth his purpose in fashioning it into a work of art, and explains his method of dramatic monologue as conditioning the epical development of his theme. Apart from the Prologue and Epilogue, there are to be ten Books, representing the opinion or testimony of nine persons (one of whom, Guido, speaks twice), touching the murder and its meanings. But a tale so often told, it may be objected, must grow wearisome. A superfluous objection! since it is not with the matter of his tale-telling that Browning and his readers are here chiefly concerned, but rather with the study of the mental and spiritual reactions of the story upon the several persons recounting it, and of the value of those reactions as contributing to our knowledge of the final, inalienable, eternal truth.

"Well, now; there's nothing in nor out
o' the world
Good except truth."

Truth is the precious ore for which art must now adventure, and art must be long and catholic and very patient. "The poet of the old epic," says Chesterton, "is the poet who had learnt to speak; Browning in the new epic is the poet who had learnt to listen. This listening to truth and error, to heretics, to fools, to intellectual bullies, to desperate partisans, to mere chatterers, to systematic poisoners of the mind, is the hardest lesson that humanity has ever been set to learn. "The Ring and the Book" is the embodiment of this terrible magnanimity and patience. It is the epic of free speech."

First of all, then, we are to hear

the rumouring, differing voices of citizens, bystanders, public opinion—of Half-Rome, The Other Half-Rome, and Tertium Quid. Thereafter Count Guido Franceschini will appear, as after torture he proffers his defence to his judges in a small room adjoining the court. Then the young priest, Giuseppe Caponsacchi, summoned from Civita Vecchia to assist the court with his knowledge and counsel, and only now informed of the murder of Pompilia, reviews the whole matter with often interrupted self-control, with a breaking heart. Then Pompilia speaks on her deathbed:—

" . . . a soul sighs its lowest and its last
After the loud ones—so much breath remains
Unused by the four-days'-dying; for she lived
Thus long, miraculously long, 'twas thought,
Just that Pompilia might defend herself."

Her dying witness is followed by the studied professional speeches of two lawyers, one for each side, Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis and Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius.

"Then comes the all but end, the ultimate
Judgment save yours,"—

the decision of the old Pope, Innocent XII, upon appeal made to him in Guido's behalf. Lastly, Guido himself, during the night before his execution, bares his soul before the two confessors sent to solace his last hours, bares it in hatred, desperation, and agonised entreaty. The Epilogue follows, rounding out the whole. Prologue and Epilogue are not only complementary in purpose, but are further connected by three specific ties, half-ironical addresses to the then Browning-indifferent British public; movingly beautiful apostrophes of invocation and dedication to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the Poet's "Lyric Love"; and the creative artist's command for the existence and spiritual persistence of his dead-alive world:—

"Let this old woe step on the stage again!"
"So did this old woe fade from memory:
Till after, in the fullness of the days,
I needs must find an ember yet unquenched,
And, breathing, blow the spark to flame. It lives,
If precious be the soul of man to man."

The speaker in Half-Rome is a jealous, oldish husband, whose own wife's conduct is evidently the subject of his keen suspicion, deserved or undeserved. He is delighted to have encountered, just outside the Church of San Lorenzo, where the bodies of Pietro and Violante are exposed and whither his morbid interest has led him, the cousin of one whom he has come to regard as his wife's lover; and he proceeds to set forth his views of the crime with zestful implication, being temperamentally garrulous and personally aggrieved. He is almost as fond of praising his own style and discernment by way of narrative-recess as our good friend Nick Bottom the weaver, to whose essential character, indeed, his own, despite his superior education, bears more than one point of resemblance. He regards Guido as a doubly defrauded man, deceived as to Pompilia's birth and wealth, and again betrayed as to his honour by her guilt with Caponsacchi. Nevertheless, it is difficult for him to show great enthusiasm for Guido's character, for it seems to him that the nobleman has been oversimple, under-suspicious, and has handled matters justifiably indeed, yet rather awkwardly. Pompilia, of course, has been a sly, soft schemer—he even likens her to a viper—whose impending death is richly deserved and whose last confession cannot but reveal her iniquity. For a moment, when his narrative reaches the dramatic scene at Castelnuovo, Half-Rome shows a superficial admiration for Pompilia's splendid menacing defiance of Guido, but it is superficial only, rhetorical indeed, and intended merely to attest his judicial fairness. His language

touches vital truth here for the moment, but touches it falsely. Caponsacchi he sees as a typical seducer—a Paris matching Pompilia's Helen, a "bold, abashless one." All through Half-Rome's account we may feel that his interest is personal to himself rather than vicarious for Guido. His insinuating references to his hearer's dangerous cousin are very deftly introduced:—

" . . . Do you hold
Guido was so prodigiously to blame?
A certain cousin of yours has told you so?
Exactly! Here's a friend shall set you right,
Let him but have the handsel of your ear."
" . . . there's more to come
More that will shake your confidence in things
Your cousin tells you—may I be so bold?"
"(Have not you too a cousin that's a wag?)"
" . . . a matter I commend
To the notice, during Carnival that's near,
Of a certain what's-his-name and jackanapes
Somewhat too civil of eves with lute and song
About a house here, where I keep a wife.
(You, being his cousin, may go tell him so.)"

And in the passage beginning:—

"The proper help of friends in such a strait,"

he speaks feelingly and from first-hand experience. For the rest, the course of his life has made him cynical enough. He has slight faith in law, despising Roman justice, as Hawthorne saw it two centuries later, as a byword. "Thus," he cries:—

" . . . . Thus
Was justice ever ridiculed in Rome."

The Other Half-Rome represents the reverse side of popular opinion. The speaker is a young unmarried man of good heart and generous sympathy. He speaks two days later than Half-Rome, and wonders to hear that "little Pompilia," as he affectionately calls her, is still withstanding death. As he thinks of her "patient brow" and "lamentable smile" and "flower-like body," he is moved with a deep pity, and speaks with earnest chivalry. He has not the intellectual power to strike through to the core of truth, and therefore gives more than their due weight at times to the accusations against Pompilia and the Comparini, while he seeks to minimise their offences. He has a certain "balancing" propensity, which marks him as habitually a rather cautious, conservative thinker, who appreciates some of the finer shades of ethic truth only because his nature is fundamentally kind and just. While he pities Pompilia, "the little solitary wife," he allows himself to be disturbed by a minor discrepancy in the respective testimonies of the wife and the priest. On the whole, nevertheless, he firmly believes Pompilia's flight justified, and herself innocent of crime. She had fled from cruelty to kindness, from night to day. And if Caponsacchi had loved her, how could he be blamed, who had yet acted honourably in all his relations with her? He was "lamb-pure, lion-brave." Guido is condemned as a brutal husband, a rash and wanton murderer, whose pitiless act is not only an offence against Christ, but a gravely defiant invasion of the dignity of the law, which had already pronounced its will in the premises. Let him therefore suffer, alike as a wilful, impetuous, avaricious tyrant, as an enemy of the social order. That this speaker is much finer-grained than his predecessor is shown not only in the content of his utterance, but also in its diction. He has a touch of poetry in him, seems to delight in euphony, alliteration and assonance, and mints such phrases as these:—

"No sparing saints the process!"
"She went first to the best adviser, God."
"At last she took to the open, stood and stared
With her wan face to see where God might wait."

Cool, calculating self-interest sets the next person talking, and such talk it is!—cynical, snobbish, nicely balancing the pros and cons, but disdain-

ing to seem to pronounce at any point, bruiting many conjectures but, without vital interest in any one of them, bruiting them idly, as a testimony to his own chosen "catholicity."

"One and one breed the inevitable three.
Such is the personage harangues you next;
The elaborated product, tertium quid:
. . . .
The critical mind, in short."

On account of his very coldness of nature and false social ideals, the speaker leans at heart towards Guido's side of the case, and is unable, despite his assumed neutrality, successfully to conceal that leaning. In the two Guido Books, the Lawyer Books, especially the second of these, and Tertium Quid, Browning's dramatic success is the more striking when it is considered how utterly alien the characters presented are to his own. Tertium Quid is of that worthless type —the social and political snob, hollow and falsehearted. He pours out his scorn publicly on the *plebs*, and privately upon his audience, a group of two listeners, Prince and Duke, who seem to have temporarily quitted the card-table to hear his views expounded (merely as an item in their evening programme), in the gilded gaming saloon, and who are joined now and then by another listener or two who casually drop into the group and out again, while the presence of the Cardinal, the man of most power among them and social ruler, therefore, of the roomful, who sits preoccupied at cards, lends zestful double-meaning to some of the speaker's remarks.

Not a gleam of Pompilia's purity nor of Caponsacchi's manhood seems to be able to strike through into the decorously-shuttered soul of Tertium Quid. All he cares about is to maintain a reputation for dispassionate analysis and balanced wisdom, to show nothing so ill-bred as emotion, to please his hearers and so advance his private aims and prospects. Like certain other critics, both before and since his time, he takes pains to dissipate in a second moment any seeming sincerity of thought or theory he may have uttered in a first. Nor does he forget to pay the appropriate concessive compliments from time to time to his hearers' mental powers, "idiots" though he finds them in his final aside. The reader will notice too, in Tertium Quid's monologue, tinges of personal bitterness as to his own fortunes, especially where their case seems to parallel Guido's early history.

(To be Concluded in the March Number.)

PATTERAN*

By GEORGIA DAVIES

WHEN cold, bare fields break into blossoming,
Wooed by the sun and rain,
You search the pasture slopes with me and find
Arbutus buds again.

Long-lost, yet near. The first gay robin's call,
The flag-flowers tall and blue,
Each simple joy which marked our calendar,
I share again with you.

Bright cowslips, honey-sweet, you pick for me:
White clover breathes your name;
Against the wall we see japonica
Break into scarlet flame.

All the familiar, oft-recurring things,
The same, *yet something more*;
The very grasses seem to murmur low,
Your feet have passed before.

I walk the woods. I see the fairy-plants
You loved the best of all:
Red cup-moss, fragile ferns and linnæa,
And hear again the call

Of that shy bird whose two notes pierce my heart
(How oft we paused to hear!).
So, month by month, by some remembered sign,
I trace you through the year.

But wistful autumn comes incarnadined,
And summer birds are fled;
Then faded flowers whisper to my heart,
That you, like them, are dead.

In vain, in vain, my spirit seeks to find
Your path beyond the stars;
If only you could send some token, dear,
To tell me where you are!

One petal from the amaranth you wear—
My courage would not quail,
How gladly I would crave an unknown way
To follow on your trail.

*The handful of grass which the gypsies strew on the roads as they travel, to give information to any of their companions who may be behind as to the route they have taken.

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS

BY W. LACEY AMY

Photographs by the author

YEAR by year in Canada it is becoming more difficult to find a spot with the fascination of the "new." The advent of the tourist, Canadian and foreign, as such an important factor, has covered the country with a people who, while ever anxious to discover nature at its origin, are not content to leave it so.

But there is still one accessible spot, far removed from the dust of the automobile, the studied *négligé* of the summer tourist and the commercialism of the tourist-spoiled servant—a place where the people, the life, as well as the scenery are yet unspoiled. As such it is not advertised with pictured folder and enticing description. It has had no recommendations of pleased patrons; but it has provided for the privileged few who have visited it the rest from turmoil and rush that makes it almost vandalism to assist in introducing it to the average traveller.

It was by mere chance that a talk with Kellogg, "the bird man," several years ago, and the casual remarks of the Intercolonial folder aroused the wish to spend my holidays in the Magdalen Islands. And further attempts to learn more of these out-of-the-way Islands but added to the attraction. An exhaustive search in the Toronto reference library revealed but three articles on the Islands, two of them in United States magazines more than twenty-five years old, and the other written by one who had not left the steamer that makes the semi-weekly trips between the mainland and the Islands.

Correspondence with the owner of the steamer brought nothing but the names of a number of possible houses at which board might be secured, and inquiries addressed direct to these houses added information of varying importance. One woman was unable to take boarders because "my husband has been drowning since——." Another answered the requests for information by saying that her rates were "six dollars a week. When are you coming?" A man in a little French village, where, I discovered afterwards, only two or three could speak English, assured me that: "The rate of board is generally five dollars a week and fifteen dollars a month, this is what tourist give, but will say, what, being you are from, we may reduce it some." And this delightful unconventionality continued to the last moment of my stay on the Islands.

In many ways it is difficult to discover why this group of Islands is neglected by the tourist. Easy of access they are, and the transportation comforts are surprising. The Intercolonial carries one to Pictou, Nova Scotia, in the unsurpassed accommodation it affords. From Pictou a staunch little 650-ton, 165-foot steamboat runs twice a week to the Islands, just making both ends meet by means of a $15,000 subsidy from the Gov-

ernment. From the obliging Captain Burns to the single waiter the service is surprisingly good.

On the Islands themselves the visitor experiences all that quaintness of people and life that is the result of long generations away from the toil and competition of the outside world. Seven thousand French and a thousand English, the former the descendants of old French-Acadians exiled from the Annapolis Valley in the time of history, and the latter offspring of the immigrants brought by the English Admiral who owned the Islands for so many years, thickly cover the group. These families have grown up together for generations, or have lived side by side in different sections of the same island, working at the same business in the same indifferent, satisfied way.

Perhaps not one out of a hundred of the present population has ever been on the mainland. The fishing grounds are the limits of their wanderings. Even those who have taken the steamer over to Pictou know only that town, or perhaps Halifax, where the store supplies come from, and Quebec, the seat of Government, hundreds of miles away.

The location of the Magdalen Islands may have been more or less familiar to us when the name came in the list of Canadian Islands, but geography does not keep fresh unless business or public affairs revive it periodically. And assuredly the Magdalens would provide no reason for remembrance, except to those who visit them.

Away out in the middle of the Gulf of St. Lawrence they lie, a series of mountain tops that managed to get above the water. And, without a break in their fury, the wild waves of the Gulf sweep down for two hundred miles from the cold shores of Labrador. Eastward a hundred miles stands the bleak western coast of Newfoundland. Cape Breton is seventy miles to the south, and Prince Edward Island noses out into the Gulf the same distance westward. From Pictou, the mainland port, to Amherst, the nearest port of the Islands, is 127 miles.

At high tide there are thirteen islands, but when the slow-moving ebb is completed, with three feet of water lost, seven islands are joined by a low strip of land, making a continuous stretch of fifty-three miles. Over this sand road, treacherous with its quick-sands and dangerous to any but the resident, it is possible to drive from Amherst Island at the southwest, over Grindstone, Wolf, and Grosse to Coffin in the northeast. The disconnected islands are Deadman, on the west, Entry and Alright, on the southeast, and Bryon and Bird Rock, far away to the northeast.

Deadman Island is but a long peak of rock with but sufficient shore to allow the erection of a few rough shacks for the sealers in the spring. Entry is peopled exclusively with English, has no port, and is worthy of notice only for having the highest peak in the group, 530 feet high. Alright is divided from Grindstone by a mere channel over which a rope ferry makes the transfers. The convent is situated here. Bryon Island is a small fishing island eight miles north of the main group, where but a few families remain in the winter.

Most interesting of the smaller islands is Bird Rock, a tiny peak of six acres, 125 feet above the water, accessible only by means of windlass and bucket. On its top the birds flock in white clouds, and the only human beings are the light-house keeper, his wife and two assistants. All year round they are forced to remain, since the ice of early spring and late fall prevent access to the rock, and in none but the quietest weather and water can a boat approach. Twice a year the supply boat carries provisions, but for the rest of year the lonely family is cut off from the outside world.

AMHERST, FISH-TOWN, MAGDALEN ISLANDS

AMHERST HARBOUR, FROM DEMOISELLE HILL

THE BEACH AT GRINDSTONE, SHOWING THE WEARING AWAY OF THE ROCK

All that is geography; but there is most interesting history to make the Magdalens worthy of more attention than they receive. It need but be touched here. Cartier himself made the first visit to the rocky, inhospitable shores in 1534, but it was not until 1663 that the first settlement was established by Honfleur fishermen. A Frenchman placed them there, and, sailing away to France, returned in the spring to find that a Cape Breton official had sent a colony over and the two groups had combined and sailed away to Gaspe. The Frenchman tried again and was more successful. His son attached the name "Madeleine Islands" to the group, using his mother's name; and, although this was gradually changed officially to Magdalen, most of the people still call it "Madalens."

In the course of time Admiral Coffin acquired the Islands for services rendered, and to his descendants they belonged until three years ago, when they were sold (or at least what remained to sell) to the Magdalen Island Development Company, a group of Montreal men who are even more anxious to dispose of their rights than was the English family.

Now the only remnants of the M. I. D., as the company is called, is a group of large, deserted buildings, into which $200,000 was sunk to develop fishing in cod, mackerel and lobster, sealing or anything else in which there might be money. Now but one man remains on the Islands for the company; he is anxiously looking for a purchaser or a re-organisation scheme.

Each island is but a peak of soft sandstone into which the wild waves are gradually eating their way. Small, vari-shaped mounds rise from the water along the shores in all directions, the remains of what were at one time stretches of solid land. Every storm claims its piece, and in time the serious inroads of the water will leave the Islands but a memory.

THE WHARF AT GRINDSTONE

On Entry Island the former light-house was engulfed by the steady wearing away of the rock at its foundation. The present beacon is a quarter-mile inland from the sheer cliff over which it sends its light to add to the other dozens of light-houses that make navigation possible amongst the dangerous shoals and islands.

My first sight of the Islands was in the early morning as we cast anchor off Etang du Nord, a small French village on the west coast of Grindstone Island. Just back of us loomed the forbidding rock of Deadman, its cold whiteness standing out mysteriously against the lighting sky of the morning. Over the peak of grindstone the sun was just showing, scattering little rays through the clouds on the rippling water. In under the shore the fishing fleet was stringing out for a mile—a hundred of them—on its way to the fishing grounds. The black sails, prepared with a tamarack solution, made them like phantom ships in their strangeness.

From the shore a dozen herring-boats were paddling leisurely out to us, or moving along under small sails. The fishermen were coming with their boxes of fish and would unload the salt, which is the principal freight. Lazily they came, and my first impressions of them were fully justified by further experience. From both sides of the boat they unloaded, handling their awkward craft in the ocean swells with careless ease.

The passengers for this stop were unloaded with some difficulty into one of the boats, and, with the mail, they set out for the shore. The mail would be taken by a driver four miles across to Grindstone, then fifteen miles to the top of the Islands and return to Grindstone by the time the boat made the trip of forty miles around Amherst Island to Grindstone in the afternoon.

After four hours' unloading, the fishermen going back and forward to the shore as if the boat had the whole day ahead of it, we got away for Amherst. At Cabin Cove, a small group of houses snuggled under the highest peak on Amherst Island, another stop was made for the fishermen to unload salt.

Rounding between Entry Island and the long Sandy Hook of Amherst harbour, which extends but a couple of feet above the water for three miles, we approached the first wharf on the Islands. There are but three of these, and the unprotected harbours expose them to the waves to the dangerous sinking of the ends. At the other calling-places the weather

is the deciding factor, weeks elapsing before some of the stops can be made.

There is but one protected harbour among the Islands, Grand Entry, and the entrance to it is so shallow that it can be made by the steamboat only in calm weather and at high tide. In a storm the bottom of the entrance shows up through the waves, and a visit is impossible. Pleasant Bay is a nice-sounding title for the large body of water enclosed in the instep of the long boot that is the general shape of the group, but a wind from the east makes it more dangerous than the open.

It is in these storms that rage so frequently around the Islands that lies one of the reasons for the limited number of those who make the trip out. Within two hundred yards of the house where I stopped for a week were the wrecks of four large schooners driven on the shore last year. A quarter of a mile out in Pleasant Bay the spars of another protruded from the water, the result of the shifting of a load of loose herring purchased for bait. One day during my visit the fishermen brought in on their little *charettes* cod thrown overboard from the wreck of a 100-foot schooner that was being lightered by the owner in the hope of saving the hull.

Just a mile away the *Lunenburg*, the predecessor of the present steamship, ran ashore in a snowstorm of late 1905. Only five of the sixteen on board were saved. And all along the shores as we steamed could be seen the hulks of former wrecks, not many seasons old, for the drifting sands quickly cover them up.

Light-houses adorn every point as the limit of precaution, but the shoals and reefs, the hundreds of projecting bars and points, the shifting winds and fierce waves of this district prove too much for the most experienced of mariners. Pleasant Bay has been the scene of one of the most disastrous calamities of fishing experience. The Lord's Day gale of 1873 caught in this deceptive harbour hundreds of fishing schooners fleeing from the wind outside. The sudden shifting of the gale caught them in the trap, and the shore was strewn with the hulls of boats and the bodies of fishermen. Within sight of the boarding-house mentioned a stretch of four hundred yards of beach was covered with forty-five schooners.

So many old hulls lie under the water and on the sands that the fishermen claim the clams of Amherst harbour are unfit for use because of the rusty poison they have drawn from the metal. Whether this is the reason or not, the fact remains that the clams caught on the shore are poisonous and of a rusty colour, fit only for bait.

There is little that is attractive in the distant appearance of the Islands. At one time covered with large trees, the inhabitants cut so recklessly for shipbuilding and firewood that entire islands are without so much as a shrub. Grindstone Island is the prettiest, because of tracts of short spruce and fir, unfit for use, but taking away the bald look that makes Amherst Island, for instance, appear so bleak.

Approaching the landing-place it is a pretty sight to see the white-washed houses stretched out irregularly over the land. There are no villages, as we understand them, the houses being placed without regard to the location of the stores or post-offices. In fact, there is little of the Islands that is not peopled. The population is much too numerous, and it can only be a year or two until migration must take place to make room. The tiny farms that occupy the fishermen between fishing seasons are not large or productive enough to support the rapidly-increasing population.

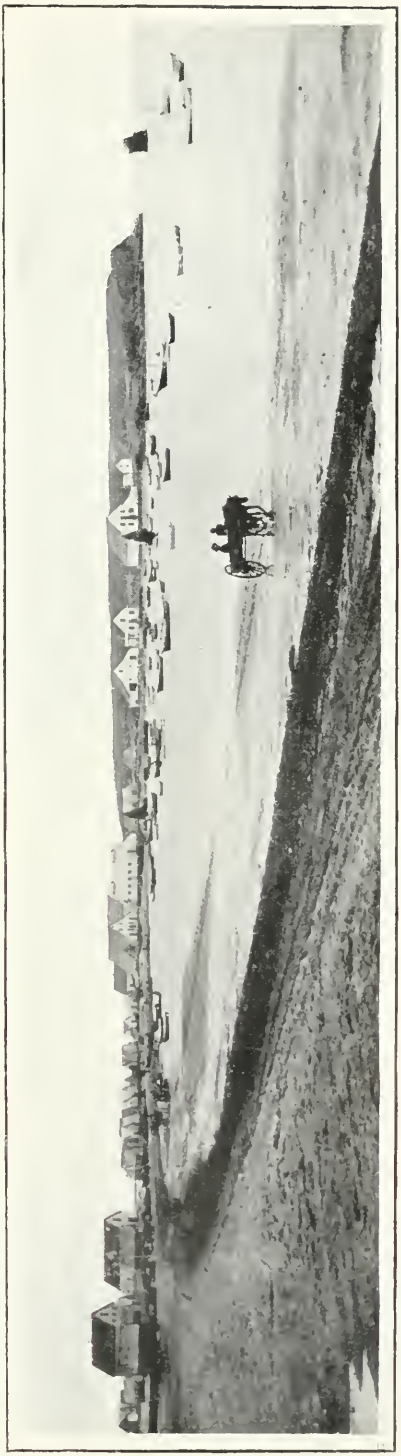
The houses are whitewashed, and with few exceptions shingled all over. The roofs are treated with a coat of whitewash or tar, not only to preserve them, but to assist in keeping out the bleak winds that roar over the

Gulf in the long winter. Inside, many of the houses are papered over cloth which blows and waves in the winds outside.

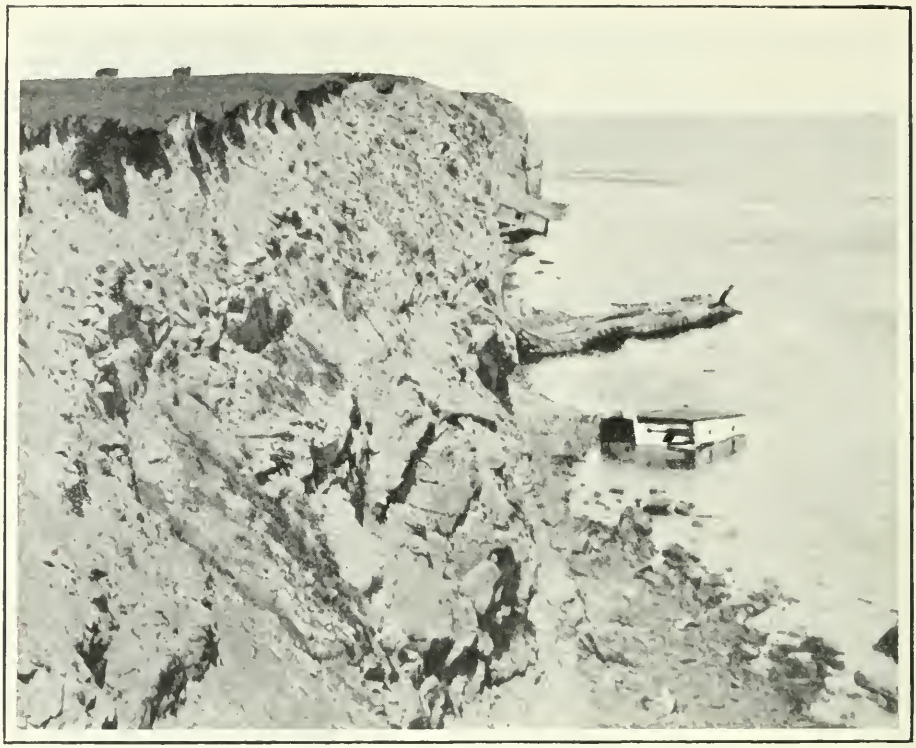
When the winter comes the Islanders are cut off from the outside world save for the cable which connects the north-east point with Cape Breton. (During the past fall a wireless connection has been established). For five months no boat can weather the ice-floes and storms of this section of the Gulf. The Magdaleners must provide their own amusement, with only such information of the outside as comes over the wire to the little telegraph stations that are used only in emergency. The boat runs as long as the ice will allow, usually being forced to stop before the first of December. In April it sometimes starts again, but May more commonly sees the break in the long isolation.

There are sixteen telegraph offices under the direction of M. Le Bourdais, a French sailor wrecked thirty-nine years ago, in winter, on the north shore, his legs cut off above the knees owing to the exposure. He was obliged to take this means of earning a living. And the number of messages does not overwork him. One office had not sent or received a message for fifteen months, but the operator received $150 for his share of the idleness. Another operator was paid $100 for one message.

Two years ago the wire broke in December. It was impossible to mend it at that time of year, and the isolation after years of cable connection which was seldom used worried the islanders. At last one of them rigged up a molasses cask with a tin sail and set it adrift, with letters sealed in lobster tins. Ten days later it was picked up at Post Hastings, Cape Breton, and the letters were delivered. From the first of December to the first of May that was the only connection the Islands had with the mainland. Then the government ice-breaker smashed its way through the un-



ETANG DU NORD FISHING-HARBOUR



A WRECK-STREWN SHORE

usually late ice-floes and brought relief.

And what of the simple, quaint fisher folk who inhabit these Islands, who fish for cod and lobster and receive little for their labour? Their life, their happiness and innocence, their limited wants, their toils and sports are worthy of separate attention. Living in all the dangers of ice and storm and wind, content with little and not working hard for it, their life is the relief from strain and struggle that would send a business man back to his work with renewed energies and revived strength, with a mind that has been unable to do anything but rest. A quaint, old-fashioned people, I found them, as yet unspoiled by the outside world, uncommercial, unambitious, and ignorant of life as others know it, but unique in their simplicity, friendliness and habits.

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. Amy on this interesting part of the Dominion. The second will appear in the March Number.)

SOFTY

BY F. H. SHAW

WILLIAM MENPES trembled violently, and his lips moved, but no sound issued from them. He was gripped deeply in the greatest fear he had ever known. They called him "Softy" in the township, but though there were times when his brain refused to obey his needs, such a time was not now. He realised to the full the predicament he was in, and he knew the terrible justice of that wild land, whereby a man must pay with his life for his crime.

"Waal, boys, guess ther prisoner's been found guilty, according to law." It was Jasper Fergus who spoke, and his jaw shot out cruelly. The coming task was one in which he delighted; he had sworn a solemn vow by all the lesser gods of the West to stop this constant and growing crime of horse-stealing. "Yew're all sartain on that head, I take it? You, Ed Fitzgerald? You, Mike Donoghue? You, Sim Lofty? You, Jake Merrill? You, Bryan——. Whar in h——'s Bryan gone?"

"Loped off a while since," said Sam Lofty. "Streaked it like a flash ter the north. Guess his stomick sickened at what were comin'."

"Don't make no difference," said Fergus. "Guess thar's enough of us hyar for ter form a quorum. Yew've heard the evidence; thar ain't no doubtin' as haow Softy stole that hoss, thar ain't no doubt as haow he intended fur to steal it; we found ther hoss on him—ter be more kerrect, he were on ther hoss, he were riding towards Booming Bluff; he intended fur ter sell the cayuse; he's as guilty as ever a man were; an' the sentence air ——" He paused impressively.

"Death," muttered the little chorus. And Fitzgerald took up the tale, as if he needed to defend himself against his verdict.

"This horse-stealing's got to stop; let one man go, what's the result? Another man comes along and steals another horse, maybe two. He gets off; another follows suit; and before we know where we are, we haven't a horse left in the town. We've got to make an example of Softy to encourage the others, as the Frenchmen say."

"That's right, that goes to ther root o' ther matter," grunted Donoghue. "Blurst Frenchmen, says I, but when they talks sense like that, it goes. Let the sweep hang. Tain't as ef he misunderstood. He's been warned; he's been told fer ter keep his hands off them hosses; but he goes an' does it right away. He's a bad lot—pretends fer ter be looney, when he's as clear-headed as you'n me. He stole that hoss knowin' that hoss-stealin' meant death; then he's got ter swing, sharp an' suddint."

"Waal, seein' ye're all o' one mind, he shall swing," said Fergus. "He's been took red-handed, an' seein' thar ain't a properly-qualified jedge within miles, an' seein' as haow Softy's as slippery as an eel, up he goes one-time. Anyone got anythin' ter say?"

No one had anything to say, but all made comments on the matter. Some were vitriolic, some were sneering and

cold as a Rocky frost; but amongst them all there was not one softening word of mercy. It was not to be expected; in a semi-lawless community justice must necessarily be sharp and summary. The execution now meditated would have a most drastic and deterrent effect on other mavericks in the vicinity; masterless men who lived by their wits and their cunning. Softy possessed an unsavoury reputation at the best of times; he had been mixed up with many a shady transaction; there was little in him that was good. No one knew whence he came, save that he had drifted into the district in a promiscuous manner many a year before, and had gained his living as best he could. But twice he had been imprisoned on charges of felony—that was when the judge was alive; twice he had been driven away from the remoter boundaries of Cleft Rock; he had returned after varying lapses of time, to be accepted with a certain amount of distrust, and warned to be on his best behaviour. Never before had he faced death so closely as now.

He, wavering in wits as he was, recognised the justice of his sentence. He had meant to steal the horse, it was the best in the town, and his eye had been taken with it. On its back he could join up with the old gang of outlaws and hold his own with them in their deeds of daring and devilry; he could elude pursuit and win clear to freedom, no matter how close the corner in which he was held up. It was Fred Simpkin's Bayardo that he had stolen, and Fred was away on a journey, so men would have it; but the absence of the horse's owner made no difference. There were a dozen men ready to swear to the animal's identity, and of that dozen not one but coveted the beast greatly.

" 'Tain't as ef we knew any good o' Softy," said Fergus, anxious to stand well with himself. "He's bad right through—as bad as they make 'em. Thar ain't a good p'int in him; an' like as not we'll save him from goin' a bigger cropper by swingin' him now. A man what would steal another man's hoss 'ud cut that man's throat just so soon as look at him. We ain't takin' no chances this time, an' Softy's goin' out according to lynch law."

"Ain't he got nuthin' ter say fer himself?" asked Donoghue. "He's glib enough at most times." But Softy had nothing to say. Cold fear had paralysed him completely; the muscles of his mouth were not under control. Long ago he had heard members of the gang speak in terrified whispers of this strange black silence which men called death; they had shrunk away from its grip; they had cried aloud in fear when it seemed to hover about them. Death must be a terrible thing; he could not face it. He must speak—but though he tried, no sound came from his parched throat. Death—he trembled, his knees weakened beneath him, he could not stand. One of his judges hauled him to his feet and propelled him violently towards the single tree that stood, a lone sentinel, on the barren hillside.

He screamed, the awful, inarticulate scream of a wild animal facing its end. To softer hearts such a cry might have brought pity, but not one of those stern men who had not suffered in some way from similar depredations. Mercy had fled before the sweep of grim necessity; the man was a common pest, as such he must be eradicated on the shortest notice, lest the infection should spread. They were unconsciously cruel, perhaps, but only by the making and enforcing of such laws could they hope for peace in such a mixed community.

"Yew've got a rope, Ed," said Fergus. "Pass it over. Seein' as haow I'm jedge, I'll be hangman too. I've got the courage o' my convictions, I have, an' I'm not afeared to own up to havin' strung the scum."

Softy looked about him. He saw a ring of merciless faces, sunburnt, hard, keen of eye, dogged of jaw. These were his judges. A little distance away grazed the object of dispute, Fred Simpkin's Bayardo; a horse that filled the eye, and presented a picture of equine perfection, despite the fact that it had been ridden hard during the preceding night. The horses of the posse, breathing deeply still, and sweating, grazed here and there on the sparse grass that filled the hollows in the rocks. Rock and scant herbage spread as far as the eye could see: for the range was almost in the foothills of the Rockies, and the chase had been long towards the West.

In the farther distance towered the great sentinels, a continent's massive backbone; they upreared their cold heads into a sky that showed like turquoise. But that sky gave back no smile of mercy, the stones gave no sign. Justice had spoken its final word; all that was needed now was for the sentence to be carried into effect.

"Ain't ye goin' to say nuthing'?" asked Fergus keenly. He remembered courts of justice of the olden time when bewigged, red-gowned justices had given convicted felons one last chance of appeal before the final words were spoken, and he had no wish to be unjust, however merciless he might appear. Softy tried to speak; so much depended on his words: if he could lie plausibly, if he could only tell them that Simpkin had ordered him to fetch the horse—a hundred excuses ran through his brain, but not one of them found utterance.

"Hyar goes, then," said Fergus, and knotted a noose in the rope that Fitzgerald had provided. The gnarled tree stump possessed a single branch that was eminently suitable for the purpose afoot they decided to attach the rope to it.

"Yew'd better say yer prayers, Softy," grunted Fergus, laying the noose around the condemned man's neck. "Thar ain't no goin' back onct yew've started this journey. Donoghue, shin up an' cast this rope about that branch, sharp an' secure." It was done; the rope hung loosely. Fergus gazed about at his men, and frankly disliked the task that was set him and them.

"Ef we all swing tu that rope he'll go up." he said; "but 'tain't a kindly job. How'd it be s'posing we mounted him on Bayardo, an' let ther hoss do the work?"

The men sighed their relief; it was no wish of theirs to haul the choking man from his feet and into eternity.

But Bayardo was not easily caught, he eluded them with a snort of satisfaction and galloped away. Some time passed before Donoghue roped him and brought him to his senses; but this was done eventually, and the horse was led near to the tree.

"Hoist him up, boys," said Fergus. "That's the fashion. Haow, Softy, yer time's up. Yew've been a bad lot, but ther reckonin's come at last."

He arranged the rope about the condemned man's neck carefully, and backed Bayardo under the tree.

"Haul that rope tight an' make it fast, someone." It was done. Softy realised to the full the horrors of his position. He closed his eyes, and shivers of deep dread shook him. He opened them again, for he could not bear the darkness, it terrified him. In another minute such a darkness as that would close down on his senses for ever.

He was terribly afraid; more afraid than ever he had been in his life before. His sins came to his mind; he had been a bad egg from the beginning; he had never had a chance. Sweat beads stood out on his forehead, his breath came chokingly. What was that?

It was a long-drawn cry from the distance; a cry that caused Bayardo to whinny loudly and welcomingly.

Softly opened his eyes again; he had closed them as the moments passed, and away in the distance, just topping a rise in the ground, he saw two mounted men galloping as fast as their horses could put foot to ground.

"We ain't stoppin' for no one," said Fergus, and lifted his quirt to strike the horse across the quarters. Clear as a bell through the rarefied mountain air came a commanding voice: "Stand, Bayardo?" And the horse stood like a rock, it refused to move even when the lash stung it cruelly.

"Get up, yer brute," snorted Fergus, snatching at the bridle, but the horse planted its forefeet solidly and would not budge an inch. It had heard its master's voice bidding it stand, and stand it would until the order was countermanded.

"Curse it! Ther blame cayuse won't move," said Fergus, and as he wrestled with the stubborn animal the sound of galloping hoofs drew near and nearer. Fred Simpkin pelted up on a wellnigh spent horse, and flung himself to the ground.

"What's to do here, boys?" he asked. "Why, you're not going to hang old Softy, are you?"

"That's about ther size of it, Fred," explained Fergus. "We'd got him all fixed just-so, but this yer hoss o' your'n won't budge. Naow, yew kin just tell him tew march, and we'll get done with a nasty piece o' work."

"But, you're not going to hang Softy!" Simpkin stood squarely in the sunlight, and his face was stern with determination. "Come, lads, say it's only a joke you've been playing on him. Why, Softy's never deserved hanging in his life."

"It's ther toughest kind o' joke that's ever been played on him, Fred. Don't yew interfere; he's been tried accordin' to Jedge Lynch, an' he's been found guilty. Jest yew tell that thar cayuse tew move on, will yer?"

"Bayardo doesn't move a step until Softy's let down from that tree," said Simpkin, fondling his horse's nose. "What's the charge, anyway?"

"Yew know it, Fred. It's your hoss that's been stole, and there's been a round dozen stole within the past month. We're goin' to put a stop tew it onct an' for all. Softy's found guilty, Softy swings. That's all there is tew it."

"Hold on a bit. Take your hand from your belt, Fergus. Quick—drop that gun! There was the click of steel in Simpkin's voice, and the unwavering muzzle of his swiftly-drawn revolver covered Fergus squarely.

"I'll shoot if you don't stop it," he said, and the pistol the big man had pulled dropped with a thud.

"That's better and don't any of you draw a gun—I mean what I say, boys. We'll reckon this thing out squarely, and Softy won't hang if I can help it." Simpkin dominated the situation as much by force of his strong personality as by any hostile action he had taken. Some of the better thinking of the men began to feel honestly ashamed of the part they had played; to look at Softy, sitting Bayardo still with his jaw fallen and a blank look in his eyes, was enough to convince them that the law-breaker did not deserve the same treatment that was meted out to others. He had sinned—heavily according to the penal code of the camp, but to him the dividing line between right and wrong was so narrow as to be hardly perceptible.

"Now, we'll see what can be done." Simpkin's voice was perfectly level, but he was aware of a queer thrill at heart: he knew that a false move might precipitate disaster. But none could have guessed the fact as he moved round to Bayardo's side, and caught the prisoner's foot in his hand.

"Shift that rope, someone," he commanded, and Donoghue did it, unwillingly, perhaps, but he did it nevertheless. Then the rescuer launched

Softy over the sleek back of the horse, and he dropped heavily to the ground.

"To condemn a man, there's to be a prosecution," said Simpkin. "I don't intend to prosecute, and the horse is mine. Look at it whichever way you like, you haven't a case."

"He's been tried and condemned already," said one of the men.

"Yes, illegally. Mind you, boys, they aren't in favour of too much lynch law hereabouts—with a murder it's different. And Softy—why, Softy's Softy—that ought to be explanation enough."

"Yew'd better mind yer p's and q's yerself, Fred," growled Fergus, in a voice that was suggestive of a spent volcano. "I've seed men swung up theirselves for doin' just so much as yew've done; no more. Accessary arter the fact, don't they call it?"

"I'll risk that. Boys, Softy's been pretty near the divide to-day, and I guess it's taught him a lesson. We won't play any more fancy tricks of this kind; he knows now what the punishment is, and he won't risk it again. Will you, Softy?" Softy, remembering the shocking horror of the past hour, shook his head dumbly from side to side, where he crouched on the parched grass.

"Then, that settles it. The prisoner has promised amendment, and the prosecutor refuses to prosecute. I declare Softy free, and if there's anyone here doubts the judgment he's only got to interview me." He looked big and brave, an undesirable morsel to tackle, as he stood there, one strong, brown hand on Bayardo's neck, the other grasping the revolver. If he had shown a moment's weakness it is likely he would have been rushed, shot down, and Softy dragged to his death. But the men about knew that if any one made such an attempt, one or more of their number would go out; and each man imagined the revolver muzzle was covering himself. The tables had been well turned and competely.

"Come on, boys, let's light out o' this," said Fergus, turning away and stooping for his revolver. "After all, we was a bit hasty, p'raps. He was trying to put as good a face as possible on the matter. But"—he wheeled round suddenly—"what we want to know is this, Fred. Who's responsible fer Softy? What proof hev' we that he won't go for ter do it all over agin? Once a hoss-thief, allus a hoss-thief, that's my idee."

"Don't worry about that, Fergus. I'll be responsible for Softy. I'll answer for anything he might do in future; not that he'll do anything. But I give you leave here, before witnesses, to hang me if Softy goes off the straight again."

"That goes, Fred. Mind yer, we'll keep yer to it. If thar's a hoss stole agin, an' onless Softy kin prove a mighty good alibi, you answer fer him, or deliver him up. Come on, boys."

Simpkin had conquered; and as he watched the impromptu court mount and ride away, he wondered what strange whim had caused him to interfere. He had no particular affection for the culprit; he had much for Bayardo. And yet, when Bryan, riding at a furious gallop, had come upon him where he was prospecting, within a couple of miles of where Softy had been held up, and when Bryan had thundered out the tale, Simpkin had got to saddle as quickly as ever he had done in his life, and spurned the earth beneath him in his haste to intervene. Why? He asked himself the question curiously, and could find no reasonable answer. Softy was a wrong 'un, looked at from any point of view; he was a blot on the little community; he was more than half suspected of having a finger in many nefarious pies. Only six months before suspicions had gone out in his direction, connecting him with a notorious gang of outlaws away higher up in the mountains. There were some who had sworn to recognising

him in company with Burke, the leader of the gang. And yet, here was Simpkin risking the hostility of all his friends in the settlement, merely to save the worthless one's life. He marvelled at himself for a clear minute.

"It's one of those sudden impulses a man can't account for," he told himself at length. And then he surveyed Softy, where he still lay on the ground, his arms tightly bound by the elbow.

"If Bryan hadn't known the exact spot where I was prospecting, Softy," he said slowly, "you'd have been explaining yourself to a Greater Judge than Fergus. D'you understand that?"

The culprit wagged his head side to side. Simpkin stooped, drew his knife and cut the thongs. "Get up," he commanded, and Softy rose stiffly. "I'm asking for no explanations; you'd likely find a hundred if I gave you the chance. But remember one thing, Softy, I'm responsible for you. If you play the fool again I go out, not you. And so, if I so much as hear again of your making a wrong move I'll attend to you myself. Now, vamoose." But Softy, instead of availing himself of the permission, remained where he was.

"I ain't to be trusted, Fred," he said slowly. "Times thar's a feelin' comes over me as haow I can't help myself. I tries to be decent, but the feelin' says: 'Yew go an' take this, yew go an' take that,' an' I can't resist it; I jest can't."

"You'll have to make a fight, my lad, that's all. It's the rope for you and me if you don't."

"Haow kin I? Ain't every man got his hand agin me? Kin I keep a job a week? Soon's anythin' goes wrong it's Softy that's ter blame, allus Softy. An' even if I'm innercent, ther blame holds jest the same. What kin a chap do agin that? Ef yer turns me adrift naow, Fred, I'll go the same road—I could no more help stealin' your hoss 'n I could help sleepin' when I was tired."

"Well, what do you want? You poor devil, I suppose you never had a real chance in your life. What do you want?"

"Let me hang out along er yew, Fred. I'll work hard an' honest, I will, so be you give us a chanct. I don't want no dollars, narvy cent; just my bare keep an' a place to lie o' night. I want ter be straight, but I can't be 'thout someone helps me. I'm a bit weak here," he tapped his forehead; "an' I can't tell any difference at times atween right an' wrong But ef yew took me in hand, why, there ain't no tellin'."

Simpkin thought for a moment. Probably enough it was as the man said. He was a social pariah; every man's hand was against him; inevitably his was against every man; it was the law of the world. To release the man from death and to throw him at large on a hostile world was practically doing no more than postpone the inevitable evil day. He studied the loose-lipped, unintelligent face closely.

"You can dig out with me," he said at last. "I dare say I'll be able to find you a job. Now, come on." He mounted Bayardo's bare back, and set his horse's face towards home. Softy strode along beside him, his eyes on the ground, and something that he was entirely unfamiliar with welling up in his heart. In all his life he had hardly known the feeling of gratitude, but his disordered brain was slowly making queer, rambling resolves.

II.

Within a month Softy was accepted as being as much a part of the establishment as the big stove in the corner. Cleft Rock, a place where memories were conveniently short, forgot his share in the horse-stealing, and as there was no more such stealing, refrained from hurling their earlier epithets of abuse at the man.

The unfortunate toiled ceaselessly from dawn to dusk, for only by so doing could he fight down those terrible pangs of fear that remained to him as his heritage from the past. He went abroad, armed with Fred's great axe, and painfully, laboriously, hewed down the sparse trees that grew in the mountains, dragging them one by one back to the settlement. He made no inquiries as to Simpkin's daily labours; his saviour had told him on the morning after his salvation that he was going prospecting, and that was enough for Softy. Washing the rough dirt-stained shirts of his friend, or splitting the logs for the stove, Softy thought constantly of his benefactor, and muttered curious, grotesque sentences between his teeth.

Winter closed down in all its rigour, and there was nothing to be done outside. Simpkin had done much work in the open months, and now, as he could no longer continue his lengthy journeys, he was quite content to sit at home and discuss the future with any who came his way. But the men of Cleft Rock, whilst not holding any grudge against him for his intervention, yet seemed to slacken in their cordiality ever so little; and so, it was only natural that Simpkin should find himself thrown more and more on Softy's society.

Little by little Simpkin confided his story to his henchman's willing ears. He was not a man of fluent speech, but as the reserve of the man wore down he became almost eloquent.

"There's a girl in England, Softy," he remarked one night, when the snow lay thick outside and a harsh wind roared sullenly round the hut. "That's why I'm out here. You wouldn't understand it all: but it eases me to tell you. She's not the sort of woman you see away out here, she's all pink and white, and young, Softy—young and tender. She's got a mother, too—darn her!" He reached inside his coat and drew out a little miniature, at which he gazed almost pityingly.

"There she is, Softy; and I'll swear you never saw anyone to touch her." The ne'er-do-weel took the picture with reverent hands and gazed upon such a face as had never passed his way since remembrance began.

"She's like—like—ther dawn in spring," he said wonderingly. "Gee, ain't she Number One all right?"

"She's all that, and a good deal more. It's on account of her I'm out here. What use is an engineer in London these days, unless he's specialised?" went on Simpkin half to himself. The market's overcrowded for engineers, unless they've got capital to start in a big way. And that girl's mother's got her ear-marked for a rich man, Softy. I came out here to grow rich, and it's slow work, it's slow work." Softy crept nearer.

"It's like music fer ter hear yew talk, Fred," he said. "Ain't thar no more?"

"Oh, there's lots more, if it comes to that. It does a man good to get it off his chest at times. She said she'd hold out against her mother for two years; but that she didn't think she'd be able to do more. And eighteen months are pretty nearly done. She writes me letters, Softy, and tells me how hard it is to hold out against her mother's persuasions. I'd like to—to——" He set his teeth firmly, and a look of bitter determination came into his eyes.

"Like ter string her up, same's they nigh strung me up?" asked softy, out of his limited intelligence.

"Well, not quite so bad as that, lad, perhaps; but she's a harpy, a beast. She's doing her best to marry my girl to a millionaire, a drunken hound who'd lead her the life of a dog; but he'd put lots of money into the way of my girl's mother, and that's all she thinks of. Not about her child's happiness—she doesn't care if Maisie goes to hell in torment, so long as she herself lies soft and

warm, and has fine clothes to wear. Not much chance there for a poor devil of an engineer who's got nothing beyond a couple of bare hands and a bit of grit."

And Simpkin relapsed into mournful silence.

"Wisht I'd a gold mine ter give ye, Fred," said Softy. And Simpkin laughed; it was so impossible to imagine Softy, who had never been known to possess even a whole shirt for more than a week, to give him anything.

During those long winter months the young man talked much to his companion, and little by little the meaning of what winning Maisie Ridout meant to his patron penetrated into Softy's brain. Love for a woman was a thing he could not understand, but he could and did understand how Simpkin's heart hungered for the girl away in London. He, Softy, could not help Simpkin to the realisation of his ideal: which was to make a fortune, and, returning, drag the girl from under her mother's very nose; but he could realise that Simpkin needed encouragement as the months wore on, and he gave it, in his own grotesque fashion.

And then the spring came round; the white blanket began to disappear from the world, the sound of pick and shovel was heard in the land. Simpkin resumed his lengthy absences from home, and Softy stayed behind guarding Simpkin's possessions jealously.

"Pack up everything that matters; we're moving out o' this," said Simpkin, one day, bursting into the place. "Look alive, Softy. We'll slip off to-night." And he helped Softy to dismantle the simple dwelling of everything that was worth while. Toward evening a waggon drew up at the door, and the two men piled a curious mass of belongings into the vehicle; Simpkin cracked his whip as the last movable was in place, and they set forth into the night. That night and the next they travelled, and then arrived at a spot which Softy had never known before. Here they halted.

"We'll stop right here," said Simpkin. "We'll run up a bit of a shed, Softy, and start afresh." And further explanation he would not give. Softy was obedient, and in his hands the axe did marvellous things; but Simpkin could hardly spare the small time necessary for the erection of the shack; he was afire with a strange eagerness.

"Finish it yourself," he said, throwing down the hammer. "Softy, I've found a fortune, I believe." And he hastened down to the bed of a little creek. There had been a landslide with the movement of the snow, and the prospector had found undeniable traces of the precious metal he was in search of. He had discovered a pocket containing nuggets, the soil in the bed of the stream was rich with gold-dust.

"I want a month here, that's all," he said to Softy. "After that all the world can know about the find; but we won't say a word to a soul yet. We'll live on what we can shoot, Softy, and we'll stow the gold away all snug; we won't take it into the settlement. Here's where we'll stow it."

He was feverish, excited beyond his wont. Experience told him that his find was a valuable one; a king's ransom lay within reach of his hard-working hands. But to work by night was impossible, they had no lamps of any account; and, too, the sight of a burning light in that deserted cañon might attract the attention of undesirables.

Simpkin lifted a board of the floor and took up his pick. "We'll dig a hole here, Softy," he said, and fell to work, his companion assisting him. The earth was hard, and it was toilsome labour; the sweat ran down their faces, but they did not think of desisting until they had excavated a receptacle that would have held gold to

an incredible and fabulous value.

"That's where the gold's to be stored," said Simpkin. "And you've not got to breathe a word to a living soul about it, my lad. You see, I'm trusting you, in spite of what you did before, but I believe you're going to make good, Softy, and you'll get a share of whatever gold's lifted."

Between them they had washed and found close on ten thousand ounces of gold; it was a thing almost unheard of. Only another month, and then Simpkin could go boldly to Maisie's mother and lay his winnings before her, could claim the girl by right of his love and his wealth—love for the girl, wealth for the mercenary mother—and the end would be wedding bells. He opened out still further from his habitual reserve, and told Softy more and more of his dreams.

"I'll take on big contracting work; I'll be a millionaire in five years," he said. "Maisie'll have everything she wants, and we'll pension off the old woman so she won't interfere. It's a good world, Softy, a good world. We'll stop another week, Softy, and then we'll clear. But—I'll prepare her for what's coming, lad, I'll prepare her." Six days later Simpkin saddled his horse that had grazed at large in the neighbourhood, and set off towards the settlement. "Back in three days, Softy," he said. "You look after the place."

He rode off leaving Softy alone. He would return in three days, and those three days must be filled in somehow. Softy found stout nails and secured the loosened floor-board in place. He stamped on it, and found that it gave no indication of a hollow space beneath; it was packed with bags of gold; it sounded dull and solid. The first two days were put in adding a little more to the treasure. The third day Softy took Simpkin's shotgun, and went into the woods. Returning towards evening. He cooked the bird he had contrived to shoot, and ate it; then he sat down before the stove—up there the evenings were chill—and in the glowing embers traced the face of the girl. He laughed to himself, rubbing his hands, chuckled at thought of the surprise that would be hers. Then he heard the rapid beat of hoofs outside, and got up in haste.

Fred must be back—it was almost time. Only Simpkin would ride in such hot haste. But there were surely two horses; ah, Fred would have brought another,of course, in order to drag back the laden waggon as swiftly as possible.

Softy opened the door and went back to the stove to pile fresh logs into it; he must give Fred a welcome home. Feet sounded without—he straightened his back and turned to the door. And then his face whitened, his jaw dropped; here was no Fred Simpkin, instead two men, vile of feature. clad in coarse shirts, stood in the entrance. His hand flew to his shirt bosom, his fingers gripped the butt of the old revolver.

"Hands up!" He refused to obey and pulled the weapon forth, as he levelled it a pistol cracked, and his hand fell uselessly to his side, the pistol dropping to the ground.

"None o' them tricks here. I said 'Hands up!' " Softy recognised his impotence, and his foot that had been reaching out to the fallen weapon, was withdrawn.

"What d'ye want?" he asked sullenly. "Thar ain't nuthin' hyar."

"Yes, Softy, there's suthin' hyar we wants. An' yew've got fer ter give it to us, mind ye that."

"An' durned quick, too," growled the second man. They both entered the hut and closed the door behind them. At close quarters, with the light upon their faces. Softy named them for two of the old gang, desperate men, who would allow nothing to stand in their way. What could they want?

"Strap him up wi' thet old hide-

rope," said the man who had challenged and fired, and the other man obeyed. They thrust Softy down on the packing-case beside the stove; so close to the glowing erection that he could feel the skin of his back scorch.

"Naow, Softy, old pal, yew've got to speak a word er two ter-night," growled the man he had recognised for Jim Burke himself. Softy's heart drummed painfully against his ribs; he was beginning to understand.

"We're wise on some things," said Burke, playing with his revolver. "We ain't intendin' fur ter resort ter extreme measures, Softy, 'cos yew'll be reasonable, bein' an old pal. Tell us in three words whar Fred Simpkin keeps his bold." That was it—he had known it all along. And because two pairs of eyes were watching him narrowly, he refrained from glancing towards the spot where the floor-board covered the treasure. It required herculean effort, but he refrained.

"Thar ain't no gold," he said, lying bravely.

"Thar's a lot o' gold somewheres," said Burke. " 'T won't pay yew fer ter lie ter me, old son. I don't mind tellin' ye haow I knows. We've watched Simpkin an' you hereabouts, an' we've tumbled. We was in Cleft Rock yistiddy, an' me, sendin' off a letter, seed Fred Simpkin come inter the post-office. I seed him write a tellygraft, an' he wrote that enthusiastic, he pressed deep. I read every word he'd written on ther paper underneath. An' what he wrote was: 'Struck it rich, comin' home.' An' he ain't been to ther bank, an' he ain't got the gold on him. So it's hyar, an' we means fer ter have it."

"It's not hyar," said Softy sullenly. "I tell yer, it's not hyar."

"It's hyar, Softy. Come, yew're not going' back on an old pard. Yew up an' tell us whar it is, an yew'll get yer share."

He approached the bound man and, as if in play, thrust his head down towards the stove. With the hot breath from the glowing iron scorching his chin, he held him fast.

"Tell us, Softy," he coaxed. And Softy wriggled in anguish. His poor brain had become clear once more, as clear as it was that day when Fred Simpkin had saved him from the rope. He was able to think it all out clearly. These men knew the gold was there; they have raced ahead of Simpkin in order to possess themselves of it and be away before his return. And Fred had promised to be back that night.

Burke had intended to take the gold and Softy with him, until the presence of the semi-idiot became too embarrassing, when he would be dispensed with. Simpkin would naturally suppose that the temptation of the gold had been too strong for the man he had saved, and suspicion would only rest on Softy—who had always been under a cloud. It was an ingenious idea.

Softy held out until a blister appeared on his cheek. Then he gasped, and Burke released him.

"Come on, Softy; yew'll only lay up trouble fer yerself ef yew don't tell us quick. Thar ain't no time ter waste."

"Waken him up; there'll be hell ter pay ef Simpkin comes back afore we're through," growled the second man. "Leave him ter me, Burke, an' I'll make him speak." Burke moved away with an ill grace, and left Softy seated by the stove. The other man, Jinsy Craggs, pulled his revolver out.

"Will ye speak?" he asked, and fired. The bullet cut a score in Softy's shoulder; he yelled aloud with the pain.

"Next time it'll be ter kill, not ter hurt," said Jinsy, drawing back the hammer slowly. "Naow, will yer tell?"

It would be so easy to divulge the secret of the gold's hiding-place; a couple of words would do it—nay, even a single glance. Burke, leaving the unfortunate in the hands of his accom-

plice, was ranging the place, searching everywhere—turning out the old boxes, seeking under the beds, tapping on the walls. Softy feared death greatly; but there was something within himself stronger than his fear. Simpkin had left him in charge of the gold; he had trusted him, whom no man had ever trusted before. And that gold meant so much to Fred—life, happiness, love — more than these, indeed, the happiness of that wonder-woman whose pictured presentment filled Softy's dreams.

"Ther gold ain't hyar," he repeated stubbornly, with a curious little glint in his colourless eyes, and a quaint setting of his stubbly chin.

"Oh, it ain't, ain't it? Wall I'll give yew one more chanct. Naow, one, two—whar's that gold?" The revolver was levelled at Softy's breast; allowing for the throw-up of the muzzle, the bullet would take him fairly between the eyes. He could see the hard, brown finger tightening on the trigger, and, almost unconsciously, he could smell something—burning skin. But not his own—not his own; he felt no pain in his hands or back. Ah! he had it—the hide rope that bound him was being charred through!

"Will ye tell? Three!" And the pistol cracked. But the aim was not intended to be immediately fatal. As he fired Jinsy threw the muzzle down and a bullet took Softy in a lobe of the left lung. He coughed huskily and worked at his bonds and felt them give.

Now was his chance — he would never tell. They might tear him limb from limb, but the gold had been entrusted to him, and he would hold the secret with his life. It was only the pain of the burning he feared. The gold belonged to Fred, to the man who had saved him and treated him as a white man. The rope snapped. Softy, making no sound, reached for the revolver. Burke and the other man were conducting a search on their own account, tapping the walls, stamping on the floor, and feeling everywhere.

"We'll cut him up—hi!" cried Burke, turning, and Softy grasped the pistol-butt. But as he lifted the muzzle Burke fired, and the bullet was aimed truly and well. Softy dropped back with a groan, but he still held the pistol, despite the fact that the bullet had almost touched his heart.

Dying as he was, a gleam of his old cunning came back to him. Fred must be here anon; he must hold out until then. If the men believed—believed——

He wearily crawled across the floor of the hut, away from the place where the gold was hidden. The men watched him through narrowed lids.

"He'll go to it now—he's all in!" said Burke. Softy had counted on this, and he made shift to lift the pistol that was growing so heavy now.

"Come an' take it," he gasped and fired wide.

"Drop him! The gold's underneath!" said Jinsy, cocking his revolver. As his finger pressed the trigger again Softy groaned, and that groan reached the ears of a man who stood in the doorway. Fred Simpkin, hearing shots, had halted at a little distance from the shack, dismounted, and crept forward on foot. On the grass his feet made no sound. But the door was open, and he saw every detail of what was transpiring within. He said no word as his revolver flashed forth; he said no word as his finger pressed the trigger, but Jinsy went down with a bullet through his brain.

"Move, and I shoot!" came a stern voice, and Burke fired—a second too late. His arm was shattered at the elbow; he gave a roar and plunged towards the door, but the pistol-butt took him fairly on the temple, and he went down like a pole-axed ox. A mist was before Softy's eyes, but the well-remembered voice penetrated to his dimming brain.

"Fred, I saved ther gold!" he said weakly, and died.

THE VOICE FROM THE SOIL

ORGANISATION, EDUCATION, CO-OPERATION

BY GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

A FEW weeks ago the world rubbed its eyes in amazement at the spectacle of eight hundred farmers from all over Canada appearing before Parliament at Ottawa and demanding justice. What was even more significant, those farmers represented immediately an organisation of almost forty thousand farmers of Canada and indirectly four million souls who subsist through agricultural industry. No spirit of undue humility marked the presentation of their case to Parliament. Full and intelligent realisation of their importance as the groundwork of the national fabric was a feature of "Farmers' Day" on Parliament Hill.

That the representatives of organised agricultural industry in Canada should find necessary the expenditure of time, money and effort sufficient to lay their case before Parliament is a striking commentary on the Canadian system of Government. It was a public manifestation of the widespread feeling among the great wealth-producing class that so-called democracy in Canada is largely a myth, that special privilege is in control, that representative Government is broken down, and that only through a united and determined effort on the part of the common people will they secure protection of their interests. Those farmers were erstwhile followers of two historic political parties, but now they acknowledge no party ties.

The appearance of the farmers at Ottawa was a warning to both political parties that all the Canadian people will not always bow allegiance to any but constitutional power. Since the Western farmers spoke their minds so fully and freely to Sir Wilfrid Laurier when he visited the prairies last summer they have been misrepresented, for selfish reasons, in every Anglo-Saxon country. Their descent upon Ottawa will terminate that campaign. The world now knows the truth.

But the questions now are. Will this farmers' organisation live? Has it any stability? What is behind it? It is patent to all that if the farmers remain shoulder to shoulder their cause must ultimately triumph. Former articles by the writer have set forth the rise and some of the accomplishments of the farmers' organisations in Western Canada, and it is the purpose of the present article to indicate the certainty of their permanency.

By an analysis of the organisations in each of the prairie provinces a better appreciation of the scope and importance of the farmers' work can be had. In the Province of Manitoba there are to-day two hundred local Grain Growers' Associations; in Saskatchewan, three hundred and fifty Grain Growers' Associations, and in Alberta two hundred local unions of the United Farmers of Alberta. Each local organisation of farmers holds meetings either monthly or semi-monthly for the discussion of matters

purely local, such as purchasing supplies, marketing produce, municipal laws, and other subjects of paramount interest to the immediate community. In addition provinciol matter relating to government ownership of elevators, direct legislation, co-operation, meat packing plants, mortgage laws, taxation of land values, supplying seed grain and scores of others receive attention. Probably greater interest is taken in such national questions as the tariff, public ownership of public utilities, government ownership and operation of the Hudson's Bay Railway, railway legislation, the banking system of Canada, and the conservation of natural resources. These local meetings are proving of untold benefit for educational purposes and are rapidly bringing about a healthy interest in all public questions. Each year there is an annual convention held in each province where from five to six hundred delegates from the local associations assemble to legislate for the provincial organisations. Farmers' parliaments will meet this winter at Brandon, Regina, and Calgary.

It is at these parliaments that the policy of the associations is laid down and plans outlined for future progress. These parliaments are becoming recognised as factors of great importance in Western civilisation, and they receive due attention by the press. It is at these meetings that the tariff, elevator, and Hudson Bay Railway policies are formulated and written down.

The local associations in the three provinces are bound together by central organisations, which form the connecting link and unite the three provinces for one purpose. In Winnipeg is the central office of the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association, presided over by R. McKenzie, Secretary, an Ontario man of Scotch descent, who has spent more than a quarter of a century in Manitoba, and who is familiar with the problems of Western farmers. Moose Jaw is the headquarters of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association, where F. W. Green, Secretary, is in charge. He is a native of the Mother Country, but he has spent nearly a generation in Canada, and has become one of the big farmers of Saskatchewan. In Alberta the central office of the secretary is at Innisfail. It is presided over by E. J. Fream, another native of England, whom nineteen years in Canada has transformed into a thorough Canadian. Every member of local associations pays one dollar a year, half of which goes to the support of the central office. The Grain Growers' Grain Company, realising the fact that the associations have built up the company, support the central offices by generous grants of money. Saskatchewan and Alberta associations receive small grants from the provincial governments, but such grants in no way affect their independence. The farmers' organisations of Western Canada have no political nor governmental strings upon them—and therein lies their strength. The function of the central offices is to supply information for the guidance of the locals and for discussion at their meetings; to conduct the organisation work throughout their respective provinces, and to watch the interests of the organised farmers upon all occasions. During the winter months organisers are sent throughout the country by the central office, and addresses are delivered on topics in which the farmers are interested. Each central office is an information bureau for the local associations, and it also furnishes inspiration and incentive for greater activity where needed. The central association has regularly elected presidents, and other officers and a board of directors for the conduct of its business. The Saskatchewan association has inaugurated a life membership scheme at twelve dollars a year, and the funds are lent on farm mortgages

to supply a permanent fund from the interest for the support of the central office. The Manitoba and Alberta associations are also working towards the same end. It is the aim in all the provinces to have a more highly organised central office through which the work of the organisations will receive greater impetus. It is no temporary scheme upon which the Western farmers have embarked, but one which they hope to leave in a state of great efficiency for the benefit of their descendants.

Despite the rapid progress that had been made towards the ideals set by the farmers' organisations in the Western Provinces, it was felt by the promotors that a central bond of union was needed in the shape of an independent journal which could be used as the official organ. Two years ago the Grain Growers' Grain Company, which was the only farmers' organisation with a financial standing, offered to finance such a paper for the associations, and *The Grain Grower's Guide* is the result. It was started as a monthly in June, 1908, and was adopted by the three provincial associations as their official organ. So well was it received that a year later it became a weekly paper. It is the only paper in Canada, owned, controlled and edited by farmers for farmers. It is not a purely agricultural journal, but, as set out by the promoters, it is "Designed to give uncoloured news from the world of thought and action, and honest opinions thereon, with the object of aiding our people to form correct views upon economic, social and moral questions, so that the growth of society may continually be in the direction of more equitable, kinder and wiser relations between its members, resulting in the widest possible increase and diffusion of material prosperity, intellectual growth, right living, health and happiness." No member of any of the associations is compelled to subscribe to or read it.

The spirit of co-operation is permeating the prairie country very rapidly. The farmers needed only an object lesson on the value of working together, and they have had it. The agitation demanding general co-operative legislation from the Federal Parliament has behind it a widespread desire upon the part of the Western farmers to conduct their own business. They know that the present institutions are not right. There is too much duplication, too much profit taken in the wrong direction, and too lax a system of business among the farming people. The farmers are now very strongly considering the advisability of entering into all commercial lines where they will buy their produce and distribute the profits co-operatively amongst themselves.

The credit system is the curse of the West as of all other countries where it prevails. The farmer raises his wheat and sells it for cash always, and then carries on a credit system with the local merchant, which is poor business for both. The co-operative stores which the farmers will operate will be conducted upon a cash basis. If the farmer has not sold his wheat he will be financed through the bank, and in this way be able to meet all his obligations. By having no bad debts, the stores will be able to give much better prices and also be able to buy with cash. Already there are co-operative institutions among the farmers at Red Deer, Alberta; Sintaluta, Saskatchewan, and in several other places in the Western Provinces. The Sintaluta scheme has been in operation for only a few weeks, but it is apparently a great success. The local stores in the town are being bought out by the farmers and consumers, so that there will be no duplication of business, and the best service will be secured at the lowest possible cost. The present co-operative scheme will widen out till it embraces every portion of the West.

It is not peering too far into the future to see co-operative stores in the various country towns. The farmers will own stock in them and after a fixed rate of interest is paid the balance of the profits will be given back to the patrons in proportion to the amount of business they have done at the store. This is the basis upon which the vast co-operative business of Engand and Scotland has been worked up so that it now amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars worth every year. The co-operative scheme is but another move towards the establishment of right relations between man and man. It tends to break down the lines of suspicion and distrust and bring the co-operators closer together and to a better understanding of each other. It promises the difference between the producer and the consumer and applies the profits from commercial transactions where they are justly due. Such a system is something that will grow in favour as its principles become better understood.

A feeling is becoming current that something should be done to remove the injustice under which the farmers of the West labour on account of the tremendous areas of vacant land that are held out of use by speculators. This land lies along the railroads by the tens of miles, while behind it and farther away are the farmers working for a living. While they work they enhance the price of the vacant land between their farms and the railroad, and yet the farmers get not a single cent from the "unearned increment" of the vacant land. There is a strong feeling that some of the principles of the Lloyd-George budget should be put into effect upon the Western prairies; the vacant land would then be put into use. It would pay to have land worked, whereas now it pays to keep it idle.

The farmers are day by day getting clearer in their minds what they need, and what Canada needs, in the way of reform. How are they going to get it? That is really the great problem. It is one thing to know what is needed, but it is a greater thing to know how to get it. Both the present political parties in Canada are hopeless as at present constituted. True, the people of Canada are divided among the two great classes, and they vote for one or the other. They did the same in the United States, but times are changing over there now. The people are fast awakening. The same move is afoot in Canada. The new order of things is aproaching rapidly. Down in the States they are smashing the power of the political bosses and bidding fair to restore the power of the common people. The formation of a third party is a hazardous undertaking and one which is very liable to defeat the purpose for which it was undertaken. The logical method to be pursued then is for the people to adhere to the respective names which once designated parties and take charge of the party caucuses and see that the men nominated for Parliament are men who will support the demands of the people. This is the probable move that will be made during the next year. There is a strong probability that there will be a Federal election before the end of 1911. Of course, it is not due for another year, but circumstances demand peculiar actions at times. If it comes, the West will be deprived of twenty new members on account of increased population. If the people who want things different get the proper candidates into the field they will have the battle half won at the start. Already this movement is under way on the prairie. If it results in placing even ten stalwart champions of the people into the Federal Parliament they can leaven the whole. They will be able to force the tariff down to a "revenue" basis, that is, where the revenue will be for the

Government and not for the manufacturers; they will be able to force the hands of Parliament for government ownership of public utilities and for legislation that will give a square deal to every man. The Western farmers want "special privileges" to be prevented from robbing, and they are not asking power to rob anybody else.

The organisation, education and co-operation that is being spread over the prairies day by day is making its mark upon the national life of Canada. The West is already a strong factor at Ottawa, and every five years it will be stronger. If the West is made to suffer to-day at the hands of more powerful and more grasping sections of the Dominion then the West will not be to blame if the spirit of retaliation manifsts itself in the day to come when the balance of power is not so much towards the Atlantic. "Live and let live" is something that appeals to the Westerner, and he wants to be allowed to live just now. In fact, he has almost a determination that he will live—even though there are elements that point otherwise.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES*

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

IN some dim æon of the distant Past
God gave the waves in wedlock to the strand
And blest the mating, that the restless Sea
Should harbour find about a stalwart Land.
The Sea our Mother and the Land our Sire
The swelling breast unbounded, vital, free
That suckles life among her storm-cast babes
And gives them guerdon of their worthiness.
A pleasant Land! A strong and tender Land!
The tempered seasons mingle and succeed
In sequent equity of shade and grace,
Green, sun-kissed, russet-golden, snow-caressed.
Some seek my Mother's deep-sea wedding-dower
'Mid tempest and in smiling, sunlit ways,
And some return low-laden to the land,
And some fare forth to nevermore return.
Some dally in the upland orchard-dales
Or delve the mine or sow the golden grain,
And all who labour, all who love or hate
Shall reap the fitting harvest of their hands.
And others—well all know them, though unnamed—
Gifted with insight past their passing days,
Statesmen who saw the Vision Realised
You told, in council, what we are to-day.

* First of a series of poems on the Canadian Provinces.

COIFFE AND SABOT IN BRITTANY

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

Illustrations from Photographs

IN America some are voluntary slaves of the tyrant Fashion, and some are dragged at her chariot wheels unwillingly enough, but bold is the man or woman—almost heroic indeed or foolhardy—who bids her decrees open defiance. Even would-be rebels, for the most part, profess the allegiance that galls them, make clumsy attempts to simulate the liveries of their mistress, and only venture when they think her back is turned (like the small boy who grimaces at his teacher) to wave the flag of liberty. From the man who dare not take his seat in his accustomed pew on a sweltering July Sunday, unless habited in his full panoply of broadcloth and starched linen, to the woman who thinks to satisfy her exacting sovereign with feeble imitations of bulging sleeves and hats only two instead of ten sizes too large—we are all in slavery. In this respect our boasted freedom is a myth or a memory, for to-day Fashion has on this continent as many and as abject bond-slaves as anywhere in the wide world. In the "Old Country" elderly folk often manage to break away from their thraldom, but here it is few indeed, young or old, who can refrain from joining in the grotesque and exhausting gyrations of the dance that Fashion leads her votaries. Smiling or protesting, they foot it in breathless haste to keep time to the rattle and clink of the money-bags of Paris man-milliners or New York *modiste*s. To this tuneless jingle the dance goes on, fast and furious, and in keeping step with it humanity seems subject to changes as startling as those which perplex us in the low life of gelatinous sea-creatures. Heads are now large, now small, shoulders broad or narrow, waists appear and disappear, figures lose or regain their shape, till humanity seems a mere adjunct to the clothes it wears.

Moralists, mindful of the toil, the expense, the too frequent folly of it all, declare that these things ought not so to be, and some of them insist that the whole question should be faced in a strictly ultilitarian spirit, paying due attention to health, comfort and decency, and stopping short there. For most of us, though we indignantly disclaim "the love of dress" as being amongst our faults or virtues, this is not enough. Deep down in our secret hearts we know that, while the love of beauty in flowers and fields, in seas and sunlit clouds, in noble faces and fair pictures is a precious gift and a possession to be cultivated, the love of beauty in dress can hardly be a crime.

And the love of beauty does not exhaust all the possibilities of simple, innocent pleasure in dress. While some people can derive no satisfac-

A YOUNG MAN OF SOUTH BRITTANY

A BRETON BRIDE

THE OLD EMBROIDERER OF PONT L'ABBE

A GIRL OF LANNION IN HER COIFFE DE CEREMONIE

tion from garments lacking harmony of tint or line sheer novelty is enough to give delight to folk differently constituted. Others again find their chief satisfaction in the connection of dress with character. Students of human nature, they read in the garments of their fellows hints as to their habits, their labours, their mental and spiritual qualities; and to the eyes of these hats and coats are eloquent self-expression and the cut of a gown may suggest history. The enormous popularity of the modern

TERRA COTTA FIGURES IN THE MUSEUM AT QUIMPER REPRESENTING "AN OLE-TIME BRETON WEDDING"

pageant is an unconscious tribute to the importance of clothes, for, if the costumes were subtracted, what would remain?

Now, anyone, who, for any reason, loves dress (which, by the way, like conscience, laughter and the practice of cookery, is one of the grand characteristics distinguishing man from the brutes) may have a rare treat by going to Brittany. There, indeed, Fashion reigns supreme; but, instead of the indecorous haste which prompts the women of this continent to fling away their clothes before they have had time to catch any of the individuality of their wearers, the Breton peasants make their garments on the same model year after year, wear them for a life time and, in some cases, hand them down as heirlooms to their successors.

For the tourist, however, these very fashions have the charm of novelty, of change depending not on time but on place. In a few brief hours' travelling, you may, as it were, turn the pages of a whole volume of Breton modes, all still extant and up-to-date, but varying from village to village and district to district, as our fashions vary through a decade, yet still preserving some semblance of unity, which would serve at any moment to differentiate them from such alien styles, as those, for example, of Turkey or China.

In Brittany, wherever you go, the outstanding characteristics of the peasant women's attire are wooden shoes, skirts of extraordinary amplitude, and aprons and caps for outdoor as well as indoor wear. Once, by the way, as the eighteenth-century traveller Kalm would inform us, the *Canadiennes* of Quebec and Montreal had the same idea that they were not properly dressed without their caps; and this applied to great ladies as much as to humble folk. Breton great ladies, however, dress like the rest of French society dames; and it is the peasant costumes which chiefly interest us, showing within the limits of the general features I have mentioned an almost bewildering variety of detail.

In the Côtes du Nord, about the somnolent cathedral town of Tréguier, along the rocky coasts of Ploumanach and in the districts surrounding the fisherman's port of Paimpol, the dress of the women is as sombre as the legends they learned at their mothers' knees, as dull of hue as the clouds that so often overhang their gorse-fenced fields and old-world towns and so frequently drown out all life and colour from the prospect with sheets of heavy rain. No wonder that the *Bretonnes* of this region are almost never seen in public without large stout umbrellas, for though their dresses are as austerely devoid of ornament as the robes of the nuns, and as substantial in material, the rain of Brittany comes, not in light showers, but in a soaking long-continued downpour. The full-skirted gowns are generally black. The aprons are black also (or occasionally dark blue) and the shoulders are covered with a large shawl or a short round cape of real or imitation lambskin, dyed black.

The draperies of these women are indeed so funereal that a stranger, coming into one of the gray old towns on a Sunday or a market day, would have good excuse for fancying that half the population was in mourning for some widespread calamity. Even the *coiffe*, light, transparent, quaintly winged and sometimes adorned with a band of lacework across the back, is suggestive in its pure white of the headgear of a widow. The "grandmothers"—a portion of the population much in evidence in self-abnegating attendance on those small sovereigns of every household, the lastest-born—wear the *coiffe* drawn well forward over their scanty gray hair to the line of the forehead. The younger women pin it well back on the tight coils of their black locks and, at the best of times, this particular type

A BRITTANY PARDON—PILGRIMS AT STE. ANNE D'AURAY TAKING BREAKFAST IN THE OPEN AIR

of cap is to an unaccustomed eye more curious than beautiful. As I write, however, the exception to this generalisation rises in my memory, and I see again the sweet, brown sun-kissed face of a little daughter of Brittany, with roguish dark eyes, lips of coral and a witchery of smiles and dimples that turned the *coiffe* with its droll wings into a halo—for a very mischievous-looking angel. The little maid was only a *femme-de-chambre* of a queer *Hotel du Commerce*, but her deft service and her pretty friendly manners made us feel strangely at home in that unfamiliar place of our brief sojourn.

But not all the young girls of Brittany, especially in the northern part, care to wear the costume of their race. They often affect a style of dress, influenced—at a distance, like our own—by the deliberate and often unhappy inventions of Parisian *costumiers*, bent on novelty at all costs of grace and convenience. Most of the children, moreover, instead of being burdened with voluminous skirts and aprons after the pattern of their elders, are clad, at least on common occasions, in loose, simple frocks and blouses like our own little ones. There is, however, one day in the year when the attire of the little folk becomes a matter of vast importance to all the mothers and grandmothers and perhaps also the fathers of the community. Once a year (for two or three years in succession, we were told) the lads and lasses of very tender age "make their first communion."

We were at Tréguier when this great event occurred there, and from early morning the town was filled with the children and their relatives. We saw them fluttering about the square—anxious mothers in their gloomy raiment, carrying for sons or daughters candles three or four feet high, decked out with strange convolutions in wax and trimmings of gold or silver paper; small boys, with fine new prayer-books and long streamers of white ribbon tied on their left arms; little girls, looking like tiny brides, in full long dresses of filmy white and diaphanous veils

which covered their small persons from head to foot. We followed them into the damp moss-covered interior of the stately cathedral, and witnessed the perilous lighting of those huge candles, held in very weary and often tremulous little hands. Later we saw the small people pass out again into the sunshine, mincing across the "*place*" like a flock of white doves, in meek, self-conscious appreciation of their own fair plumage. But, poor little maids, who can grudge them this one "white day," when before them, for all the remainder of their pilgrimage as wives, mothers and grandmothers, lie those woeful trappings of black! Poor little maids; and almost before they grow accustomed to that mournful garb their faces will doubtless have caught from their elders or perhaps from the neighbouring sea (which for centuries has been bringing into the lives of Breton folk elements of strength and tragedy and wild superstition) that sad seriousness which is a characteristic of their race.

Why the people of North Brittany should appear in so sad a guise, I do not know; but, as I said above, it is widely prevalent, and though the caps at least vary slightly in the different villages, the resemblance is more easily perceived (by a stranger) than the divergences.

Entering a village church near Lannion, we had the good fortune to come upon a peasant wedding, and so saw not one but many of these marvellous decorations for the head. This is indeed the way to see them to advantage, for, quite frequently, while a solitary *coiffe* appears only odd and *bizarre*, the effect of a group of women *en coiffe* is picturesque in the extreme; and markets, weddings and *pardons*, at which the peasants congregate in multitudes, all give excellent opportunities for the study of the characteristic costumes of Brittany.

It was in the market-place of Morlaix, an ancient town in the department of Finistère, remarkable for its magnificent viaduct and its quaint old houses, that we first discovered that the sombre clothes of the Tréguier district were beginning to give way to gayer costumes. Some of the women—buyers, sellers, or perhaps only passing visitors like ourselves—wore close caps, dresses with square-cut necks and becoming little bands of velvet at their throats. Others had checked "cross-overs," or handkerchiefs on their shoulders; and some displayed the queer cap, which we afterwards saw at home in the quiet, legend-haunted little town of St. Pol de Léon. There the little girls wear stiff, small, white hoods, but as they grow into womanhood, don caps (made sometimes of muslin and sometimes of a material almost as coarse as mosquito-netting) which have an odd little hump at each side, as if to give room for budding horns.

At Morlaix, too, the costume of the men began to be interesting. About the market loitered rustic dandies wearing vests adorned with velvet and low-crowned felt hats from which depended two long velvet streamers. At Quimper, the next stage in our journey, every turn round a street corner brought into view some new and delightful variety of costume worn by young or old, male or female. In this district a particularly pretty, broad, white collar is in vogue. Resting on the shoulders and open enough to display the soft curves of a shapely neck, it is extremely becoming to a pretty *fillette*, especially when worn with a dainty open-work chemisette. Some form of this collar is much worn, about Quimper, Quimperlé and Concarneau. One may see it on women working in the fields or doing their everlasting washing in the open air beside some little pool or down amongst the boats tied up at the fine quays, which are a feature of these Breton towns.

Quimper, which impressed us during our brief stay as a clean, bright,

lively town, centres about a beautiful cathedral, much of which dates from the fifteenth century or even earlier. It is notable for its rich old glass, but it is the shadowy gloom of its vaulted aisles that dwells in my memory. That and the nobly carved west doorway—a wonder of delicate stonework—through which at every hour of the day passed and repassed figures like pictures wandering from their frames. Now a mendicant, with staff and outstretched hand, dragging his *sabots* slowly over the pavement; then a gay wedding party, with the chief actors in modern attire, attended by some guests in rich Breton costumes, including a tiny maiden of three or four, who looked like the quaintest and daintiest of wax dolls. Next came a baptismal party, all in the peasant dresses, the baby resplendent in a wonderful worked shawl or blanket.

Later, looking out from the door of a shop down the narrow *Rue Kéréon* which ends in the stately grace of the twin-spired cathedral, we were happy enough to catch sight of another wedding party—all, this time, in costume. It was headed by two young couples, walking like children hand in hand, all four abreast, across the roadway, while behind came a procession of parents and relatives. Whether or not it was a double wedding, I do not know, but the garments of all four young people were marvellous in colour and decoration. I cannot pretend to describe them in detail. I only know that the coats of the men glistened with gold braid and dazzling buttons and that the costumes of the women were gay as the plumage of tropical birds. No widow-like habiliments for these daughters of southern Brittany; or, if indeed they still cling to black gowns, it seems merely as a foil for many-coloured embroideries, gorgeous petticoats, *coiffes de cérémonie*, and aprons—pink, purple, vivid green or blue, made of a kind of "watered" velvet, silk or satin, trimmed with lace and elaborately adorned with needlework. (In southern Brittany, by the way, the art of embroidery is not an accomplishment exclusively feminine, and the portrait of the "Old Embroiderer of Pont l'Abbé" is said to be that of a man at his daily task.)

Costumes and customs change slowly in Brittany, and if you care to see how closely a peasant wedding of to-day resembles one of a few generations ago, it is worth while to visit the Museum at Quimper, where there is a most interesting representation of an old-time *Noce en Bretagne*. The figures, modelled in terra-cotta and realistically tinted, are life-size. The costumes are actual garments, though time has softened their once vivid colouring. The poses are so natural, the faces so expressive, that one could easily imagine the company to be living men and women, charmed by some wizard's touch, at the height of their festivity, into a sudden age-long sleep.

But, indeed, a similar fancy that the hands of time have been strangely arrested starts up many a time in the quaint towns of old "Armorica," especially when one chances on a group of men clad in garments gay as those associated in our thoughts with the days of the Cavaliers or on a knot of children in *coiffes*, long skirts and aprons of a pattern hardly distinguishable from the garb of their mothers. Colours may fade, embroideries fray, black velvet turn rusty, but none of these accidents can rob the Breton costumes of their charm. In fact they only serve to assure the on-looker that he is occupied with real life, not merely assisting at some gigantic stage-play or pageant.

As an opportunity for seeing costumes, nothing exceeds one of the *pardons*, the great religious festivals of Brittany. To these gather all sorts and conditions of folk, beggars and well-to-do peasants; aged women, little children, young lovers, helpless

invalids, priests and nuns, mountebanks and fortune-tellers, and all put on their best clothes in honour of St. Jean, St. Yves, or Ste. Anne, as the case may be.

Many *pardons* are held at different times and places. One of the most largely attended is that of Ste. Anne d'Auray, which falls on July 26th, the supposed birthday of the saint. On the eve of the festival multitudes, seeking healing of soul or body, keep a long night vigil in the great, dusky church, and a strange scene it is. The crowd, (when we were present) consisted mostly of women; and in the dim half-light of a very few lamps, the bowed, *coiffe*-covered heads suggested a vast company of sheeted ghosts, chanting in monotonous unison the praises of Ste. Anne. Suddenly they surged out of their seats, pausing a moment at the door to light each a candle; then, led by their priests, they began to march in slow irregular procession about the church precincts, still singing as they went the glories of "the grandmother-saint." On the morrow, the great day of the *pardon*, were more services and processions, and a kind of miracle-play, setting forth the discovery by a Breton peasant, in the seventeenth century, of the wonder-working image of Ste. Anne and the founding on the spot of the first humble chapel in her honour.

By afternoon, though the rain poured down in torrents, the village resembled a fair. Pilgrims from afar clustered like bees about the booths where souvenirs or sweetmeats were on sale. Rustic swains in coloured sashes whispered sweet nothings into the ears of *becoiffed* damsels; young mothers, with gowns well tucked up, toiled through the mud with gaily-attired little ones clinging to their dazzling skirts; whole families, in fiercely contrasting reds, blues and violets, refreshed themselves under temporary shelters; in fact, despite the dismal weather, the village seemed possessed by colour run riot. It was gorgeous in the rain; what would it have been in sunshine?

In the midst of it all, some worn, deep-lined face, mocked by a *coiffe* of filmy lace, some pair of lean, brown, knotted hands half hidden in velvet cuffs, some stooping, overworked-looking figure under a *bizarre* arrangement of fringe and glistening beads, provoked the question—Is this hard-won magnificence worth its cost in toil and sacrifice? Probably to the wearers of the amazing finery life without it would seem hardly worth living; and the stranger can but wonder and pass on.

Yet if Breton folk do indeed love dress too ardently, they can be very generous and very serious, with a seriousness born of that ever-present sense of the unseen, which proves often an antidote to light vanity. So at least those who know them best represent them; and in this connection a piteous little story, read I do not remember where, but stated to be fact, seems worth repeating.

Years ago, on a night of fearful tempest, a foreign ship was dashed to pieces on the coast of Brittany. Many bodies were washed ashore, amongst them those of women in their night-clothes. Rocks and breakers had played sad havoc with the poor corpses, and the pitiful Breton maids, whose imaginations are ever haunted with thoughts of the dead, tender or terrible, brought out their glittering, *costumes de fête*, and as if for a grim masquerade, arrayed in them the poor stiffened victims of the sea. Then, in the cherished finery, representing one knows not what hours of loving labour, what dear hopes of future joys, they laid the strangers to rest in their nameless graves.

Dress may mean much, very much, to Breton folk, but, as this pathetic incident suggests, not everything.

A 'VARSITY ELECTION IN THE 'EIGHTIES

BY J. H. BOWES

IN the good old days of 1884, the most important event in Toronto University life was the annual election of the Literary Society. The meetings of the Society and the elections were held in those days in a certain rusty-white building that lay to the south-east of the main building at the summit of some rising ground. A dark, damp gloomy-looking place it was, with faded green shutters shading the windows and surrounded by melancholy trees. It might have been the scene of tragedies rather than of jovial student gatherings. But gather there the students did, right merrily, and there was a touch of home about the place, after all, for here lived the Janitor of the University, a fat and very lazy man, with a plump and good-looking wife and two boys—twins—as good-looking as their mother. Custom we are told is second nature, so I suppose the little family grew accustomed to the noises attendant on student meetings, but it must have been an unpleasant experience for them at first.

For a proper election there must be opposing candidates, and to have opposing candidates there should be opposing parties. There was the difficulty to get some dividing line. The race question in the United States, free trade and protection in England——these are questions to divide on, but it is generally difficult to find anything analogous in University life. In early days there was a natural cleavage between the residence men and those who did not live in residence—otherwise outsiders, whence arose the great inside and outside parties. This was well enough when Residence had a solid forty and the Outside a more or less disunited eighty; but as time went on Outsiders increased greatly in numbers, whereas Residence was of necessity limited to forty, for there was room for only that number.

For a while this disparity in forces was balanced by the adhesion to Residence of some of the Outsiders; that is, of men who did not live there but whose sympathies were with the Inside party, and it was still possible in the 'eighties to put up a respectable fight with this dividing line. Just what the difference between them was it would be hard to say, but shortly after 1884 so many students were enrolled (there were thousands where a few years before there had been hundreds) that the old Residence party was submerged, and what takes its place now this chronicler knows not. But, as I have said, in 1884 a healthy fight was in progress, and it had what is much needed nowadays—good leaders on each side—Residence had for leader, a man who had never lived there—the famous E. P. D. What a character he was! He was taking three honour courses in his final

year, and the energy be expended in other directions was equal to another course at least—energies manifested in leading parties of students down the streets on what were known as theatre nights, "raising Cain" with the officers, and generally giving the authorities lots of bother. One night he led a party of students through the town, closely followed by the police, and just when it seemed that all was up with them and arrest certain the resourceful leader nimbly crossed the line—Bloor street—that divided the city from the Township of Yorkville and out of the Jurisdiction of the city police, and there, mounted on an empty barrel, he harangued the crowd on the Yorkville side, while the baffled officers glared at him from the other till the barrel caved in and the orator tumbled to the ground and the crowd dispersed.

Now, with such a leader for one party, it follows almost as a matter of course that the leader for the other side should be of a different calibre. John —, the acknowledged leader of the Outside party, was a theological student for one thing, which of itself pretty effectually differentiated him from D. In his own way, however, he was just as capable. He was a fluent speaker, was possessed of any amount of self-confidence. He was adroit, and, what D. was not, diplomatic. No leading of boisterous students for John. No addresses from empty beer-barrels. That was not John's style at all, nor would it have suited his followers, many of whom were studying theology; but there were many other more places for speech-making, and John was always on hand to speak.

The two parties were now pretty evenly divided. Residence had, of course, its solid phalanx of forty, together with all the graduates who had ever been there—nearly all the athletic men and their friends and a number of others who for one reason or other were friendly to it, while on the other side were all the theological colleges other than Wycliffe, which was always friendly to Residence; and in fact, at one time there were two Wycliffites in Residence who seemed quite at home there.

Then, as to candidates, the Residence party took a bold step. At the present time there are a number of colleges affiliated with the University, but at the time of which I am writing, affiliation was a tender plant that needed careful watching and tending. It was the particular desire of the authorities to encourage it as much as possible, and they were anxious, for reasons that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon, to bring the Roman Catholic College into line. How far the Residence party was impressed with this view or whether it was from a desire for innovation, it is hard to say; but this much is sure, they nominated a Roman Catholic priest as their candidate and, as this was the first time that a minister had been nominated, the innovation caused a great deal of discussion.

Of the candidate no one could say anything but good, for Father Teefy was an admirable man—broad-minded, cultivated, prepossessing, and one of the best friends of the affiliation ideas that were springing up in the University world, and which in later days have been so successfully developed. Now the right things, no doubt, would have been for both parties to accept him and to battle as merrily as they liked over the other offices. But, then, where would the fun of the election be? It would be a very tame affair with no president to elect. At any rate, the Outsiders chose their man—a young Science graduate whose hobby was military matters, a very well-liked man with those who knew him, but not well known among the Arts men. With the nominations of the candidates, about two weeks before the day fixed for voting, the fun began. Nothing was thought of, nothing was talked of but elections. In

the corridors of the main building there was much button-holing of doubtful men by those strong in the faith—much canvassing and lobbying. Enough energy was expended to run a Dominion election twice over. Where did the young fellows get their knowledge of election tactics? Some from their fathers, I suppose, some from books, some from perhaps their inner consciousness, and some from practical experience. But wherever their knowledge was acquired it was much in evidence at this period.

Is there bribery and corruption in Parliamentary elections? So, I am afraid, there was in this—of a very mild type, no doubt, but still there it was. Persuasion, wire-pulling, misrepresentation—all were "tried" on the unwary elector, and for a while the halls of learning were given up to politics.

One unfortunate incident threatened to create trouble. About three days before the eventful night some one posted notices around the building and grounds bearing the words "No Popery" in large letters. It was never positively known who did this. The Inside party, of course, blamed the Outsiders, while they retaliated by accusing the others of doing it to win sympathy. The University authorities took what action they could and let it be known that if any more untoward incidents took place, if religious matters were dragged in in any form, shape or way, there would be no election. How they could have stopped it is perhaps a question—but it was never necessary, for all the better feeling of 'Varsity was entirely opposed to such doings. It was generally supposed that the Inside party was responsible, and it lost votes in consequence.

The day of the voting found everyone in a state of excitement, for even the professors were not unmoved regarding doings, which they respected as interesting phenomena in student life and therefore worthy of observation. The arrangements for voting were peculiar in this, that while the polling opened at a fixed hour it closed only when there were no more voters available, and so it happened more than once, and in this particular instance, that not till five in the morning were the elections over.

At seven o'clock in the evening a throng surged around Moss Hall—voters, candidates, their friends, and mere onlookers, together with a sprinkling of newspapermen, who thought there might be a good story in the incidents of the night. Each side had a representative to check over the names on the voters' list, as the voters passed the door-way—not a very accurate system, by the way, for a great many voters including lawyers, doctors, and even judges avoided the doorway altgether and went in and out by a convenient window at the upper storey reached by a ladder. Inside was a scene of confusion. The returning officer was at a large table in the middle of the room, and at small tables at each side of him sat the treasurers of the two parties, each with a goodly roll of bills sticking out of his pockets to pay the fees of any voter who would not pay his own; for among those on the list, it is sad to say, there were some who would not take the trouble of paying the one-dollar fee for the privilege of casting a vote. There were not many of these, but a much larger number, especially of graduates, refused to take the trouble of walking up to the Hall to vote. If a carriage came for them they would consent to be driven there, otherwise not, and so on election nights the cab-owners did a roaring trade, and carriages came and went at a great rate till morning.

In as much as voters were many and polling booths few, there was a good deal of waiting, and sometimes might usurped the place of right. In other words, the stronger pressed forward out of their turn to cast their votes and crowded back the weaker

Once in a fit of wild enthusiasm some of the footballers formed into a flying wedge or something of the kind, uttered a loud yell and forced their way to the holy of holies, the returning officer's table, regardless of priorities. But this was considered unsportsmanlike and was not repeated. In the large hall, where on other occasions debates were held, the students romped and sang, the favourite song being, of course, "Old Grimes," with "There is a Tavern in the Town," a close second. And as time went on the crowd grew more lively. Refreshments in the form of tea, coffee and sandwiches appeared from some mysterious source and a little drink still stronger appeared from some still more mysterious source.

But at last it was all over, and the result was a defeat of the Residence party, which did not return a man. Five o'clock saw the leaders in one of the rooms. There a bottle of beer and some bread and cheese helped to pick them up, but it was a tragic sight. A very trifling matter it seems to us in this year of grace, 1911, but if we turn our thoughts back twenty-six years and become students again in fancy, we shall regard it differently.

"Whatever possessed them to vote that way," said the puzzled leader. "I don't know anything we did that we should not have done or any thing we didn't do that we ought to have done." What indeed? Nobody could say, but a solemn league and covenant was entered into there and then to establish and strengthen the Inside party by every means and, as a natural result, to annihilate the other.

Next night came the climax to the doings of the election. All the good people of Toronto know the great cannon that are mounted to the south of the Queen's Park, with their big mouths pointed towards the famous half-mile avenue of chesnuts that runs from Queen street to the Park. These cannon were presented to the city by her late Majesty Queen Victoria and were captured from the Russians at Balaklava. So fas as any person knew, they were purely ornamental, but on this night—the night after the election—there was a terrible uproar in the direction of the cannon, one of which belched forth a volume of smoke and powder with a sound like thunder. Crash went the windows of the nearby houses, while their walls shook and out poured their inmates. The fire-engine clanged its way along the streets, while excited crowds asked, "What was it?" and then "Who did it?" The first question was easily answered. Some one had fired off the cannon, but as to the second it has remained a dead secret to this day, although a gentleman who afterwards became a judge in the far West could have answered it.

This election was about the last of the Inside and Outside fights. As I have mentioned, the Outsiders grew so numerous that the old Residence party had no chance. Besides, other interests arose, other dividing lines were formed, and one great factor in the old combats was swept away. Moss Hall itself was torn down to make way for a huge stone and brick structure for the Medical Faculty, and the Literary Society had to find other quarters for its elections and meetings. Meeting-places were easily found, so were election halls, but the spirit of the old-time election was gone forever. No more did learned graduates climb up and down ladders (like the angels seen by Jacob, as some irreverent spirit said), to cast their vote. No more did the Hall and its environments resound with mirth and song. Elections now became tame and dignified, and in process of time other societies waxed strong and ultimately usurped the place formerly held by the Literary Society.

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

THE last group of plays under review showed an almost entire absorption in farce, some excellent and some—well, they are beyond the reach now of either imprecation or praise, so we will let them be. Later offerings, curiously enough, recorded a distinct wave of domestic or family sentiment, some of it as puerile as that commodity ever became in the palmiest days of orange blossoms and betrayed woe.

A psychological explanation of this change of current—having, at least the merit of plausibility—might be found in a theory of retribution. We had become too hilarious, made too merry over many of the cherished sentiments of life, and reaction was inevitable. We are still young, unsophisticated and provincial; still in bondage to a domestic ideal, wriggle as we may, jest as we will. If this theory is too fanciful, another is at hand in the popular success of the forerunner of the group, "Mother"; a poor enough play from any critical standpoint, but, through the genius of Miss Dunn's acting in the title rôle, raised to an artistic and popular triumph. While motherhood and family sentiment are the popular theme, interest centres always in the sympathetic interpretation of the little mother with her apron and smiles, her ready practical wit, and an unfailing sense of humour, which lighted the whole of her troubled way. Disappointment did not narrow her vision, ingratitude and wrong showed not so much as a ripple on the outer surface of her life.

Mothers of such charm, wit, tenderness, forbearance and wonderful resources under trying conditions as this, are rare enough either on the stage or in life. But they are none the less conceivable. And Miss Dunn succeeded in visualising all these qualities in a vital, living portrait all the more real and persuasive for the soft outline in which it was drawn. In the quiet blending of humour and pathos; in the great heart-breaking sobs one felt rather than heard; in the scenes where her woman's wit was pitted against a designing, malevolent adversary for possession of her second son, right to the final note of triumph, when faith and love had won the day, she never failed for a moment to make the illusion perfect. Very few of our American stage women could give us a characterisation so vital and so consistently and harmoniously developed. Though still very young, motherhood has been Miss Dunn's stage portion for some time. Some years ago she played the mother to the late Richard Mansfield's "Peer Gynt," and would no doubt have then won as popular recognition as now (and that in an artistic and literary setting more worthy of her talents), but for the tyro whose egotism was never at rest, and who did not even stop at physical brutality to crush the soul of any genius that challenged his own. That, however, is now stage history. The chief actor in that drama has gone to his reward, and Miss Dunn, by less violent cosmic changes, has come into hers.

It was a troublesome brood that this little mother brought into the world. The milk of human kindness of all but one had curdled on their lips, and the mother's indulgence had fostered only selfishness and cruelty. One son was in danger of the penitentiary, and the second was in the coils of a characterless woman for whom he was prepared to sacrifice his entire family. The exception was a daughter who had inherited some of her mother's capacity for self-sacrifice and self-immolation.

The dramatic action revolves around the mother's dual efforts to save the elder, prodigal son from the consequences of theft and forgery, committed at the dictation of an unscrupulous wife, and the younger fool son from the clutches of her equally unscrupulous sister. The best scene is that in which the mother, by clever simulation of friendly sentiments toward the girl, explains the family circumstances, commends the girl's sacrifice and, of course, accomplishes her object. Another scene showing her innate sense of humour was the ruse by which she brings about the elopement of the self-immolating daughter. The high comedy relief is furnished by a pair of irrepressible youngsters, twin boys, whose capacity for slang, mischief and boyish escapades might reasonably excite the envy of the heroes of the daring "Dick" novels they are surreptitiously devouring in the nursery. The clever acting of the Masters Ross in the twin rôles was a feature of the performance.

A play owning to the title of "The Family," by Robert H. Davis, proved a variation of the time-honoured Where - is - your - wedding-ring Lucy series. The variation took the agreeable form of a background of comedy and a setting of not too rapacious virtue. The chief members of this family are a father and son, both amiably inclined toward a horse-race and idleness, and a highly temperamental young daughter, to whom the village life has grown somewhat tedious. The chance passing of a good-looking young major *domo*, provides an opportunity to satisfy the longing for life and she promptly elopes. A few weeks later the family surprises the eloping pair in a neighbouring town, and there the discovery of the missing symbol is made. The daughter, already awakened to the

MR. FRED TERRY, AS "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL"

deception, is easily persuaded to fly home, and, when a day or two later a providential train wreck crushes out the life of the gay deceiver, the members of the family resume their interrupted village life, unhaunted by fear of the scandal.

John Westly, last seen in "The Three of us," played the boy, and in the one opportunity he had (the discovery of the deception practised on his sister), made evident once more a considerable talent for the portrayal of strong emotion.

"Keeping Up Appearances," by Butler Davenport, concerned itself with the efforts of another unhappy family to preserve appearances in the face of rather disagreeable facts. A brutally selfish husband has deserted his wife and family for the society of another woman. He has also diverted a considerable portion of the family income, leaving the wife and daughters in obviously straightened circumstances. The ostensible purpose of the family effort at concealment is a prospective judgeship for the philandering husband and the social and marital ambitions of the daughters. The play had plenty of incident and the observation was far from ordinary, but a hopeless disproportion in character-drawing and the lack of any definite dramatic purpose foredoomed it to failure.

MISS JULIA NEILSON, WITH FRED TERRY, IN "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL"

This play did suggest, although it was not within its purpose, the dramatic possibilities of a development of the theme of the profession of wife. The author at least made us aware of such a "profession," and he was also at some pains to have us believe it a noble one, especially in

contrast to the profession of mistress. In fact, his evident and almost savage bias went a long way towards defeating his purpose. Charity suffereth long and is kind, we are told, but the spiritual fruits of this life of charitable sacrifice to a domestic principle were conscious moral superiority, overbearing unctiousness, and patronising magnanimity. "It's the female you want, not the wife," on the wife's lips, was the crowning arrogance of the domestic ideal. To patronise, alas, is to hate. There was one bright, human spot in the play, the acting of Miss Pamela Gaythorne in the rôle of a highly-practical, unromantic daughter. Her account of a successful angling expedition for a husband disclosed a vein of real comedy.

Pinero's unpremeditated contribution to the family group, "The Thunderbolt," is at least not open to the charge of puerility. It is a relentless and powerful drawing of the greed, meanness and hyprocrisy that sometimes lurk in human nature and only await an opportunity to give them full expression. Pinero has provided an opportunity in the death of the rich *Edward Mortimer*, and his picture of the bickering relatives gathered to discuss their sudden good fortune is one of the grimmest on record. Vulgar, grasping, cruel, they perch about his sitting-room like crows, while he lies dead in the room above. They had all despised their benefactor in life, because he made his money in a brewery. They revere him now that the money, as they suppose, has been left to them.

The rapid, concise characterisation, the keen penetrating insight, the raking fore and aft of this provincial, vulgar set, show Pinero at his best. The dramatic structure, however, is inferior. The incident is developed on broad lines, with considerable cumulative effect, but discursiveness hampers the action, and the climax so carefully prepared produces nothing of the real impact which its title promised.

"My Man," adapted by Forrest Halsey from his own novel of the more euphonious title, "The Quality of Mercy," in spite of certain cruditics of exposition, had some moments of real drama. It laboured somewhat hard in the development of the narrative, and the humorous interpolations, excellent enough in themselves, were often forced and irrelevant. But the theme was poignant, the characters well drawn, and once the situation was developed and the action fairly underway, the play's grip was unmistakable. A betrayed girl, a sick child for whom she is tempted to theft, a broken parole, the effort to possess the honest love of an honest man, without betraying her secret, his mental and spiritual conflict on its discovery, her voluntary return to prison to complete her term, with the prospect of ultimate domestic happiness on a basis of truth, were the chief elements in the melodramatic appeal. "My Man" holds the promise of better things to come.

"New York," by W. J. Hurlburt, a serious and ambitious drama owning to American authorship, was sent to the public pillory for crimes against decency it did not commit, while a grave technical fault passed unnoticed, possibly on theory that the greater always comprehends the less. A murder has been done. The murderer is the bride elect of the man whose illegitimate son she has slain without any knowledge of the relationship, in defence of her virtue. Horrified at first by the enormity of her deed, she is later stung by unjust reproaches to defend the crime. She finally succeeds in convincing the father that a son of such mad passions is better dead than alive. The reasoning is indisputable and any modern rationalist would accept this view without hesitation. But the point is that tragedy knows no reason, and the dramatic fault lay in the attempt to

MISS LULU GLASER, IN "THE GIRL AND THE KAISER"

reason away consequences that by every law of tragedy are inevitable. The curtain goes down on a prospect of happiness, but we know that a volcano smolders underneath the surface. The play should have succeeded, if only for the admirable performance of the two women, Laura Nelson Hall and Mary Shaw.

The wave of family sentiment fortunately did not quite submerge the comic spirit and leave us joyless. A few seeds of the early farce crop had taken root in public favour, and on the bare spots left by others, new seeds that at least held the germs of mirth were scattered. Of these some fell by the wayside with a scriptural exactness that was touching — "The Other Fellow" for instance, or "Mr. Preedy and the Countess"— and others on soil too shallow to afford much root.

We had an agreeable revival of Oscar Wilde's social satire, "The Importance of Being Earnest," "The Concert," adapted by Leo Dietrichstein from the German; a new comedy by Avery Hopwood, "Nobody's Widow," another comedy by the same author with musical interpolations; "Judy Forgot," with Marie Cahill in the forgetting rôle; and that other funmaker of the American stage (a Canadian, let us not forget), May Irwin, who shone in a new farce that bore the shining title, "Getting a Polish"; "The Nest Egg," with Zelda Sears in the leading rôle, completes the group.

The Oscar Wilde comedy returns after an absence of fifteen years with interest apparently undiminished. Its form is old, and many of the lines come like answers to familiar conundrums. But the lustre remains, and the purity and simplicity of the style show a form more nearly approaching certain classic French models than we are accustomed to in comedies of English origin. The theme is slender, but it holds a charming grace, while poignant wit and keen-edged satire hold our deeper interest. Mr.

A. E. Mathews, the clever young English comedian who scored in "Love Among the Lions," played *Algernon* in a very agreeable vein.

"The Concert" is the familiar triangle once more, only from a somewhat different angle. A musician whose artistic impulses seem to nourish on fresh amours, has led one of his pretty pupils up the mountain—to a bungalow in the Catskills, to be precise—for a week-end. His wife, an unusually practical, common-sense sort of person, learns of it and follows She is accompanied in her pursuit by the "eloping" pupil's husband, an equally practical good sort of fellow, who, instead of wanting to shoot, is concerned only that his young wife's happiness is safe in the hands of the eccentric artist.

By simulating a mutual affection for each other, the pusuers arouse pangs of jealousy in the erring twain, with, of course, expected results. And in the final adjustment—the elements of the little domestic comedy resolve themselves into their original parts. Janet Beecher was excellent in the rôle of the practical wife, and Leo Dietrichstein, as the musician, has a part admirably suited to his acting gifts. Thanks to the magic of Mr. Belasco, its producer, "The Concert" is one of the few unqualified successes of the season.

"Judy Forgot," has to do with the experience of one, Judy, who suffers a temporary attack of forgetfulness while on her honeymoon. A train wreck is the cause, and the mental oblivion that follows erases all recollection of the recently-acquired husband. The humorous complications that arise furnish comedy of the sort in which Marie Cahill shines conspicuously. The lines are bright, and altogether "Judy Forgot" is a sparkling trifle interwoven with a number of unusually pretty songs and dances.

In "Getting a Polish," by Booth Tarkington, May Irwin has a comedy very much to her hand. In the first act she is keeping a boarding-house in a Western mining-town, and at the same time secretly nursing the hope of a strike in the gold mine she is working. The strike is made, of course, and we next find her in Paris living in the traditional splendour of Americans suddenly endowed with wealth. Her chief concern in life is for an orphan niece and nephew and her comic efforts to get them and herself a polish furnish the grater part of the comedy.

Although Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson failed to repeat on this side the London success of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," their visit furnished discriminating theatre-goers with two of the most agreeable experiences of the present theatrical season. In "The Scarlet Pimpernel," a highly decorated romantic comedy, which has for its background the French revolution, Mr. Terry plays the rôle of an adventurous Englishman who amuses himself by rescuing French aristocrats from the guillotine and finding for them a haven of refuge in England. His success in baffling the French police and keeping his exploits and his identity a secret, supply most of the humour as well as the excitement.

In the first act he appears in the guise of an old hag, gaily carting through one of the guarded gates a victim of the plague, who, of course, afterwards proves to be a very live and very much sought for aristocrat. This is one instance of the many successful hairbreadth encounters which prove the character and quality of his remarkable resources. The dramatic interest lies in the mistrust and consequent misunderstanding of his wife, a French lady whose sympathies on one occasion at least were not with the aristocracy. However, her loyalty and devotion are proved in the end at a moment when she has unwittingly betrayed her suspicion that he is the long sought *Scarlet Pimpernel*,

A DAINTY BIT OF STYLE, FROM "THE GAMBLERS"

thereby placing him in danger for his life.

Mr. Terry played the romantic rôle with splendid abandon, suggesting in the adventurous situations a gay unconcern, recklessness and matchless courage. Why "The Scarlet Pimpernel" should have failed in the face of such splendid acting and mounting, surely shows a decline in public taste. Patriotic reasons, no doubt, helped to realise its extraordinary success in London, but even allowing for this, the comparison is not highly favourable to us. In "Henry of Navarre" Mr. Terry deepened the personal impression he made in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and gave an admirable portrait of the adventurous Huguenot striding across the bloody and stirring page of French history.

In "The Gamblers," Mr. Charles Klein again shows a strong predilection for matters of contemporary public interest. He also shows his skill in locating the *set* of new currents of opinion, and launching his theatrical enterprises where the stream may be trusted to carry them on to popular favour. "The Gamblers" is nothing more than an indictment against the now discredited muck-raker, in which is argued, rather too conclusively perhaps, that patriotism and public spirit are not the only springs of action in this field of high moral enterprise. We are consequently reduced to the old adage of the rogues with a prayer that they may occasionally fall out and give the honest public its due.

Mr. Klein's much-raker—in this instance a special prosecuting attorney—is actuated we find by very personal ambitions, to which he is prepared to sacrifice wife, friendships, loyalty and even a fine sense of honour. To thoroughly round out his muck-raking propensities, private feelings of hate and jealousy are introduced. Behind the muck-raker looms the shadow of Washington, insistent on victims to allay the popular clamour against capi-

A SCENE FROM "MARY MAGDALENE," WITH OLGA NETHERSOLE (ARMS EXTENDED, NEAR CENTRE) IN THE TITLE ROLE

tal. On the other side of the case, we have a little financial group, dominated by a leader of spotless manhood, forced to a technical violation of the banking law to save themselves and their depositors from the greedy maw of the larger capitalists. It so happens that just as they are about to make restitution, the authorities swoop down, find a *Judas* among them ready to betray his fellow-directors, and the net is drawn, but not until the representative of the much abused financial group, *Wilbur Emerson*, generously elects himself scape-goat for the party and sets about the rescue.

That virtue may not go unrewarded nor matinee audiences be disappointed, a love interest is developed under melodramatic circumstances between the young financier and the neglected wife of his enemy the attorney. Certain papers which incriminate his fellow-directors having fallen into the prosecutor's hands, he attempts a burglarious raid of the attorney's premises to rescue them. While engaged in the operation he encounters the beautiful young wife. Courage, self-sacrifice, and other engaging manly qualities win a heart already gnawed by hunger; and, notwithstanding that the hero faces a term in prison, love and open arms await him at the other end, when the gates shall open outward.

Mr. Klein has thoroughly mastered his theatrical medium, and although, like the late Clyde Fitch, his genius still remains hopelessly *bourgeois*, theatrical effectiveness cannot be denied him. In point of construction the new play is his best. The technique is firm, the action swift and logical, and in spite of obviousness of theme, artificiality of sentiment, we are hurried

with sure step to an exciting if not convincing close. It takes a genius of a certain kind to do this, and Mr. Klein has done it so well in "The Gamblers" that he has scored the one dramatic success of the first half of the season.

The "Mary Magdalene," of Maeterlinck, produced at the New Theatre, held a moving dramatic appeal throughout and some scenes of startling theatrical effectiveness. It was staged and acted with every regard for the reverent dignity of its theme, and proved in every way to be a beautiful, convincing performance. Miss Olga Nethersole in the title rôle was eloquent, passionate, earnest and sympathetic, realising admirably the visual demands and for the most part the spiritual conflict of the woman of Judea.

SAE LEAL WAS SHE

By CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

I WAS but halfens weet wi' dew,
But she was weet frae head to heel:
She cam to meet me in a stew
For fear I'd think her less than leal,
Sae leal was she!

Out o'er the mine an' through the rye,
Lang ere the coming day had waked
The drowsy birds an' calvin' kye,
She cam because her breastie ached,
Sae leal was she!

She Kenned fu' weel a fause, fause word
Had gane abroad, she wadna keep
Her promised tryst; an' I had heard,
An' sae she broke her beauty sleep,
Sae leal was she!

The sun shot upward as she sped,
An' showed the rose her race had wrought
(Nae poppy glows sae saft a red):
All breathless her to heart I caught,
Sae leal was she!

A TRAVELLER IN UPPER CANADA IN 1837

A REVIEW

BY IDA BURWASH

IN the month of December, 1885, Toronto received a distinguished guest —a lady of letters, famous in her day as an essayist and art critic. The object of her visit was to join her husband, Robert Jameson, the Attorney-General of Upper Canada; she was planning also to write a book descriptive of a journey through the province. With this end in view the lady-traveller kept a careful diary, which, on her return to England, conveyed to her friends there such a lively impression of her Canadian experiences that they persuaded her to allow it to be published shortly after in the shape of a modest little book entitled "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles," but in the preface to the work its author frankly states that it was practically her private journal.

Her first entry dates from arrival in Toronto and her criticism both of place and people has been censured as severe. By comparison to-day, her observations would seem to have been more superficial than unkind, and one may regret, with reason, that a writer who was usually so accurate should have slipped into the error not uncommon of that time—that of judging the struggling rough-hewn settlements of Upper Canada by the standards and conventions of the European world.

Mrs. Jameson, it is true, records the fact that the spot on which Toronto then stood had been but thirty years before unbroken wilderness. Still, she did not in the least understand the immensity of that fact. She was later to learn what "breaking the wilderness" meant. But at the moment she had no means of judging of the courage and energy which had effected the changes occurring in those thirty years, nor did she realise the achievements that appeared to her so trifling when citing so glibly in her journal — that the shops of Toronto were beginning then to specialise, that two private houses boasted conservatories, and that five churches, a hospital, and the Parliament Buildings, built of brick, stood out "conspicuously ugly."

To the reader in general, however, the most interesting pages of this journal will be those which have to do with Western travel. For between the fifteenth of June and the fifteenth of August this persevering lady managed to make her way alone, overland, from Toronto to Chatham, and thence by steamer to the Great Lakes, returning by way of Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe to her starting-point.

Early in the year, before planning this uninterrupted trip, Mrs. Jameson had visited Niagara, to which place she had been driven over in a sleigh, that she might see the Falls. Her notes of this excursion are interesting as showing the state of the country round the upper end of Lake Ontario in '37. At first she felt oppressed by the "silent stretches of unpeopled

land," by the "white wastes" of snow and the absence of any living creature within twenty miles, except a solitary eagle floating high above her in the wintry heavens. She mentions, however, passing slight settlements at Springfield, Oakville, Sixteen-Mile-Creek, Wellington Square and Port Nelson, before she crossed the tongue of land dividing Burlington Bay from Toronto. On the other side lay Stony Creek, Beamsville, St. Catharines, and Niagara; and all seem to have been of much the same character, consisting for the most part of a few log houses, fewer frame ones, an occasional Methodist church, usually painted white and green, and the ubiquitous tavern. In civilisation, St. Catharines took the lead, boasting a population of 700 and a good school.

Her first sight of the great Falls, so eagerly anticipated, was a disappointment. Instead of the "towering height" which she expected, her impression was that of a "vast extensive plain without light, shade, or colour, the sun having just gone within a cloud." The two great cataracts were visible, "but only as features in this wide landscape." She was evidently not yet accustomed to the whole grand scale of proportions of the New World. Hitherto she had compared the giant dimensions of Niagara only with the garden world of England; unable, therefore, to analyse her impression of the moment, she was horrified. In her journal she calls herself "an ass's head, a clod, a stock, a stone," to have seen Niagara, that world-wide wonder of wonders, only to be disappointed. Later, however, this obtuseness was atoned for, when after a second visit to the Falls she notes: "All those, indeed, who have spoken of these Falls have surely never done justice to their loveliness —nothing ever was so transcendantly lovely—so grandly uniform in its eternal sound and movement."

About the first of June she made a further visit, pleased to have the opportunity of spending a few days at Erindale, where she was the guest of an old Irish clergyman, a friend and compatriot, who had settled on the river Credit.

Arriving there one sunny morning, she was Irish enough to plunge with delight into the unusual bustle going on in the household. For it was Parade Day, the fourth of June, when the district militia was to be turned out. In these days of eager discussion of Canadian defence, it is amusing to follow her description of this early Canadian review:

"On a rising ground above the river, which ran gurgling and sparkling through the green ravine beneath, the motley troops, about 300 or 400 men, were scattered; a few log-houses, a saw-mill on the river-bank and a little wooden church crowning the opposite height formed the chief features of the scene. The boundless forest spread all around us. A few men, well mounted and dressed as lancers, in uniforms, however, which were anything but uniform, flourished backwards and forwards on the green sward to the manifest peril of the spectators; themselves and their horses, equally wild, disorderly, spirited and undisciplined, but this was perfection compared to the infantry. Here there was no attempt at uniformity, of dress, of appearance, of movement; a few had coats, others jackets; a greater number had neither coats nor jackets, but appeared in their shirt-sleeves, white or checked, clean or dirty, in edifying variety. Some wore hats, others caps, others their own shaggy heads of hair. Some had firelocks; some had old swords suspended from their belts or stuck into their waistbands; but the greater number had sticks or umbrellas.

"Mrs. M——— told us that on a former parade day she had heard the word of command given thus: 'Gen-

tlemen with the umbrellas, take ground to the right! Gentlemen with the walking-sticks, take ground to the left!' Now they ran after each other and elbowed and kicked each other, straddled, stooped, chattered and if the commanding officer turned his back for a moment very coolly sat down on the bank to rest."

Lax in discipline these first Militia may have been; but it is well to remember that disciplined or not, neither they nor their descendents have ever failed to answer promptly to the call to arms, whether in defence of colony or Empire.

Mrs. Jameson's description of the household life of her pioneer friend reads like a chapter from the Swiss Family Robinson. Together, father and sons had not only built themselves a comfortable house, but by patient work had cleared and cultivated 150 acres. They took the greatest pride in being their own architects, masons, smiths, carpenters, farmers and gardeners, even in, as they laughingly told her, their own surgeons and lawyers, for the father was magistrate as well as parson. As the guest strolled with her host about the premises, the body-guard that gradually formed behind the well-loved master, from the little black boy Alick, and stout servant-girl with a little sucking-pig in her arms, to the favourite old mare and the barnyard fowls that trooped about his feet, seemed to her more touching than amusing. So gracious was the hospitality received, that though the visit was a short one it speeded the stranger on her way with an entirely new outlook upon the country and its people.

On returning to Toronto she found to her surprise that her prospective journey westward was the topic of the town—that it was considered "wild in the extreme" by certain "conventional minds," while others were pleased at the prospect of a new book on Canada. The writer's courage, if nothing else, deserves remembrance. In those days railways were unheard of, and what the roads were in Ontario, is best described from the traveller's personal experience.

At that time it was certainly a daring thing for a woman to think of visiting the Indian reserves without an escort. In her secret heart Mrs. Jameson was not too sure that she could manage it, when on the morning of departure that fortune which favours the brave, materially helped her on her way. While awaiting the coming of the boat she was informed that Mrs. MacMurray, the half-breed wife of the Anglican Missionary of Sault Ste. Marie, had arrived in town. An interview was hastily arranged, and from this dark-eyed, soft-voiced lady the writer learned that the trip in question was quite feasible as far as Mackinaw Island, which was then on the line of the Chicago steamers. Mrs. MacMurray thought it possible also that a *bateau* could be found there to convey the stranger to the Sault, to which, with true Western hospitality, she invited her, adding the comforting assurance that her sister, Mrs. Schoolcraft, the wife of the Indian Agent for the United States at Mackinaw, would be pleased to entertain her there and speed her on her way. "She then thanked me," writes the delighted journalist, "for my interest in her people, and gave me a few hints as to travel."

Next morning found the traveller at Niagara, where her doctor had advised a two weeks' rest before venturing on this "reckless expedition." And by the time the two weeks were over her plans were well arranged. From Niagara to Hamilton by stage, and from Hamilton *via* Brantford and Woodstock to Blandford was her itinerary for the month of June. With the road to Hamilton she had no fault to find, nor with the "buckboard" that carried her to Brantford, but for the rest of the way the Can-

adian roads surpassed her powers of imagination.

"Though the whole drive was beautiful," she writes, "the roads were so execrably bad no words could give you an idea of them. We often sank into mud-holes above the axletree; then over trunks of trees laid across swamps, called here corduroy roads, where my poor bones were dislocated, a wheel or broken shaft by the wayside telling of former disasters. In some places they had in desperation flung huge boughs of oak into the mud abyss and covered them with clay and sod, an illusive contrivance which sometimes gave way, and we were nearly precipitated into the midst." Her hands swelled and were blistered from clinging to the iron bar in front to hold her into the waggon.

July, meanwhile, was holding in reserve a richer experience in ways and means. At Blandford she secured a baker's cart with springs, to carry her to London (then a town of 1,300 souls). After resting there a day, she prepared for a visit to Port Talbot, then and since so memorable in the annals of Ontario. The best conveyance forthcoming for this journey was a common cart with straw at the bottom and no springs; the passenger's seat hung on straps, while a board nailed in front served as seat for the driver. "Such," writes the undaunted tourist, "was the equipage in which the Chancellor's lady, as they call me here, paid her first visit of state to the great Colonel Talbot."

This "grand bashaw" of the wilderness, as the writer terms him, was a tyrant of the first water. In his "shack," perched high on Erie's central cliff, he lived alone, ruling arbitrarily his great tract, said by this writer to be 650,000 acres. To his visitor, fresh from her interest in the outer world, his indifference to all outside his own domain was appalling. "Dynasties," she writes, "rose and fell, battles were lost and won, kingdoms passed into other hands—he neither knew nor cared. No letters or newspapers were seen at his table. Politics, social changes or public opinion were all the same to him; the principal event from which he reckoned being the war of 1812, when he had almost been taken prisoner and his house ransacked and his cattle stolen."

In those early days of Ontario there was room and to spare for individuality. More than one "original" encountered by this writer on her travels, issues to-day from her pages ready with suggestion for the coming novelist of Upper Canada. Even the solitary Colonel in his eyrie was powerless to escape romantic incident, though oftener than not it was due to his own peculiarities. Conspicuous in contrast to this grizzled pessimist is the character presented by the traveller of the genial old Admiral whom she visited at Blandford—a man ever ready to welcome the world to his curious abode, an establishment he had fitted out with "nautical inventions" of his own, "contrivances" that proved to be a never-ending pride to himself as they were a never-ending joy to his neighbours. Nor will the eye of the imaginative reader fail to mark that third personality sketched so deftly by this passer-by—that of the unworldly and scholarly old parson, who though "buried in the bush," remained like his famous prototype of Wakefield, ever a child at heart through all experience.

Charming though Port Talbot proved to be, the middle of July saw the tourist on her way again—and a truly awful way it was, once she was out of the Talbot District. For the road led through swamps, pine-woods, corduroy, holes, ponds and sloughs, ending in a blazed path through the forest.

Arrived at Chatham, she was relieved to learn that she was in time to catch the little steamer down the

Thames. Later, on crossing to Detroit, she was delayed there a few days by illness. But by the fifth of July she was able to go on board the "*Thomas Jefferson*," *en route* to Mackinaw once more, her interest now heightened by the possibility that she might still be in time to see the distribution of presents to the Indians at Manitoulin Island.

Before daybreak on the twenty-first she was a hundred miles out on Lake Huron, and as the boat drew in towards the Island, the dawn was glimmering in the east. To her old-world eyes the beauty of the scene appeared more magical than real. On a point of the bay stood the little mission-church, its light spire and belfry "rising dark between the glories of the sky and water." On the heights the little fortress gleamed white among the trees. At the base of the cliff clustered the Indian wigwams; while the whole scene was reflected in the water from the slightest twig to the dusky figures of the Indians standing motionless with folded arms or pushing out in their light canoes. "There was not a breath of air," she writes, "and the glow and colour, the delicious serenity and stillness were wondrously beautiful and strange."

Mrs. Jameson was landed on the wooden pier with three of her companions, whom she followed to the little inn kept by a half-breed "Madame," where they breakfasted well on white fish and coffee. On calling later at the Schoolcraft house, she found that not only was she expected but that her room had been prepared and her boxes sent for.

Matters were now proceeding beyond her brightest hopes. She had come to Canada eager to see the Indians for herself. Here she had not only opportunity for personal inspection of their ways but the benefit also of information from an educated member of their race. She was obliged, notwithstanding, to confess that their real status was a shock to her when compared with the romantic pictures she had formed from reading Cooper's books.

Her stay at Mackinaw was most enjoyable. Her host and hostess were hospitality itself, desirous of showing her all phases of Indian life possible. Her visit, too, was well timed, as fresh bands from the different tribes were constantly coming in, all on their way to Manitoulin Island for the Grand Council at which the tribes received their yearly presents from the British Sovereign.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth, news was brought to the mission-house that a *bateau* was starting for the Sault. All was bustle instantly, as Mrs. Schoolcraft and her children made ready to accompany their guest. Everything was soon in order: *voyageurs* in their places, provisions stowed away at the ends of the boat, the passengers in the centre; and, the breeze being fair, the square sail was hoisted and good speed made. At seven they landed for tea, but the mosquitoes were so bad they were glad to push out again to manage in the boat as best they could. When the breeze fell at sunset the men rolled themselves in their blankets and slept, but Mrs. Schoolcraft and the steersman, an Indian boy of sixteen, sang softly together as the *bateau* floated down with the current. After midnight it was moored to a tree, but by daylight they were off again, passing Grand Detour, all huge and solitary.

On leaving Joseph Island, where they breakfasted, the traveller had her first experience of piping heat, as they rowed along the south shore among the fields of rushes—the men slow—the sky speckless—the water smooth—with no sound but the dip of oars or the splash of a sturgeon. The current was strong in St. Mary's river and the clouds so threatening that the men kept to their oars through the

night. Luckily they arrived at daylight, just as the rain began to fall. The MacMurrays were on the beach to welcome their guest, who parted here from Mrs. Schoolcraft, who with her children crossed over at once to her mother's house on the American side.

The Rapids of the Sault enchanted the visitor, "as they came fretting and fuming down, curling their light foam against the opposing rocks." The settlement on the Canadian side was then very small, consisting merely of a little trading-post, with lower down a Chippewa village, and the MacMurray's house and the mission-church and school on the hill above it. Every fishing season the missionary's house was filled with swarthy visitors who came and went according to their will. All were harmless in intention, the smell of "Kinnikinnic," the Indian's tobacco, seeming the greatest drawback to the guest.

The chief pleasure of this week to Mrs. Jameson was a visit to Mrs. Johnston, the Indian mother of her new friends. In her journal she describes Mrs. Johnston as a woman of marked Indian features, of benevolent and intelligent countenance, with a voice low and musical and laugh soft, when pleased. On the occasion of this visit Mrs. Jameson was astonished at the ease with which the fishers in the rapids managed their canoes. On strolling by the river with Mrs. Johnston's son, she casually expressed the wish to run the rapids herself. Her companion, delighted, soon found a canoe about ten feet long, "light and elegant as a bird." In this she was seated in the bottom on a mat; "and down we went," she writes, "with a whirl and a splash, the white surge leaping round me. Over the edge of the canoe I could see the passage between the rocks sometimes not more than two feet wide, and the sharp angles visible through the transparent water, yet I had not the least sensation of fear but one of giddy, breathless and delicious excitement." The whole run from start to finish occupied just about seven minutes, the run three-quarters of a mile, the fall twenty-seven feet. The Indians were pleased, as she was the first European woman to run these rapids; while Mrs. Johnston, laughing and clapping, adopted her into her family as "daughter," naming her in Indian *Wah-sah-ge-wah-no-qua* or the "Woman-of-the-bright-foam."

Fortunate truly was the Woman-of-the-bright-foam in these new found friends, a fortune which she fully realised when the MacMurrays next morning proposed to take her by *bateau* to Manitoulin Island. And throughout her whole journey she seems to have been as fortunate in weather as in friends. From August first to the fifteenth the only two rainy days are noted in the journal. And as she goes on to describe the glowing sunsets of these days, the pitching of their tents beneath the stars, and the twilights brightened by the camp-fire leaping on the shore, the picture stirs the blood of every true-born camper.

"On August second," she writes, "we had not a mosquito; the sun bright; the lake rough; the little boat rocking on the glittering waves as Contant washed the plates and the others cooked on shore." On the third they were in Aird's Bay passing countless islands of all shapes and sizes. The fourth brought startling tidings. In their haste to reach their destination, they started out at dawn, surprised to notice in the slumbrous calm the hull and masts of a vessel standing black against the sunrise. Hailing her for news, the little party sat speechless on hearing that King William IV. was dead and Victoria now Queen of England. They learned also from the schooner's captain that the Superintendent of the Indian Department had taken the place of the

Governor, who had been called back from Lake Simcoe by this news, and that the presents were to be distributed that morning. The *voyageurs*, encouraged, bent afresh to their oars, but they arrived unfortunately just too late for the distribution.

This disappointment was soon forgotten in the kindly greeting all received from the Superintendent and the Agent, who assured them that they were still in time for the Council to be held at noon. The meeting-place appointed for this yearly gathering was certainly a chosen spot—on the shores of a small circular bay opening from the main one out on the water, just off the main bay, where, as they entered, a hundred canoes were darting hither and thither.

The Council was held in the log house belonging to the Agent. At its upper end stood the Superintendent, Mr. Jarvis, with his "grand vizier," Major Anderson, and their two interpreters. At a little distance were placed the new-comers, with a young son of the Lieutenant-Governor who had come on with Mr. Jarvis, there were also three Methodist ministers, and two Roman Catholic priests. The chiefs came in without order or precedence. They numbered about seventy-five in all, and half of them were smoking. The noonday heat was blazing, and the doors and windows all filled in by an eager crowd. To the London lady the atmosphere suggested purgatory. Yet in all the hundreds of that crowd no squaw was visible. The Superintendent's speech was short and was interpreted by Blackbird, an orator famed for once having spoken steadily from sunrise to sunset.

The day altogether proved to be the most varied of those experienced by the traveller on this long trip. At sunset she was called out by Major Anderson to watch a canoe-race he had arranged for the squaws. He had offered as prizes twenty-five pairs of silver earrings, and the wildest excitement followed as twenty canoes took their places, each paddled by twelve squaws. At a signal they were off like arrows from so many bows, the onlookers leaping, whooping, clapping their hands, and acting as if mad at the finish, the men darting into the water to carry out the winners, the squaws laughing and panting for breath, crying "*N'ya! N'ya!*" while the men shouted "*T'ya!*" till the woods rang. But the greatest good-humour prevailed, with no note of jealousy or anger. "In those days," continues Mrs. Jameson, "we were twenty whites in all among 3,700 Indians, yet the only precaution I found necessary was to hang a blanket before my window to avoid a too intrusive gaze."

The evening that followed was one of tranquil beauty. At nine o'clock there was scarcely a sound to be heard but the voice of an Indian boy reading the gospel to Mrs. MacMurray in the Agent's house—a picture in himself, with his feathered head-dress waving, his silver armlets glistening on his dusky arms. While standing in silent enjoyment of the scene, news was brought to the stranger that the natives were preparing a war dance in her honour. "In a few minutes more," she writes, "the drum, the shriek, and the long tremulous whoop were heard. A large crowd had gathered silently in front of the house, leaving an open space in the midst. Many of them carried great blazing torches made of bark rolled up into a cylinder. The innermost circle of the spectators sat down and the rest stood around. Meantime the drumming and yelling drew nearer, and all at once a man leaped like a panther into the very middle of this circle, and flinging off his blanket, began to flourish his war-club and caper. Then they stamped round and round and gesticulated a sort of fiercely grotesque pantomime, and sent forth their

hideous yells, while the glare of the torches fell on their painted, naked figures."

Next morning it was with sincerest regret that the traveller parted from the hospitable missionary and his wife. But one more experience remained for Mrs. Jameson—a canoe-trip home by way of Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe. Mr. Jarvis had kindly offered to find a place for her among his party, and as she watched the luxurious arrangements being made for her comfort she congratulated herself upon this opprtunity.

In the first canoe, paddled by seven *voyageurs*, went Mr. Jarvis, young Mr. Head, Mrs. Jameson, and old Solomon the interpreter. In the second were stowed provisions and camping apparatus. Not only was a cushioned seat placed for the lady of the party, but note-books, sketch-book and travelling-basket ready at hand, while guns and fishing-tackle replaced the note-books for the gentlemen. Martin the Indian pilot was picturesque in the extreme, with his scarlet beaded sash, long hair, and graceful movements. The men, who were picked half-breeds, were full of glee, as with bright sashes round their waists and gay kerchiefs round their heads, they took their places. With flag flying, they made a gallant start, cheered by the major and the schooner's crew on shore, and honoured by a volley from the Indians and copious cries as the seventy-two canoes of the Iroquois dipped their paddles at the same time *en route* for the west—and this on a glorious morning with a cloudless sky above them, and the water so clear that the fish were visible swimming in its depths.

The scene was one of bewildering beauty all the way, as they paddled along through countless islands, all gay with green and flowers in the morning, at evening their purple edges fringed with fire. At intervals the men sang gay songs; the tourist sketched; and the gentlemen hunted or fished as occasion offered. The fare was beyond reproach; the fish and pigeons good and well-cooked; the Madeira excellent. Nightly the traveller found her tent pitched in the most chosen spot, her bed of elastic boughs luxuriously spread with robes and blankets. On the eighth they passed French River, paddling still among the islands "set like gems in glowing blue," and it was not until they were near their journey's end that they had their first day's rain.

On the ninth they reached Penetanguishene, where they rested two days. And on the twelfth they crossed the sixteen-mile portage to the "narrows" of Lake Simcoe. Here the "passenger" was persuaded by her party to join them in an excursion to Lake Couchiching, to see the rapids of the Severn, forming, she writes, "an exquisite finish to the paradise of beauty" through which she had journeyed now for seven weeks. On the fourteenth she accompanied her escort on board the *Peter Robinson*, and it was then, as they steamed across Lake Simcoe, that she realised for the first time how civilised indeed were those clearings she had thought so crude before. From Holland's Landing the road lay through the oldest settlements of Upper Canada, with their harvests rich and ripe in the August sunshine; they looked to her eyes now accustomed to the wildness to be not only civilised, they also indicated clearly the settler's growing wealth.

Here with the description of this drive the journal ends, and its last words are slightly triumphant: "For at three o'clock in the morning," concludes the traveller, "just as the moon was setting in Lake Ontario, I arrived at the door of my own house in Toronto, having been absent on this '*wild expedition*' just two months."

PITT THE ORATOR

A REVIEW OF LORD ROSEBERY'S "LORD CHATHAM"

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE Earl of Rosebery found a congenial occupation when he undertook to write a biography of the Earl of Chatham. He himself is acknowledged on all hands to be the greatest orator in Great Britain to-day. Pitt is acknowledged to have been not merely the greatest orator of his own time in Great Britain but of all time. One or two persons who heard him in the House of Commons were so inspired by his flights that they wrote down their opinions, giving him eminence as a rhetorician above either Cicero or Demosthenes. Rosebery has had the good sense to perceive that all such comparison must be vain. While Pitt's admirers had access to the compositions of Cicero and of Demosthenes, they had no real knowledge of the tones of voice in delivery, nor did they know aught of the orators' mannerisms, of their gestures, of the fires that flashed from their eyes, of the thunders, if any, that accompanied their most vehement declamation. All they had was the compositions of the orators and the testimony of those who had heard them pronounced. We believe, as Rosebery in his book believes, that Pitt was a public speaker of transcendent magnetism and power, but we actually have fewer proofs of it than his contemporaries had of the two great classic orators. Parliamentary reporting as we know it was a thing unknown in Pitt's day, and while we have snatches here and there of this great commoner's brilliance of satire and aptness of metaphor, we are never quite sure of the preciseness of phraseology. Records of parts of his speeches and impressions of his delivery are still preserved, but they are not wholly satisfactory. His most famous utterances were made, apparently, without deliberttion, and he seldom, if ever, used notes.

The impression that Pitt made on his own generation, an impression that has deepened with the progress of time, is a fine example of the elusiveness of the greatest of all the arts. Had he been a painter like his contemporary Reynolds, we could examine his art with intelligence. Had he been a writer like his friend Fielding, we could estimate his worth at first hand. Had he even been a cabinet maker like his countryman Chippendale, we could test his beauty of line and contour in the shop window of any first-class dealer in antiquities. But Pitt was an orator in whose time there was no phonography, no parliamentary report, no political stump even—nothing that we can set up as a concrete example of his art. He had first to impress his hearers, and the impression had to be such that it would not vanish immediately on the

* "Lord Chatham : His Early Life and Connections," by Lord Rosebery. New York : Harper and Brothers.

rising of the House; it had to be such that it would be repeated in the coffee-houses, on exchange, at the club, in the market-place, carried by favourable winds to all corners and quarters of the realm, and handed down from father to son and son to grandson, generation after generation. In this respect Pitt was on a common ground with Garrick and indeed with all who rest their claims to greatness on histrionic talent, on elegance of voice, on grace of gesture, on majesty of pose.

So the fame of Pitt's oratory has come down to us. A century and a half ago, when Pitt was at the zenith of his glory, letter-writing and the diary had almost superceded tradition, the lampoon and the chronicling rhyme, and the active agency of the press, with full parliamentary reports, was on the eve of its greatness. Pitt, therefore, just preceded the reports, but he was not the type of man to be lampooned or described in vagrant and jingling lines. Rosebery, like all the others of Pitt's biographers, has had to rely for personal touches on tradition, on letters still available and on private diaries. Naturally, the great events of his career and all his achievements and failures in the public service are on record, but, as Rosebery laments, there is nothing wherewith one might break through the halo of mystery that seems to have always surrounded this great British statesman.

Statesmanship was one of Pitt's chief attributes as well as oratory, but in the life that is reviewed by Rosebery (that is, up to the time of Pitt's elevation to supreme power after the downfall of Newcastle), oratory is the keynote of his success. The book deals with "His Early Life and Connections," and notwithstanding the human proneness to worship heroes, Rosebery has put forth an honest effort to see Pitt in his true light. That it has been difficult, indeed impossible, to so see him, he admits, but he has succeeded in presenting a convincing picture and an entertaining chronicle. As a statesman, or perhaps better, as a most fearless parliamentarian, Pitt stands without a peer. He came into the arena at a time when it was almost impossible for a commoner to attain eminence. The King's hand was against him, and his voice was against the King. It is a marvel that an ambitious politician could muster the temerity to rise in parliament and cast aspersions on the Sovereign and on the Sovereign's Hanoverian connections. Pitt was ambitious, nevertheless he was courageous, and one would judge that he repeatedly sacrificed his ambitions on the altar of his courage. One of the few reports that we have of a Pitt parliamentary speech, one which, curiously enough, did not see print until fourteen months had passed after its deliverance, gives a good idea of the fearless manner in which he sometimes addressed the commons. The debate was on the motion to continue the British troops in the Hanoverian service.

"It is now too apparent," said Pitt, according to this report, "that this powerful, this great, this mighty nation is considered only as a province to a despicable electorate, and that, in consequence of a plea formed long ago and invariably pursued, these (Hanoverian) troops are hired only to drain us of our money. . . . How much reason the transactions of every year have given for suspecting this absurd, ungrateful, and perfidious partiality, it is unnecessary to declare. . . . To dwell upon all the instances of partiality which have been shown and the yearly visits (by the King), which have been made to that delightful country (Hanover), to reckon up all the sums that have been spent to aggrandise and enrich it, would be an irksome and invidious task, invidious to those who are afraid to be told the truth and irksome to those who are unwilling to hear of the dishonour and injuries of their country. I shall, however, dwell no longer on this unpleasant subject than to express my hope that we shall no longer suffer ourselves to be deceived and oppressed."

Rosebery comments as follows:

"Conceive the position. On the one side a King born and bred in Hanover, to whom the honour and welfare of the Hanoverians were everything, whose paradise was Hanover, who counted the days of his annual visit to Hanover as a schoolboy counts the days to his holidays, who held Hanover as his own absolute monarchy and property as compared with the limited interest and power of the British throne; a King, moreover, courted by all, whose favour was necessary for the obtaining of office; accustomed to unstinted adulation and homage. On the other, this young jackanapes, an official in the court of his (the King's) detested son, declaiming against him with every art of the actor and the rhetorician, with every power of voice and eye, holding him and his Hanover up to every kind of ridicule and contempt, before an audience mainly of place-hunters and placeholders, half trembling, half chuckling, as the philippic proceeded.

"Why did Pitt take this line? If he wished for office (as he undoubtedly did), it seemed madness: he was committing something like suicide. 'But pique,' as Sir George Savile well said, 'is the spur the devil rides the noblest tempers with'. . . . That pique and a most ignoble rage had much to do with this philippic we may well assume. But we may also surmise that his attitude was not devoid of calculation. The veto of George II. (The veto had been repeatedly placed against Pitt by the sovereign) was not to be removed by deference, so he would, like another Hannibal, destroy the obstacle with vinegar. The King had been exasperated by the lambent play of Pitt's earlier insinuations; he should be made to know how Pitt had then held his hand, what thunderbolts he had kept in reserve, what unspeakable things awaited the Prince who should frown on him. 'All the things I have told you,' said Sancho Panza, 'are tarts and cheese-cakes to what remains behind.' George II. should learn that the innuendoes that Pitt had levelled at him before were tarts and cheesecakes compared to what he had the power of producing. Pitt, in a word, had made up his mind that his only means of achieving his objects was by terror. He had thrown away the scabbard. Moreover, he was appealing from the Court to the people. The court was foreign, immoral, unpopular: the very name of Hanover was detested. And although Pitt's actual words reached the people late or not at all, there was an echo which was audible, and made known all through the three kingdoms that there was within the walls of Parliament an intrepid, perhaps incorruptible orator who feared the face of no man, and who was embodying in fiery words the antipathies and distrusts of the nation."

Rosebery has escaped the common fault of biographers, that of seeing nothing but goodness in all the acts of their subjects. Unlike Thackeray, he does not attempt to remove from Pitt the odium of vacillation, nor does he hide from his readers his impression that Pitt was in all his public acts an actor with a definite purpose in view. It is Rosebery's belief that everything Pitt did was done because of the effect it would have on the public mind. Pitt had a genius for divining what would please and influence the public, and he acted accordingly. If (as he did when he became Paymaster, declining to take poundage on all subsidies paid to foreign princes, as had been the practice), he refused to enrich himself by what were then regarded as permissable spoils of office, his refusal was due not so much to qualms of conscience as to his belief that it would have a powerful psychological affect on the nation. In this respect he was no doubt correct in his surmise, for in those corrupt days Pitt stood out from all his contemporaries as the one statesman whose character and dealings were above reproach. But Rosebery takes care to point out that while Pitt was shrewd in refusing emoluments that might have come to him through his public office, he was not so scrupulous when it came to monetary assistance of a private nature. Mention is made of the acceptance of a legacy from a duchess, who gave it merely because she had seen in Pitt the one who had the courage to arraign her own peculiar enemies; but, of course, that is a legacy that anyone might accept. But it was different with Pitt when it came to giving up his seat for Old Sarum and accepting a safe one from the

hand of Newcastle, whom he suspected and despised; and indeed again, when it came to his dismissal from the Government's service and his acceptance, in view of his tight circumstances, of a thousand pounds a year "until better times" from Lord Temple, "whom, from close intimacy and kinship, he must have known to be an intriguing politician, who was not likely to give without expecting return."

But notwithstanding all that Rosebery has been able to discover about Pitt, following the many other biographies of the same person, and with the additional and invaluable assistance of the Dropmore papers, he has been induced to admit that Pitt is still an enigma. Nothing seems to be known, or at least very little, about his private life. Glimpses are caught of him nursing the gout, from which he was a life-long sufferer, and occasionally he is seen flitting to or from Bath, whither he went to take the waters. But he seems to have had a genius for obliterating the intimate recesses of his heart and life and, on the other hand, for keeping himself almost constantly, whenever he wished it, in full view of the public eye. He might be regarded as the first person to realise the advantage of judicious advertising, and yet he has of all persons succeeded in shrouding his real self in mystery. According to Rosebery, he was an actor always, an actor in whom acting in everyday life had become as second nature.

This book of Rosebery's is admirable in tone, and while it is judicious, as a literary feat it is disappointing. But it has a pretty good beginning and a splendid close. The middle chapters are written with care but not with brilliance. However, it is in the summing up where we find the author at his best, where we find passages that prevent us from reverting too longingly to the masterful picture drawn by Macaulay; it is the orator's appreciation of the orator, and although we must express regret because the narrative does not continue until we see Pitt as the first stateman of England, with the British arms triumphant in America, on the Continent, on the high seas and in the East, we are content to set the book down with this excerpt from the author's summing up:

"Whatever his failings may have been, his countrymen have refused, and rightly refused, to take heed of them. They have refused to see anything but the supreme orator, the triumphant minister of 1757-1761, the champion of liberty in later years at home and in the West. With Pitt, as with Nelson, his country will not count flaws. What do they matter? How are they visible in the sunlight of achievement? A country must cherish and guard its heroes.

"We have climbed with him in his path to power. We have seen him petulant, factious, hungry, bitter. And yet all the time we have felt that there was always something in him different in quality from his fellow-politicians when they aired the same qualities, that there was an imprisoned spirit within him struggling for freedom and scope. At last it bursts its trammels, he tosses patronage and intrigue to the old political shylocks, and inspires the policy of the world. Vanity of vanities! Twenty years after his epoch of glory, three years after his death, Britain has reached the lowest point in her history. But still she is the richer for his life. He bequeaths a tradition, he bequeaths a son, and when men think of duty and achievement they look to one or the other. It will be an ill day for their country when either is forgotten."

At Five O'clock

LIFE'S INN.

By Martha Haskell Clark

The Wide World Stands a-welcoming beside the sunny way,
For page and squire and knight and dame to halt and ride away;
And crimson sweet the roses flamed that lay upon my breast,
When all the world was but an inn, and I a welcome guest.

The knights were lion-hearted and their ladies lily fair;
The silver armour glittered bright upon the roadway there,
When each far distant turning held the promise of a quest,
And all the world was but an inn, and I a welcome guest.

No knock was there of Misery nor step of grimy Toil;
But bold Adventure raised the latch, his palfrey heaped with spoil,
While Romance flew to hold his rein and wait on his behest,
When all the world was but an inn, and I a welcome guest.

And what care I that youth must fade, and love locks turn to gray?
Forsooth, at every inn there lies some reckoning to pay!
I've warmed my heart beside their fire, partaken of their best.
When all the world was but an inn, and I a welcome guest.

So why should I complain and curse in spiteful accents shrill
Because another draws his rein, my wonted place to fill?
But ere Old Age the taper takes, to light me to my rest,
I'll draw his chair and drink his health, and make him welcome guest.

—*The Smart Set.*

*

WHAT a fascination there is for most of us in the picture of the Old World inn—the inn of the poets and writers of romance—ivy-covered and quaint-gabled with the scent of lavender in the low-ceiled bedrooms and the fragrance of good fare on the broad threshold of the dining-room. From ancient days, the inn has been associated with good cheer and jollity—and even if a brawl arose, it was conducted with a vigorous hilarity which lent variety to the after-dinner repartee. The inns of Old Normandy and the inns of Merrie England could tell tales more wild and enthralling, than ever flowed from the pen of Dumas or Weyman. But the prosaic present is changing even the old inns, and the "honk" of the automobile dispels the last echoes of the troubadour's song.

Yet the legends and traditions of the inn die slowly from our minds, and to many of us the world, itself, becomes only an inn, where we tarry but a day. The guests who come riding in the early morning are so full of life's joy and adventure that they fill the old rooms with song and laughter ere they go on their dauntless way. But the afternoon hours mean re-

pose and the fading light of day brings the tapers which shed but a faint glimmer in comparison with the glow of "glad, confident morning." Yet there has been good cheer at the inn and we all can remember with gratefulness the sturdy words of Chesterton:

"For you and me and for all brave men, my brother, there is good wine poured in the Inn at the End of the World."

*

IT is a lamentable fact that we learn what is worth while in this world, just as we are almost ready to depart from the scene. We may be in a position to make use of our earthly experience on some other planet, but it *does* seem rather a pity that we should be so long in acquiring a knowledge of "the things that really count."

For instance, we are accustomed to regard sickness or isolation as a condition to be dreaded and expend much sympathy on the invalid, writing pathetic paragraphs and weepy poems on "shut-in lives." I have always regarded an invalid's lot as one to be shunned and abhorred—but that was before I made acquaintance with its infinite restfulness. It is, in reality, the most delightful condition in the world, and the hospital, which looked so forbidding in the days of health, becomes a safe and comfortable retreat from all the woes which flesh is heir to. Of course, if you are so imprudent as to insist on having a really painful complaint, such as sciatica or rheumatic gout, the state of invalidism has its serious drawbacks; but, if you have the good taste and good fortune to select such suffering as merely makes the convalescence a season of languid enjoyment, why, "The Land of Counterpane," as Stevenson called it, is the most blissful realm in the world.

As a primary advantage, you are not allowed to hear anything disagreeable, or to know that there is such a matter as an unpleasant occurrence. Doctor and nurse and everyone else appear with smiling faces and you are convinced that it must be a jolly world which is inhabited by such cheerful creatures. Of course, you are going to get well, but, as the days go by, you are less and less in a hurry to confront the world again, and look forward to noisy street and bustling shops with a dread of their disturbance. "But there is such a lack of interest in an invalid's life," objects a strenuous creature who has never known a day's illness. On the contrary, the invalid takes an extraordinary and keen interest in trifles light as air, which afford daily and unfailing entertainment. While the outside world is running for cars and then being jammed in sardine fashion by the powers which run the "trams," the invalid is taking a placid interest in capsules and tablets and the next dish of junket. You pity the healthy people, who are walking about on their sturdy feet and eating solid food. What do they know of the joy of having things brought to you on a tray and being coaxed to take a little cream soup or a trifle of jelly?

Then it is so important to be an invalid, especially if you have never succumbed before to these light afflictions. You find out that there is such a state of being as a temperature and, when the thermometer goes under your tongue, you are thrown into a delightful condition of excitement as you wonder what would happen if you swallowed it. Your pulse, also, is a matter of interest and you watch the "beats" in fascinated concern, lest something not quite "normal" should occur. In fact, you are surprisingly absorbed in yourself, and find that your heart and head are to be taken quite seriously, in a world of ups and downs.

Many have been the words of commendation bestowed upon the Canadian nurse—but not one word too many.

New York papers have declared that she surpasses the nurse of other lands and that she is in constant demand. It is one thing to echo the praise from hearsay, and it is quite another to speak out of the fulness of experience. But I hereby profess most profound allegiance — and what is more, obedience—to the blue-uniformed and blue-eyed ministrant in misery, who poked the thermometer under a too-busy tongue and dispensed the nauseous mixture known as peptonised milk. The nurse, when she is all she may be, is far ahead of all the rest of us, and for all her gentle, cheering ways, she may have our vote and influence, if she ever happens to run for office.

Yes, indeed! It is a great and deplorable mistake to remain healthy and industrious. Just wake up some dull and dreary morning and decide to be an invalid, instead of going down to the office or getting up and preparing breakfast. Betake yourself to the isolation of a private ward, where you will hear nothing of wars, murders or marriage, and where you will not care whether the Honourable David Lloyd George or Mr. Austen Chamberlain act as Chancellor of the Exchequer: and where you will be lazy and "dozy" and care for nothing but Your Own Sweet Self.

*

EARL GREY has been a good friend to the country in which he represents the royal authority. He has done us good service in a variety of ways, and his latest contribution to national criticism is worthy of serious consideration. In his address as "Chief Scout of the Dominion of Canada," the Governor-General said that there is a defect in the training ordinarily given in the public schools; namely, the lack of good manners. He called attention to the error of those who think that "rough manners are a sign of manliness and that gentle manners are a sign of servility" and asserted that gentlemanliness is dependent, not on wealth, but on reverence and high ideals. The following words should provoke heart-searching, as to the ethical side of our public school system: "It is because the Scout movement tends to supplement the inefficiency of your educational system by implanting in your boys the ideals they do not seem to learn in their schools, that I so earnestly commend to your acceptance that movement, which, if it be properly supported, promises to become a real blessing to this country."

A Canadian editor remarks in connection with the above criticism: "It becomes at once a question why it was left to a soldier to inaugurate the Scout movement, and why the daily personal intercourse of thousands of teachers with their pupils should count for so little."

It is entirely natural that a soldier should inaugurate the movement which appears to have appealed so successfully to Young Canada. We have the poet's testimony to the fact that:

> "The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring.

We may all exult in the disappearance of war, but we should be very sorry to see the disappearance of the military virtues. More than a century ago Edmund Burke exclaimed—"But the age of chivalry is gone!" It had not really departed, however, and it will be a dark age for the world, should the reflection of the great Irish orator ever prove true. If the spirit of true chivalry is not encouraged in the young generation, the grace and delicacy of life will have vanished—and all the wheat and silver in our fields and our mines will not make good the loss. Earl Grey spoke discerningly when he associated this gracious manner with reverence. We are known by what we laugh at. Those

who see in old age or weakness legitimate objects for ridicule and who take a delight in the downfall or the degradation of humanity can hardly be regarded as civilised.

Matthew Arnold declared many years ago, that, while he had found many admirable qualities in the people of the United States, he had discovered two glaring defects, a lack of reverence and a lack of dignity. This criticism might be extended beyond the forty-ninth parallel. We are rather fond of proclaiming our virtues. Let us be honest about our faults and not bristle in childish contradiction at the slightest hint that we are not perfect and that our public school system is not the last word in educational development. We have much to be proud of in our educational system, but it leaves something to be desired. Respect for authority is more important in the Young Person than a "development of selfhood." If Earl Grey is speaking according to facts in his remarks on our school training, then it is time for us to consider our ways and manners and give heed to the principles of the Boy Scout movement.

The ultra-democratic spirit which is constantly asserting: "I am as good as you," is not conducive to that gentle grace of manner which implies: "You are as good as I." It is the small courtesies, the dainty remembrances which make Life worth while and give us to forget the hard places and keep in mind only the flowers. Sometimes it seems as if the rude and blustering nature is the one which succeeds—that it is the selfish alone who get and retain. But a more careful study of the conditions of human happiness shows that such vampire creatures miss all that is worth while and are without that beautiful gift of friendship which is the heritage of those who are true in heart.

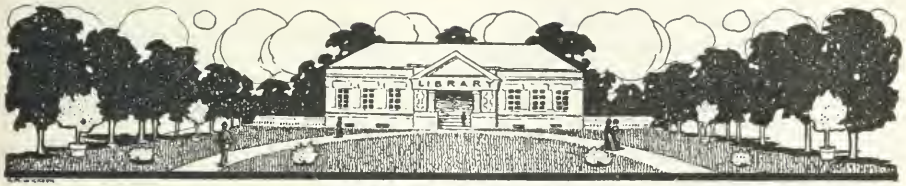
The curious error, that there is something unmanly in consideration for others and a display of courtesy towards them, is to blame for much of the boorishness and barrenness of daily intercourse. The East and the South may teach us much of this virtue, and it will not endanger Northern aggressiveness to learn something of the gentler side of life. The linking of "delicacy and fortitude" in one of Robert Louis Stevenson's prayers is a happy blending of qualities which are all too often put asunder. In his own suffering yet gallant bearing, we see the finest exposition of that spirit of meeting Life gladly — whatever the day may bring. And what delightful stories they are — of his sojourn in Samoa, where everyone was kind to the loved Scottish exile. It would be hard to find a daintier or tenderer repartee than the reply of the Samoan friend who had prepared a favourite dish for "Tusitala"—as his adopted people called the writer.

"Great is thy skill," said Stevenson in gratitude.

"But the other shook his head in gentle denial. "Ah, No! Great was the love."

With this appreciation of the grace of courtesy is associated a gaiety which is all too rare in these hard and hurried times—a sense of the joy of Life which helps to plant the primroses along the path of pain. Dull natures are nearly always impolite and uncouth. Sparkle and sunshine go together in happy comradeship. Let us be merrier and more mannerly, even if we should lose a dollar or two in the polishing process.

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

WHO would not rather take Quebec than be the author of "The Trail of Ninety-Eight"? Who would not rather not take Quebec than be its publishers? It is "A Northland Chronicle and Romance," by Robert W. Service, author of "Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako." The mere fact that it is selling so well that "we cannot keep up with the demand," according to the publishers, puts a serious mask on the situation, and makes us wonder whether it sells on its absolute and abundant and incomparable demerits or on the author's reputation as a forceful versifier. For we know of no book quite so bad as this one, and if it is selling so well on its badness, the outlook for clean, wholesome literature in Canada is not very promising. We once heard the remark about a melodrama, "It's so bad, it's good," and one might almost go the length of applying this opprobium to Mr. Service's novel. If the book scored on any one point it would not be so hopeless, but, according to our opinion, it is a conglomeration of offences against all the senses. It has no morality. It has no literary merit. It has no heroism. It has no good, genuine adventure. It has no lofty ideal of womanhood. It has no real romance. But, on the other hand, it traduces the ennobling passion of love. It uselessly shows contempt for the conventionality of marriage. Its essays at description are grotesque. Its brutality is inhuman, its vulgarity nauseating, its very commonplaceness something stupendous. In figure of speech it is frequently much forced, as, for instance, "I proved myself a perfect *artesian well* of conversation," (the book is written in the first person); "The *surface ripple* of a sob"; "In a few moments I was *dead to the world*"; "we were in a hollow cavern roofed over with *slabs* of seething foam"; "on pinnacles of terror our hearts poised nakedly." Sticklers for grammatical construction will object to the following sentences: Every slim woman I saw in the distance looked to be *her*"; "Not one of his sledge-hammer smashes reached *their* mark"; "I was jogging along past the advance guard of the oncoming army, when *who* should I see but Mervin and Hewson." Even the spelling is inconsistent.

The narrative is based largely on the author's experiences during the Yukon stampede of 1898, but it is so wildly imaginative that what truth there is in it is clouded by the false. It begins in Scotland, takes the reader sweepingly across Canada, and down into southern California, and then back and on up to Dawson City. It must be granted that the descriptions of the trail and of Dawson City are very vivid, but the reader

has confused impressions of almost simultaneous obstacles in the form of snow and ice on the one hand and mosquitoes and muskegs on the other hand. Tricks are played with time, so that one may be tracking the villain in the early hours of "young dawn" and then suddenly detect him, at midnight, entering a dance-hall. But these are minor slips, and can be overlooked. But there is no overlooking the chapter (and there are many more equally violent), that tells about *Berna*, the girl, and *Athol*, the man, going on a raft down Squaw Rapids. The reader is wondering how it is possible for any person to keep his balance under such conditions, when the girl impetuously throws her arms around the man's neck, and in the embrace, lips to lips, they ride on into the "roaring torrent." The diction is not restrained:

"We took the rapids broadside on, but the scow was light and very strong. Like a cork in a mill-stream we tossed and spun around. The vicious, mauling wolf-pack of the river heaved us into the air, and worried us as we fell. Drenched, deafened, stunned with fierce, nerve-shattering blows, every moment we thought to go under. We were in a caldron of fire. The roar of doom was in our ears. Giant hands with claws of foam were clutching, buffeting us. Shrieks of fury assailed, as demon tossed us to demon. Was there no end to it? Thud, crash, roar, sickening us to our hearts; lurching, leaping, beaten, battered. . . . It seemed the last had come. Up, up we went. We seemed to hover uncertainly, tilted, hair-poised over a yawning gulf. Were we going to upset? Mental agony screamed in me. But, no! We righted. Dizzily we dipped over; steeply we plunged down. Oh, it was terrible! We were in a hornets' nest of angry waters and they were stinging us to death; we were in a hollow cavern roofed over with slabs of seething foam: the fiery horses were trampling us under their myriad hoofs. I gave up all hope. I felt the girl faint in my arms. How long it seemed! I wished for the end. The flying hammers of hell were pounding us, pounding us—Oh, God! Oh, God . . ."

That is merely an instance of what the volume contains in superabundance. It is enough to make even Rider Haggard himself stagger.

The girl (*Berna*) who figures as the heroine is a pale, "lily-white" insipid creature, and in the love passages both she and *Athol* are lamentably small in their outlook upon life and ridiculous in their frenzies of passion. Repeatedly the girl implores the man to marry her, and repeatedly she says that she should not associate with him because she has no name, no acknowledged parentage. Repeatedly he wriggles away from marriage to afterwards berate himself for a coward and fool. Towards the end these two live together as man and mistress, and in the end they marry—after everything has been smeared and besmirched. What a horrible picture this whole book crudely paints of bloodthirst, unreal adventure, pygmy love, murder, manslaughter, "hell-houses," sickening debauches, women of the gutter, men of the brothel, thieves, rogues, fighters, gamblers, pitched battles, and the degradation of brotherly affection! (Toronto: William Briggs. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Cloth, $1.25).

*

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT is one of our most respected poets. His poetry is respectable. While he does not perhaps scale the heights that are reserved for geniuses, he composes poetry that can be understood, that is gentle and wholesome. Nature—the sky, the sea, clouds, trees, flowers, rivers, the moon, the sun, and the stars—have an important place in his thoughts and if one wished to criticise the quality of his latest volume of collected poems, one might say that it does not contain enough surprises, or perhaps better, sufficient versatility. Mr. Scott is a clergyman, a resident of Quebec City. Frequently his verse displays the influence of his environment; for instance, the sonnet which we reprint:

The Laurentians.

These mountains reign alone, they do not share

The transitory life of woods and streams
Wrapt in deep solemnity of dreams,
They drain the sunshine of the upper air,
Beneath their peaks, the huge clouds, here and there,
Take counsel of the wind, which all night screams
Through gray, burnt forests where the moonlight beams
On hidden lakes, and rocks worn smooth and bare.

These mountains once, throned in the primal sea,
Shook half the world with thunder, and the sun
Pierced not the gloom that clung about their crest;
Now with spent force, toilers from toil set free,
Unvexed by fate, the part they played being done.
They watch and wait in venerable rest.

Some of the poems have never before appeared in a volume. One sonnet ("To a Greek Statue"), appeared first in the *Globe Magazine*. It is an interesting composition, and its interest is heightened by the fact that it was illustrated, the drawing showing a nude figure to represent the statue. Whatever the author's conception was, here at any rate is the sonnet:

What eyes have worshipped thee, O passionless
Cold stone, thou darling beauty of dead men
And buried worlds! What hearts in those days when
Beauty was god have longed for thy caress,
As 'mid voluptuous feast of wild excess
They saw the dawn-light in the Eastern skies
Crimson that brow and kindle in those eyes,
And felt their glutted passion's emptiness.
And still thou mockest us, O cruel stone,
And still their eyes are gazing far away,
Drawing out man's love that loves thee all in vain.
Yea, to all time, thy beauteous white lips say,
Love's deepest yearnings leave man most alone,
And in man's deepest pleasure there is pain.

(Toronto: The Musson Book Company. London: James Constable).

*

A GREAT amount has been written and published about the Great Lakes within the last few years, but one of the most comprehensive treatments of the subject is the volume entitled "Our Inland Seas," by James Cooke Mills. As readers of *The Canadian Magazine* know, Mr. Mills has made a deep study of the significance, history, and importance of the Great Lakes, and it is gratifying to see that his fugitive magazine articles on the subject have resulted in a book of excellent and permanent value. As the author himself says, the purpose of the story, contained in the book is "to show the development of the Great Lakes marine, from the Indian canoe to the great modern leviathans, and the intimate relation it bears to the prosperity of the whole country and the contentment of millions of people." The volume contains many illustrations from photographs and maps and drawings. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. Cloth, $1.75.)

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NOTES.

—It is gratifying to learn that another edition has been printed of a book of such excellent merit as "The Mystery of Golf," by Arnold Haultain. (Toronto: The Macmillian Company of Canada).

*

—"Commentaries on Sin" is the title of a small volume by George Frederick Jelfs. (Boston: Sherman, French and Company. Cloth, $1).

*

—"Dust and Ashes" is the title of a volume of verse written and published by A. C. Stewart, of Winnipeg.

*

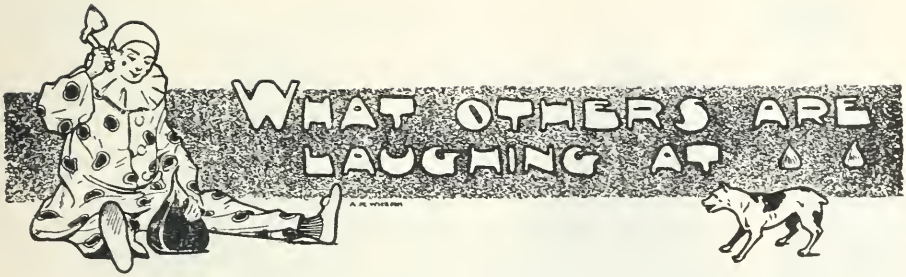
—Professor W. J. Loudon, of the University of Toronto, has written a

treatise on "The Small-mouthed Bass." The volume is illustrated. (Toronto: The Hunter-Rose Company).

*

—The *Studio* for December contains a well illustrated article, by Selwyn Brinton, entitled "Modern Mural Decoration in America." Examples are shown of the work of Maxfield Parrish, John La Farge, John W. Alexander, John S. Sargent, Charles Sprague Pearce, Edward Simmons, Violet Oakley. There is also a very fine article on the work of James Paterson, R.S.A., R.W.S., as well as other notable contributions. (London: The Studio Publishing Company).

REVEREND FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT



Irish Generosity

"Patrick Shields!"

Three times the court house corridors echoed with the name.

"Where is that Irishman that licked three men and then called the coroner?"

Then the crier of the court, with a regular Irish bull, reported that the missing Irishman could not be found.

The case, that of Raphael Delio, charged with assaulting Patrick Shields on the night of December 17th, was called in the police court this morning, but as Shields was not present to answer the charge, the case was dropped.

Delio, together with two other Italians, undertook to crowd Shields from the sidewalk. Shields objected to the advances made by the strangers, and after a short argument Delio was said to have drawn a knife, which was used freely on the Irishman until such time as the latter got his fists working, after which he laid the three Italians side by side in the snow and proceeded to notify the police and coroner.

Two of the Italians were taken away by friends after Shields started for the police, and the only one found on the spot when the police arrived was Delio, who was arrested and charged with assault.

Shields was to appear in the police court this morning to press the charge, but it was explained that he had secured a good job near Three Rivers and would not bother coming back unless sent for by the court. It was also stated that Shields had expressed himself as satisfied to allow Delio to go with the punishment handed out by him.

"Funny fellow, that Shields," said Saumerez Carmichael, who was standing near. "I was called out of bed early one morning, and a wealthy compatriot of Shields wanted to know whether I had seen the report of the incident. I had not. So I had to read it while my friend waited. Then he said, 'Just you go down to the court, bail out that beauty of an Irishman; if he is fined pay his fine; then get him a good job and send him to me; I'll look after that fellow. He is a beaut.'

"So I looked Shields up, but there was no charge against him. We got him a job, but he had got one himself in the meantime, and is too busy tending to it to come to court. He thinks the other fellow got enough of it, anyhow, and just says, 'Aw lave him be.'"—The Montreal *Star*.

*

Ignorance Put To Shame

Tommy—Pa, what is an equinox?

Pa—Why, er—it is—ahem! For goodness' sake, Tommy, don't you know anything about mythology, at all? An equinox was a fabled animal, half-horse, half-cow. Its name is derived from the words "equine" and "ox." It does seem as if these public schools don't teach children anything nowadays!—*Ideas*.

FAT MAN (looking at crape on sleeve) — "Poor chap! He was our mainstay."

THIN MAN — "Yes, he certainly left us in poor shape." —*Jugend* (Berlin)

BEING ONLY THE KING, EDWARD APOLOGISED

King Edward was never at a loss for a quick, suitable answer. One day he was coming around a street corner on one of his periodical walks in London when he collided with a very stout person, who, being nearsighted, did not recognise the King, took him by the lapel of his coat and gave him a tongue-lashing.

"Do you know, sir," finished the irate man, "that I am a member of the London Council?"

"In that case I beg your pardon," replied the King, "for I am only the King of England." — *Ladies Home Journal.*

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NARROW ESCAPE

He—"I worship the ground you walk on."

She—"That let's me out."—Brooklyn *Life.*

OLD FAITHFUL

Dashaway — "You have splendid-looking clothes, old man. Who is your tailor?"

Clevertons—"He's the first man you see as you go out."—*Life*

*

HOW BRITAIN DOES IT

There is a lad in Boston, the son of a well-known writer of history, who has evidently profited by such observations as he may have overheard his father utter touching certain phases of British empire-building. At any rate, the boy showed a shrewd notion of the opinion not infrequently expressed in regard to the righteousness of "British occupation." It was he who handed in the following essay on the making of a British colony:

"Africa is a British colony. I will tell you how England does it. First she gets a missionary; when the missionary has found a specially beautiful and fertile tract of country, he gets all his people round him and says: 'Let us pray,' and when all the eyes are shut, up goes the British flag." —*Harper's Magazine.*

*

RUDE HASTE

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a catboat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle a boat, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind came, and he shouted in no uncertain tone: "Let go the sheet!" No response. Then again: "Let go that sheet, quick!" Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said:

"Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?"

"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."—New York *Evening Post.*

"Say, Mabel, can you see yourself in anything as awkward as that skirt!"—*Life*.

A Fancy Dish

New Boarder—"Haven't you got any fancy dishes here?"

Rural Landlord — "Sure thing! Mame, bring the gentleman that moustache-cup your grandfather used to use!"—*Puck*.

*

No Bridge

"It seems a chasm is opening between the King of England and the people."

"Yes, and apparently he won't bridge it with new peers."—Baltimore *American*.

*

The Real Boss

"Your clerks seem to be in a good humour," remarked the friend of the great merchant.

"Yes," replied the great merchant. My wife has just been in and it tickles them to death to see somebody boss me around."—Philadelphia *Record*.

A Real Artist

Visitor—"I envy you that light and skilful hand of yours!"

Young Sculptor (flattered)—"And so you saw my 'Amazon'?"

Visitor—"No, but I hear you shave yourself."—*Fliegende Blatter*.

*

Those Strips

"Now, children, what is this?" asked the teacher, holding up the picture of a zebra.

"It looks to me like a horse in a bathing suit," answered a little boy.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

*

Even With The Game

"How are you?"

"Oh, I am about even with the world."

"How's that?"

"I figure that I owe about as many people as I don't owe." — Saturday *Evening Post*.

LES DERNIÈRES CARTOUCHES
— Mon Dieu ! vous tirez sur les choux maintenant !
— Ben Oui : j'ai déja tué toutes les perdrix.
—*Le Rire* (Paris)

Poor Child

"Why are you sobbing, my little man?"

"My pa's a millionaire philanthropist."

"That's nothing to cry about, is it?"

"It ain't, ain't it? He's just promised to give me $5 to spend on my birthday provided I raise a similar amount."—Chicago *Record-Herald*.

*

His Last Chance

Priscilla had just told John Alden to speak for himself.

"I shall do it for you after we are married," she added.

Herewith he hastened to seize the last chance.—New York *Sun*.

My Hobble

I love my new hobble,
It clings to my form;
And if I am careful
'Twill do me no harm.

It hangs in my closet
Stretched over a broom;
For one thing I'm thankful
It takes up no room.

I brush it, and press it,
And tend it with love;
And if I grow stouter
'Twill fit like a glove.

I love my new hobble.
Its cling is so warm;
And if I don't wear it
'Twill do me no harm!

—Chicago *Tribune*.

*

His Choice

"Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the miser millionaire, "I can cure you."

"But what will it cost?" came feebly from the lips of the sick man.

The specialist made a swift mental calculation. "Ninety-five dollars," was his answer.

"Can't you shade your figure a little?" wailed the other. "The undertaker's bid is much less."—*Lippincott's*.

*

Some Verse

Eminent Poet (to his betrothed)—"Darling, how did you like the poem I sent you? Did it seem too sweetly tender?"

She—"Oh, it was lovely. It was lovely. I got seven-fifty for it at the church fair."—*Fliegende Blatter*.

*

This From Harvard

Butler—"Is it your will to ride, m'lord?"

M'Lord—"Nay, 'tis me wont."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Painting by C. W. Jefferys *Courtesy of Robert Glasgow, Publisher*

BUILDING THE HABITATION, QUEBEC, 1608

THE

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THE SURRENDER OF POUNDMAKER

BY MAJOR C. F. WINTER

IT was a bright spring morning in the latter days of May, twenty-five years ago, and the camp of the Canadian troops on the slopes of the high ground between the North Saskatchewan and Battle Rivers, within a rifle shot of their junction, waited with impatience for the promised entry of the leaders of the rebellious Half-breeds and Indians, who, at the notification the day before of their willingness to surrender, had asked General Middleton to arrange a conference to discuss their future.

The camp of the volunteer militia faced the south, and from early sunrise anxious eyes had scanned the Swift Current trail, which, crossing the little log bridge over the Battle River, passed the old "Government House," dignified as an important temporary fortification under the name of "Fort Otter," in compliment to the commander of the Battleford Column (now Major-General W. D. Otter, C.V.O., C.B.,), and thence wound around amongst the low inequalities of the ground, until finally lost to view in the cottonwoods and other timber at that period extending for some miles to the south of Battleford.

Would Poundmaker and his chiefs come in? Would there be more fighting? These were the all-absorbing questions discussed in and around the tents upon the hillside. In rear, the old stockaded "fort," to the relief of which we had the month before marched up in hot haste from the Canadian Pacific Railway, two hundred miles away, crowned the eminence between the valleys of the two rivers, while in the immediate foreground the headquarters' camp of Major-General Middleton, with his victorious column fresh from Fish Creek and Batoche, nestled in the flat between the high ground and the Battle River. A small guard had mounted and had defined an open space for the expected meeting close to the General's headquarters: beyond this no special arrangements had been made for the arrival of the hostiles, nor were the troops even called to arms, the General's intention seeming to be to impress his opponents with the little military value he attached to them, as evinced by the laxity of arrangements for their reception.

The sun had climbed nearly halfway towards the zenith, when the watchers at "Fort Otter" signalled the approach of the deputation and soon a band of some twenty or thirty

horsemen, preceded by one bearing a white flag, and, in addition, with strips of white cotton flying from their horses' manes, as well as their own head-dresses, came plainly into sight upon the trail leading from the southward. For a defeated party coming in to surrender, they bore themselves very gallantly and all the time while in sight they advanced at a smart trot, with some semblance of military order, and made a brave show as they wound down to the bridge crossing the Battle River. Upon their nearer approach, we found that all were armed, and the majority in war paint, although evidences of its hasty rubbing off were plainly visible in many cases.

Upon the first intimation of the visitors' approach, a party of mounted officers had been sent forward to escort them to the presence of the General, and these now hastened to report, the Indians meantime dismounting and, with their ponies, standing in a sort of irregular line to the westward of the General's tent. By this time every man in camp, except the sick and wounded in the hospital, and those on duty elsewhere, were grouped in a curious crowd about the small enclosure where the Indians stood in dignified silence and apparent indifference, wrapped in their blankets and ornamented with head-dresses of the greatest variety of form and colour. Although scarcely realised by us at the time, this was in reality an historic event, for it will in all likelihood prove to be the last great occasion in the Canadian West for a chieftain of the native tribes of the plains to ride in as a soldier, armed and equipped for war, at the head of his councillors and chief men, to confer with the representative of the whites as to future conduct and government.

But though they made a brave show in coming in, they were much disconcerted at the reception accorded them for General Middleton at once demanded their rifles, in proof of submission and surrender, before he would accord them a hearing. In a few curt words the General told them he demanded unconditional surrender. He had defeated Riel and taken him prisoner, and he had men and guns enough to crush both Poundmaker and Big Bear, with all their people, if they still wanted fight. If they surrendered he could promise them nothing, but would represent their condition and views to the Government. He was a soldier sent there to put down the rebellion, and he was going to do it, whether they surrendered or not, and if it took all summer. The men who murdered the Government Indian agents and farm instructors at the begining of the outbreak must be given up at once, before any safe conduct would be ensured the remainder. There was a little hesitation among the younger braves for a few moments. Sharp glances were directed right and left, and wistful ones cast backward to the the slopes on the opposite side of the Battle River, as though mentally gauging the ability to get away in the event of a run for it. The comparative large number of volunteers, however, must have quickly shown what small prospect there was for successful opposition, and reluctantly (how reluctantly may be estimated from the fact that some were seen to kiss their rifles as they gave them up, a remarkable show of feeling for an Indian of the Plains), they handed over their arms to the detail ordered to secure them. Mostly all of these rifles were Winchesters of recent model, handier and much superior for the kind of fighting the Crees expected than the single-loading Snider-Enfield with which our Canadian troops were armed. Nearly all were decorated with notches or brass-headed tacks upon stock and butt, indicative of some *coup* or lucky shot by which the owner believed he had plac-

From the Painting by R. W. Rutherford.

CONFERENCE BETWEEN CHIEF POUNDMAKER AND HIS COUNCIL AND MAJOR-GENERAL MIDDLETON, AT BATTLEFORD, SASKATCHEWAN

ed an enemy *hors de combat*. Others indicated large game that had fallen to the aim of the owner.

To the Indian, his rifle at such a time meant everything. Difficult to obtain in the first place, by reason of the exorbitant rate charged by the white dealers in the prohibited traffic—a rate which often exacted a twelvemonths' labour in order to provide the wherewithal for the purchase of the coveted "repeater," and now to part with it brought home to the Indian mind more than anything else could the defeated and abject state in which these warriors now found themselves. No unnecessary time was lost in preliminaries, and soon the "big talk" or *pow-wow*—dear to the Indian heart even in defeat—was under way.

Seated on a camp-chair facing north, his staff and the chief officers of both his own and the Battleford column standing in a semi-circle behind him, General Middleton intimated, through the interpreter (Mr. Hourie), that he was ready to hear whatever the Chiefs had to put forward. Facing him, seated cross-legged upon the ground, was the Cree delegation that had ridden in so gaily a few minutes before, and behind and around them thronged the mass of the Canadian volunteers, interested spectators and listeners in an occurrence which to the writer, at any rate, will always be recalled as an interesting experience.

The Indians formed an irregular little line fronting the General, with Chief Poundmaker seated a short distance apart in front, and his chief squaw a little to his left-rear, in front of his councillors. Naturally upon Poundmaker centred almost all attention. He looked and acted the Chief, and was, by long odds, the finest looking and most dignified Indian of the party, notwithstanding that his mongrel dress was not such as is calculated to show off a leader to advantage. Tall and commanding, his smooth oval face, marked by the Indian characteristics of high cheekbones and nose inclined to the aquiline, he was attired in white cotton shirt (much soiled), black cloth vest ornamented profusely with brass-headed tacks around the pockets and down the front, while his lower limbs were enclosed in moccasins and the inevitable white blanket (very dirty). His jet-black hair was trained in Indian fashion—two heavy locks hung down upon his shoulders, bound by brass wire below the temples, while a small fur cap covered his head. Though at this time fully sixty years of age, his face was as smooth and unwrinkled as a boy's, while his jet-black hair showed no evidence of age.

Prior to the outbreak, Poundmaker enjoyed the reputation of being a more than ordinarily good Indian. In his youth he had taken part in many tribal wars, and in particular he had acquired fame as a warrior among his own people for personal exploits against the Blackfoot, who were in the old days the inveterate enemy of the Crees. When the buffaloes were plentiful, he was a mighty hunter, in fact he obtained his name of Poundmaker for the skill and success with which he formed "pounds" (enclosures), in the most suitable localities in the great plains, to trap and secure the bison, with a minimum expenditure of labour and ammunition, at the times of the great annual hunts, or "drives," for the provision of the tribal supplies of meat and hides for an approaching winter. In 1883, when a big hunt was arranged for the Marquis of Lorne (then Governor-General of Canada), Poundmaker had acted as guide to the vice-regal party and Nothwest Mounted Police escort across country from Battleford to Calgary, and had served with some distinction upon several other important missions. Among the whites of the Territories his reputation was that of a cautious, pacific, and even hu-

mane Chief, whose heart was not altogether in the revolt, but who had found himself quite unable to lead his people to his own way of thinking. In the light of earlier occurrences in the revolt, and from testimony adduced at this conference, this estimate of Poundmaker was shown to have been very accurately gauged. As a matter of fact, although the Chief and leader of his people, he did not in the Rebellion of 1885 exercised the functions of the War Chief to the extent that has been popularly supposed. During the investment of Battleford he did command his people and directed the movements of his braves, but, when it was decided to take the aggressive against Colonel Otter's troops at Cut Knife Hill, "Poundmaker" requested to be relieved of the responsibility of commanding in the fight, and expressed his wish to participate in the firing line as a simple warrior of the Crees and not as Chief. This was acceded to, and the actual commander of the Indian fighting men at Cut Knife was a sub-chief named Little Poplar, while Poundmaker served with his rifle as a humble *nitché*.

But while diffident as to his powers as a general in the field, there was no question as to who was best able to conduct diplomatic negotiations with the white man, and hence Pound-

Photograph by Topley

MAJOR-GENERAL MIDDLETON,
COMMANDING NORTHWEST FIELD FORCE, 1885

maker took his rightful place as Chief upon arriving to make peace and to discover what the future might have in store for his people.

Our native American peoples have always been partial to long harangues, with flowery and impassioned oratory, and among his own people the Chief was noted as a speaker; he had a "silver tongue," as they termed it. To the volunteers from Eastern Canada, by long odds the great majority among those who surrounded him this day, the address of Poundmaker was a revelation. Calm, earnest, respectful without being obsequious, and at all times dignified, the presentation of his case contained many statements that to every thoughtful Canadian soldier must have bred doubts as to the Indian being altogether in the wrong, notwithstanding that at such a time fresh from the bivouac and the firing line and the contemplation of burned and ruined farms, some of which were in view from the very site of the conference, it was hardly to be expected that prejudices inherent in the white and increased naturally by the war could have been changed or turned aside so quickly. Still, in the debates afterwards in the tents upon the hillside the Indian had many advocates.

Poundmaker began his address with a flowery reference to the Great Spirit in the Beginning creating both white men and the Indian, giving them separate countries and providing them with all things peculiarly necessary to their well-being—the buffalo for the red man, the ox, cow and sheep for the white. The Indians lived contentedly and happily. The whole country was theirs from the rising to the setting sun, and the buffaloes roamed in millions. Neither he nor his fathers had ever wished to go and take the white man's land, but the white man seemed unhappy, and he came over the great water to the Indian country.

When the white men first came the Indians treated them kindly, but what return did the white men make? They stole their land, or gave a trifle to say that they had bought it, and they killed off the buffaloes—wantonly, and for no useful purpose. The Indian never destroyed the buffaloes, for he well knew they were everything to him. When a young man, he (Poundmaker) had often, when on a scout with a war party, ridden all day through vast herds of buffaloes that covered the plains black as far as one could see, yet they never killed any unless they could make use of them.

After the white men came the bison became fewer and fewer, and the Indians began to hate the white men who were despoiling them of their birth-right. Years passed and things got worse, and finally the buffaloes stopped coming from the south, and he was told he had no land and must go and live on a reservation—a small patch of ground out of the great plains his fore-fathers travelled and called their own. Why should he have to live in little patches like the white man? He only wanted to be left alone. Then lately there had been talk; messengers had come from other tribes. Mr. Riel had told them of the grievances of the Half-breeds, his young men were restless and discontented; they were told that the country was to be taken back, the white men driven out, and then the buffaloes could return, and the Crees would be a great people once again. He doubted. He had seen many winters and knew the white man's strength and his great numbers, but he could not control his young men. For the young men and himself it mattered little: they could take their chances: but the future of the squaws and little ones made him anxious, and he did his best to hold in his young men, but they were hot-headed and wanted war.

When the spring came and the new

A PARADE OF BLACKFOOT INDIANS

grass was up for the ponies, there was no holding them. But the White Chief must see that his people made war gently. They had ill-treated nobody. The prisoners taken had all been well treated, and after the fight at Cutknife Hill he had held back his young men who might have caused much loss to the soldiers in their return march to Battleford. Poundmaker made a strong point of this and dilated upon his forbearance. In view of this "gentle" behaviour and his considerate treament of some twenty odd prisoners, the Chief urged that all should be forgiven, the tribe re-instated upon its reservation, and rations and allowances issued as formerly.

At the close of this address an interesting little incident took place. Poundmaker asked that his chief wife, who was present, be heard on behalf of the women and children. The General declined, saying that he (Poundmaker) must speak for his people. He was a chief and a warrior, and must speak for all, and that it was not proper for the women to speak in the war councils. Quick as a flash came the reply, "But you always tell us the Great Mother, the Queen, presides at the supreme councils of your people; why should not my wife speak for the women and children?"

For a moment General Middleton seemed to be disconcerted, while a broad smile spread around the listening circle of officers and men, and the Indian councillors and head men expressed their interest in the point by appreciative grunts and ejaculations of "how," "how"! The General laughed good-naturedly as he answered: "She does not enter personally into the discussions and does not make speeches in her parliament. Her chief men do all that for her. In this case you must speak for your people. It is a war conference, and we will listen only to warriors."

Poundmaker's squaw showed much disappointment at this decision, and much muttering and grumbling, evidence of dissatisfaction, took place among the Indians.

General Middleton then replied in a few short crispy sentences. The Indians had wilfully taken up arms and defied the Government; members of their tribe had murdered Indian agents and farm instructors. These men must be given up, and would be tried and punished. Poundmaker, as Chief, must also remain a prisoner and a hostage for the good behaviour of his people. He would recommend to the Government the re-instatement of the tribes on their reservations and the re-issue of rations, blankets, stock, and seed grain, with farming implements, until the Indians were able to support themselves. He cautioned them, however, against the delusion that the buffaloes would return, or that they could ever again support their people by hunting alone. Those days were gone forever, and the more quickly the Indians realised the changed conditions the better it would be for all concerned. As for the women and children, he had no doubt the Government would do everything to improve their condition, if the men settled down and became good Indians. They had gone to much expense and trouble in bringing their young men from the East to restore law and order, and uphold the authority of the Queen, but her arm was long and she could chastise them just as easily whether they made peace or not. The General said in conclusion that he gave them twenty-four hours for their people to turn in their arms and ammunition—otherwise he would move his troops against their camp when that time expired.

Stoically, and with every appearance of indifference, the Indians listened to this reply, which must have been bitter indeed to the warriors who such a short time before had boasted

of their ability to drive the white men from the country. "Poundmaker" and three others of the leaders were now secured and marched off, under escort, to Fort Otter, whence they were transferred later to the Mounted Police guard-room at Battleford. Undeterred by the seriousness of the situation in which they now found themselves, the remaining "braves," before riding off to their people, did a rushing trade in curios and souvenirs of the occasion. Everyone from the East wanted a memento to take home, and soon beaded moccasins, embroidered fire-bags and tobacco pouches, lariats, and saddlery ornaments had exchanged hands at fancy prices, only curtailed at last by the almost total deprivation of everything saleable worn or carried by the treaty delegation. Then slowly and withal sadly, though some of the younger "bucks" attempted an air of bravado, the party moved off to re-join their people in the Eagle Hills, sending as they breasted the hill to the south of the Battle River a last message to their captive Chief by means of sunlight flashes from a small hand-mirror which had remained concealed in the blanket of one of their number.

It was a picturesque incident this surrender of the Crees. To the Western plainsmen it mainly appealed as a practical advantage, a restoration of law and order, the security of belongings and the re-assertion of supremacy, which had been challenged and placed in jeopardy since the initial conflict at Duck Lake in the previous March; but to many of the Eastern volunteers it, also, had a pathetic side. Here was one of the last remnants of the native peoples of the plains, who for centuries had been masters of those vast areas, playing their part as losers in what will in all probability be their last armed effort on British soil, in a contest that had gone on actively and passively ever since the advent of the white man in America. Fore-doomed to defeat, mislead and misinformed, with their prejudices cunningly played upon by designing half-breeds and scheming whites—for the Indian has always been a veritable child in many things —it was pitiful to witness their desire to have one more try by force of arms —one more "war-path" along which all their traditions told them that their fathers had trod with so much glory and success. While we sympathised with them as soldiers, as citizens our feelings were all the reverse.

One of the final acts in the great drama had been played—the civilisation of the white Caucasian invader had crushed out that of the native American, and the last embers of the smouldering fires of Indian tribal independence had died out on the plains of the Saskatchewan.

TEACHING THE FARMER HOW TO FARM

THE STORY OF THE EVOLUTION OF A PRACTICAL SYSTEM OF AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION FOR A PROVINCE: THE WORK OF THE DISTRICT OFFICES OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE OF THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

BY DONALD G. FRENCH

IS it possible to double the output of the farms of Ontario? If so, how?

Ever since the inauguration of our public school system we have been asking if the establishment of agriculture as a subject of our public school curriculum of studies would not solve the question of agricultural education.

Let us rehearse a little of the history of this subject. We find that Egerton Ryerson, the founder of our Provincial educational system, was seized with the idea that something should be done for agricultural education. In 1860 he prepared a text-book on the subject. The after history is silent for about thirty years and agricultural training in the public school silent also. The next revival was in 1890, when a text-book was prepared by two professors of the Ontario Agricultural College. It ran a brief career, and about eight or nine years later, the present Deputy-Minister of Agriculture prepared another text-book on the subject. This found its way into some of the schools—and out again. So that agriculture has never in any sense been a fixed subject among the regular public school studies.

In a province where agriculture is the paramount industry—an industry which produces annually an output of $250,000,000, one naturally inquiries for a reason for the apparent indifference regarding the intelligent study of the scientific principles of this important industry. Why should not agriculture be successfully taught in the public schools?

There are several reasons. One is, that there are very few teachers who have had either the necessary training or the practical experience in the work (what knowledge of agriculture would you expect from the 5,000 young women, and girls in their teens who are teaching in our rural schools to-day?). Another is that the average rural school teacher has now an overburdened list of subjects, and far more classes to teach than he should be asked to teach, even to give instruction in the fundamental elementary subjects. Still further, there are few rural school boards who are willing to supply anything beyond the most meagre equipment for any special teaching. The man who has given the least support and least encouragement to agricultural education has been the man who would be most benefited by it—the farmer himself.

If the training cannot be given in our public schools, shall we give up? Is there no other av-

enue by which we may impart the instruction? If we can produce two hundred and fifty million dollars in agricultural products yearly as a result of our present methods, can we not largely increase that output by more scientific methods? These were the questions that were fermenting in the minds of the men responsible for the education and development of the Province.

The lack of suitably trained teachers for this work in the public schools had emphasised itself, the lack of proper facilities in the public schools was recognised, and the fact that the only scientifically-trained agricultural teachers we had were the graduates of the Ontario Agricultural College, led to the Deputy Minister of Agriculture and the Superintendent of Education, each propounding the question, "Why not employ trained teachers such as graduates of the Agricultural College, and establish agricultural courses in connection with the high schools?"

This looked very much like the solution of a long-vexing question. These officials had, unknown to each other, placed with the ministers of their respective departments very similar memoranda. The matter was taken up by the Government and as a result, in June, 1907, graduates of the Agricultural College were placed in charge of the agricultural departments in the high schools at Perth, Galt, Essex, Collingwood, Morrisburg, and Lindsay.

It was proposed to give a two-year course in agriculture at these schools. This would afford a good grounding, and it would enable those who wished to do so, to complete their training with a shorter term of attendance at the Agricultural College than heretofore.

Let us see how the people of the Province rushed to avail themselves of agricultural education. At Perth, for the first term there was a class of eight; at Galt, a class of eight, but not all taking the full course; at Essex, two students; Collingwood, two; Morrisburg, none; Lindsay, one. Twenty-one students from six representative counties of this great agricultural province! Whatever the future of the high school idea, it was evident that it did not furnish the immediate solution.

Fortunately for the final success of this new movement, another outlet for the energy of the agricultural representative was suggested. This was the establishment of district offices of the Department after the plan thus outlined to the Provincial Government:

"The ideal organisation of the Department will be to have a specialist, an agent, a trained agriculturist, located in every country or district of the Province, paid by the Department and whose entire services will be at the disposal of the Department for the benefit of that county or district. This local representative would be the moving or directing spirit of every agricultural organisation, assisting the farmers, directing special movements for improvement, inspecting, instructing, advising, reporting the appearance of any new pest or disease, procuring information in regard to all questions that farmers would ask, keeping the Department informed as to all agricultural conditions, and be the direct link between the farmers, the Agricultural College and the Department. In a dairy section this man should be a specialist in dairying, in a fruit growing district he should be a specialist in horticulture, and so on for all sections.

"He should have an office where he could be found for consultation at stated times, and at other times he should be out among the farmers. He would be the directing man in the Agricultural Society, the Farmers' Institute, the Horticultural Society, the Farmers' Club. While he could not be expected to know all things, yet

he would be able to procure information for them as might be desired. He would be the man 'on the spot' to report new disease, new pests as soon as they arrive and to report to headquarters with a view to procuring help. Through him the special needs of the district could be investigated and all Departmental movements could be directed. He would be able to systematise a great deal of work that is now done spasmodically. He should be expected to go to the Agricultural College, say ten days or two weeks every year, to inform himself as to the new work there being done with the object of taking the results back to those farmers who are unable to visit the College. The result of personal contact would be found much more effective than through the sending of printed reports and bulletins. To put it in another form, he would increase many fold the value of printed publications. Set down in a county a live, energetic, enthusiastic young man trained in the best practice of farming and having an Agricultural College education, and tell him to study the farmers' conditions, assist them in their work, to find out their needs and direct them along the best lines, and in a few years the effect should be most satisfactory."

Three years' work of representatives of the Department in different sections of the Province has fully demonstrated the fact that herein lies the solution of the problem of agricultural education for the Province. Attempts to teach agriculture in the public schools had failed; attempts to teach it in the high schools had met with little success—except as supplementary to the more practical work of the district office. By a natural process of evolution we have arrived at the conclusion (strange that it should not have been thought of before), that the place to begin agricultural education, and the place to teach it practically and efficiently, is on the farm.

At present there are fourteen of these district offices in Ontario; at Morrisburg, Picton, Stirling, Port Hope, Whitby, Lindsay, Galt, Simcoe, Petrolia, Collingwood, Essex, Carp, Perth, and Norwood. The representatives in charge have the same general object in view—the development of the agricultural interests of their respective districts. To a great extent they have the same general instructions to guide them and the same general problems to face, but each man is left to work out his own salvation in so far as he must act on his own initiative as to what he will make the main features of his work and how he will carry this out. And let me interject a personal remark. Last summer I had the pleasure of meeting a number of these men, and seeing something of what they were doing, and I could not but feel that the Province had in its district representatives of the Department of Agriculture a body of enthusiastic, energetic, and intelligent workers, whose efforts will do much to revolutionise the agricultural industry of the Province. The Province should have to-day not fourteen of such men, not forty, but at least one hundred of these practically and scientifically trained agriculturists assisting in its development.

Before I ask you to agree to this, let us see what these men have been doing. First of all, there is the actual office and its work. Taking the Collingwood office as a type, we find that it is situated in town just next to the leading hotel for farmers—part of the office is used as a reading-room. The local and district papers are kept there, the agricultural journals, the bulletins and publications of the Department of Agriculture, works of reference on agricultural topics. It is, in fact, the farmer's bureau of information. He takes his problems to the representative, or it may be he

writes for information on some point. The office is always open and the representative is there, if possible, on market days, and at other times when his duties do not take him out through his district. The window of the office is made attractive by various displays, such as sprayed and unsprayed fruit, large eggs, collections of fruit, and other products of interest.

Then there is the outside work, and this is by far the most important work of the representative—what he does right on the farm. In different sections are different agricultural interests, but the problem of drainage is one of general importance. We are accustomed to thinking that the older portions of the Province of Ontario are pretty thoroughly developed, but these men have been demonstrating that thorough drainage means the reclamation of otherwise useless land, and that it is also a means of increasing very largely the production of already cultivated ground. Mr. R. S. Hamer, of Perth, (Lanark County), who has given special attention to this problem, says:

"During the past season (1910), we have concentrated on drainage work. In the county as a whole, and particularly in South Lanark, very little underdrainage had been done previous to 1907, and when we first took up this work we found four obstacles barring progress in this particular line: 1—A lack of appreciation of the benefits to be derived. 2—Lack of technical knowledge in laying out systems. 3—The absence of tile factories in any part of the county. 4—Lack of experience in digging drains to grade, laying tile, and inability to secure competent labour to do the work.

"During the seasons of 1908 and 1909 we overcame the first difficulty to a certain extent in our propaganda work in the form of addresses, newspaper articles, demonstrations. The second difficulty was met by offering our services free of expense in making surveys, laying out systems, preparing plans, etc. During the fall of 1909 some of the systems laid out by us were partly installed by hand labour. One of these fields made an excellent demonstration field as it chanced to lie beside a leading road and had been previously deemed impossible to drain satisfactorily. This spring, when adjoining fields lay sodden with water, the drained field was dry and in first-class condition. It was in shape for seeding fully three weeks before neighbouring fields, but was kept for corn. This corn crop, grown where corn had never been grown previously was conceded to be the best crop within a radius of several miles. Not only was it tall and vigorous, but it was uniform over the entire field and was well matured. Needless to say we had a great many requests for drainage assistance in that section this year, while the owner of the field himself installed nearly a carload of tile this fall.

"The difficulty of obtaining tile in Perth district was overcome through our local Farmers' Club. By buying co-operatively in carload lots we have been able to lay down tile in Perth at a cheaper price than they can be bought right in the yard at many tile factories.

"This year, with another wet backward May to back us up, we launched another drainage campaign with result that since the first of June we have devoted every available day and half-day to drainage work in all parts of the country. An opportunity to secure the services of a steam ditcher from the Province of Quebec assisted us in overcoming the fourth difficulty and incidentally gave underdrainage the greatest impetus it has yet received in this district. The owner of the ditcher placed himself in our hands—took only such work as we laid out for him, followed our grades, and stayed with us for two months, digging at the rate of at least two thousand feet a day and as high as three thousand when conditions were favourable. Breakages in our stony land prevented us accomplishing as much as we might have in the time, but so delighted were the farmers with the work accomplished that it is probable a ditcher will be owned co-operatively here next year."

If you are buying apples now, the prices you pay will tend to make you skeptical regarding my assertion that Ontario is an apple growing province. But such is the case. It is true that last year there was practically a failure of the apple crop in many parts of Ontario. It is just as true that to a great extent this failure might have been prevented. There were a number of orchards in the Province which gave last year greater returns than

ever before. The district offices by their orchard demonstration work have proved in the face of an unfavourable season that it pays to care for orchards.

The work done in Simcoe county is thus described by Mr. I. F. Metcalf, who is in charge of the office at Collingwood:

"The Georgian Bay district is peculiarly well adapted for the production of a good quality of fruit and lots of it, but it is not doing anything like what it might do in that matter. In my district and especially in Nottawasaga township there are a large number of good orchards, but these are very generally neglected. In order to arrive at a satisfactory basis for improvement an orchard survey of Simcoe county was made by Mr. A. D. McIntosh, B.S.A., during the summer of 1909.

"A plan of campaign was then adopted to try to improve these conditions. Various schemes were thought of, such as holding demonstration meetings in the orchards in June, at which a tree or two could be pruned and a number might be sprayed. However, I did not consider that this treatment would be thorough enough since while we might prune a tree or two in an orchard and might perhaps spray all of the trees yet there was no guarantee that the farmers would prune the rest of those trees that season and cultivate the orchard, etc., so that all the conditions might be favourable for the best results. Another obstacle in the way was the fact that there were practically no spray pumps in use in the township.

"Under the circumstances I advised that six demonstration orchards should be taken over in Nottawasaga township; that we should own our own spray outfit and pruning tools, and put our own men in to do the work in these orchards, providing only that the farmer was to assist whenever possible. We paid for the spray materials and paid the men, but the men were boarded by the farmer free of charge and the farmer's team was used for the work. All receipts were to go to the farmer. The expense of this work was contributed by the fruit branch. I have had one man, Mr. W. F. Kydd, in this township on orchard work all summer and other men at work as they were required. In pruning time, six men working constantly and sometimes one or two more in these orchards, having them divided into two gangs, one gang being under Mr. Kydd and the other under Mr. Rogers, of Forest. During June we held pruning and spraying meetings in these orchards, which did a great deal of good. In front of our orchards we have a large sign stating that it is a demonstration orchard. This calls the farmer's attention to the fact every time he comes by, and the consequence is that these orchards have been discussed a great deal this summer and fall.

"We sold the apples for the men for $2.50 a barrel for Duchess No. 1 and No. 2, f.o.b., and $3 a barrel for No. 1 and No. 2, fall and winter varieties, f.o.b. A large per cent. graded No. 1. These prices were an eye-opener to the farmers in this district since nothing like that had ever been received before, and in fact some of them were rather skeptical of the matter and even went so far as to assert that the Government was paying the difference, which was not the case. The sale was a genuine one made in the regular way with Messrs. McDougall and Evans, Owen Sound. Then this fall I had displays at the various fall exhibitions, showing actual results from the pruned and sprayed and unpruned and unsprayed trees of which we left a few in each orchard. All these things have had the effect of wakening the farmers up a bit, and a great many of them are talking seriously of buying spray pumps and looking after their orchards better another year. They are also talking of organising a co-operative association for the sale of their fruit.

"You may perhaps think that we gave these men a pretty good thing when we offered to fix up their orchards and conduct them for them free of charge and give them all the returns, but even with those inducements I had considerable difficulty in persuading some of the farmers to allow us to do that work for them. Of course, now we get any number of orchards on much better terms than that, but we don't want them. Our intention is to continue this work in other places where we will have to go through the whole process over again. We operated these orchards under a great disadvantage this year because of the fact that very little late fruit set, so that we have not as good a showing as we should like to have had financially, but in spite of that fact we have some excellent results.

"The orchard which gave the best results this year was a small one of fifty trees owned by Mr. John Osborne, at Dunedin. The expenses of that orchard were as follows: Scraping of trees,

$2.25; pruning, $24.75; first spraying, $6.14; second spraying, $5.16; working of orchard, $7.75; cover crop, $2.25; total, $48.20.

"The following were the receipts: 22½ barrels Duchess apples at $2.50 a barrel, $56.25; 82 barrels, fall and winter apples, $3 a barrel, $246.00; total, $302.25. Expense of barrels, picking and packing at 75c a barrel, $78.38; net, $223.87; 15⅙ barrels, culls, at 60c a barrel (net), $9.10; total returns, $232.97; operating expenses, $48.30; profit, $184.67.

"It might be mentioned here that the most that was ever received for this orchard in any one year previously was $50."

Mr. A. D. Campbell, representative at Morrisburg, took charge of five orchards with excellent results. From one of these orchards 1⅓ acres, forty-three trees, the owner netted $400, the most ever received previously being $175. Another orchard of thirty trees harvested $250 worth of apples. From another of three acres the fruit sold on the trees at $350, while the unsprayed orchards in the district were practically worthless.

Norfolk county is progressive in its apple culture, but even there the Department did good work. Mr. P. E. Angle, of the Simcoe office says:

"In connection with orchard management I may say that since there were in the neighbourhood of 300 farmers in this county spraying their fruit, I considered it unnecessary to have a demonstration orchard last year, but my assistant, and myself, when I could get away, spent between two and three weeks in the spraying season driving from orchard to orchard giving farmers what instruction we could in spraying, such as the value of high pressure; demonstrating on their own pumps, the value of thoroughness and the need for spraying at a certain time, also showing them the way the leaf buds open and also the bud moth, which was present in nearly every orchard, explaining why it was necessary to spray just at a certain time before the blossom buds burst in order to poison this pest; showing them how to get their pumps packed properly; and fixing many pumps which their owners thought were useless. We found men who had sprayed their orchards for three years, who did not know they should spray at a certain time, but simply sprayed because their neighbours sprayed and so forth. The consequence was that we found men along the Lake Shore road, whose orchards were retarded by the water, spraying for the bud moth for instance at the same time their neighbours who lived back from the lake were spraying their orchards, which were really right for spraying. The orchards along the lake were not right for spraying, and those men who were spraying at that time were merely wasting material. Some of these we stopped and received hearty thanks for the information which we gave them. We showed them that it was necessary to have the leaf bud opened before spraying. Man after man said he had heard and read of the bud moth; how it worked and how it was to be poisoned, and yet had never seen one although they were in his orchard at the time until we showed them to him, and many did not know why it was necessary to spray three times, but simply sprayed because his neighbour sprayed or some other man sprayed at that time. Of course, when we were doing this we had the opportunity of showing them various other diseases which were in their orchard, the presence of which in most cases they were not aware. This work impressed upon me strongly the value of a personal touch with the men in comparison with a lecture or an article in the paper, or a bulletin."

The Prince Edward county office, at Picton, through the representative, Mr. A. P. McVannel, stirred up interest by orchard meetings and demonstrations, with the result that the county had a remarkably fine showing of fruit at the fall fair and at the Horticultural Show in Toronto. One orchard near Picton, which had never produced more than $750 worth of apples in any previous season, this year gave, as a result of spraying, 770 barrels, which sold at $3 a barrel.

Spraying demonstrations in orchards is made a feature of the district office work in all counties where apples are grown.

Experimental work is carried out on problems of special interest to the section. At Morrisburg, plots totalling three acres in extent were chosen on school grounds. The following record for 1910 shows the practical nature

and great value of this kind of work: 1—That large crops could be grown after underdraining on what was before wet land. (Whole scheme a demonstration of value of under-drainage). 2—Experiments in dates of seeding on drained land—on drained and undrained land. 3—Experiment on rates of seeding. 4—Different methods of sowing alfalfa. 5—Growing of alfalfa on low drained land (will require two or more years yet to complete demonstration). 6—Test of twelve different varieties of oats to show yield, date of maturity, strength of straw, freedom from rust and to give farmers an opportunity of seeing different varities grown under the same condition. 7—Test of twenty varieties of corn to give farmers an opportunity of seeing nature of variety, amount of fodder, yield of grain, date of maturity. 8—Test of mangels, carrots, turnips—a special effort to grow large crops of roots in order to interest dairy farmers in growing each crop. 9—Value of uncommon crops as rape, kale, field cabbage. 10—Test of twenty varieties of potatoes, yield of from 340 to 591 bushels an acre obtained with late varieties. 11—Sale at market prices of 100 bushels of potatoes for seed purposes. 12—Experiments with insecticides and fungicides.

Experimental work in other sections has to do with the testing of various seeds and grain, the treatment of muck land, the use of commercial fertilisers, the growing of alfalfa, the reclamation of the impoverished soils, and the study of the problems of each particular locality.

A very important part of the duty of the representative is the institution of Farmers' Clubs and other organisations. The discussion of farm topics and topics of general interest constitutes the chief feature of these club meetings, but it may be made useful to the farmer in many other ways. The Lanark County Farmers' Clubs during the past two seasons have used their organisation also in the following ways: 1—To promote rural telephone service throughout the riding. 2—To carry on co-operative buying of clover and grass seeds through the local seedsmen in order to secure purity and No. 1 quality. 3—To import seed corn on the ear. 4—To import tile in carload lots. 5—To establish one variety of potatoes as the representative variety for this section. 6—To run an excursion to Macdonald College. 7—To inaugurate a plowing match.

Mr. F. C. Hart, of Galt, reports that there are twelve clubs in operation in his county, meeting once or twice a month during the winter and some continuing the whole year. One club has established a rural telephone system, another has started a continuation class in the village school, another has revived the annual plowing match and instituted a neighbourhood banquet. These Clubs act as centres for the development of all kinds of plans for improving farm methods and promoting the social welfare of the farmer generally.

The organisation of co-operative produce associations is another feature of district office work. In Essex county the district office started the Ontario Grain Growers' Association, which has now nearly a thousand members, and which held an exhibition last year, giving $800 in prizes. In Ontario county two poultry circles were organised near Beaverton. The Oshawa Fruit Growers' Limited, a co-operative fruit association, was established at Oshawa.

Short courses for two, three, or five days on certain subjects are arranged from time to time at various points of the districts. These are conducted by professors of the Agricultural College and other expert authorities and are well attended. For example, courses of two and three days duration for the practical study of live stock and seeds, held at Ayr, Galt, and Elmira, had an average attendance of between 300 and 400 farmers. In Prince Edward County a "Farmers' Week," being a four-day series of lectures on stock judging, seed judging and farm operations, had a total attendance of over 1,200 persons. A fruit growers' meeting of three days'

duration at two different points in the county averaged 400 in attendance. The wide-spread interest in these meetings in all parts of the Province promises well for the spread of agricutural education.

The representatives use the columns of the local press to awaken interest in agricultural topics, and in their meetings by contributing from time to time articles on live topics. Looking over a series of these articles by Mr. S. E. Todd, of Petrolia, we find that he starts out with an article on "Our Policy," at the time of the establishment of the office, acquainting the people of his district of the purpose of the office and asking for their co-operation. Then follows, "The possibilities of Lambton," and the next week a continuance of this topic. This is followed by several articles on "Farm Under-drainage," showing difference in returns from drained and undrained lands, method of drainage. Next a paper on "Soils" and so on. Every article was pointed with practical information adapted to the exact district served by the local paper.

While the original idea of giving a two-year high school course in agriculture seems to have been crowded into the background, the high schools are yet an important factor in the work of the district office. For example, at Morrisburg collegiate institute, a three months' course for boys is regularly conducted. Essex high school has a two months' short course. Collingwood has a class of sixteen young men at the collegiate for a month last winter taking nothing but agriculture.

Mr. P. E. Angle, of Simcoe, who has taken special interest in the school end of the department work, has this to say:

"Last year, only five boys took the course in agriculture in the Simcoe high school, and one of these boys was a town boy who dropped out later, while there were fifteen farmers' sons in the first form of the school who were not taking it. Of course, last year was the first that such a course had been offered in Simcoe, and I did not expect a large class, but the experience of others who have been at the work for three years is that the number of pupils taking agriculture does not increase materially from year to year.

"Seeing that not many availed themselves of the opportunity offered in the regular course in agriculture, and finding in the country many young men who were beyond high school age, and some boys who were not, busy on their own or their fathers' farms, during the autumn, but who would be free to take up some school work in the winter time, I arranged for a short six weeks' course in agriculture to be held in the high school during January and February. This course was open to any farmer's son in Norfolk county, and was thoroughly practical in every respect, including the following subjects: 1—A study of the seeds of the various farm crops, together with the value of careful selection of seed grain, method of selecting it, and seed judging. 2—Elements of farm chemistry and bacteriology, including a study of soil fertility, its depletion and maintenance, the value and application of fertilisers, the fertilising effects of leguminous crops and the value of nitro-culture inoculation of clover and alfalfa seed. 3—Soil cultivation and drainage, including experiments to determine the water holding capacity of different types of soil and their power to draw water from the subsoil and the value of mulches in conserving moisture in the soil, the taking of levels for under drains, and practical work in working out grades and methods of putting in drains true to grade. 4—Farm botany and entomology, including identification of weed seeds, the Seed Control Act, identification and eradication of fungus diseases and insect pests. 5—Stock judging. 6—Milk testing.

"In the stock judging we visited different farms in the vicinity of Simcoe, where good stock was obtainable.

"In the work on underdrainage we were fortunate in having enough mild weather to do some practical work in taking levels outside.

"Thirty-one young men applied for this course, and twenty-five, ranging in age from fifteen to fifty-nine years, attended The interest taken in this work by the class was such that they asked for the course to be extended for one or two weeks."

The experience of other represent-

atives with short courses in the high schools has been very encouraging. Beginning with courses of one month, they have extended the periods to six weeks, then to two months, and in some cases a three months' course is given. The lengthening of the term of these courses and the increasing attendance is a very hopeful sign. It shows that the result of the practical work of the district office is impressing the farmers and their sons with the necessity of getting trained in scientific methods of agriculture—the farmer of the future will want to know not only what to do, but how and why he should do it.

The rural schools are being made an important auxiliary to the work of district offices. The representative at Galt says: "During the last two years we have had three of the rural schools near Galt unite in a competition in growing farm crops and in making nature collections. This year we have had six of the schools near Ayr doing the same work. The results were exhibited at what we called a "Rural School Fall Fair."

This work was done by a plan of home gardens. Seeds were given to the pupils to take home and sow according to directions, so that while the public school was a centre for the organisation of the work, the agricultural training and practice was on the farm itself. The representatives also visit the rural schools, address the pupils, and assist the teachers in nature study and school garden work.

We may enumerate a few other things that the busy District Representative does:—He acts as judge at school competitions and at county fairs; he addresses teachers' conventions, cheese factory annual meetings, makes dairy tests, assists at Farmers' Institute meetings, makes analyses of soils, and answers by correspondence or personally the thousand and one questions which arise in all phases of farming.

Should not all this be evidence enough to prove my assumption that we have arrived at the practical solution of educating the farmer?

If you stop for a moment to consider the immense value the assistance given by these representatives should be to every farmer, you will be surprised to learn that at the outset this work, in some districts, met not only with indifference, but with downright opposition. In one district, the county council and several municipal councils passed resolutions condemning the expenditure for the district office as a waste of public money. The first representative in that district, discouraged by the reception given him, did not hesitate long when there came the offer of a better position. A new man went in, knowing exactly what he had to face. He "made good," and to-day the people of that district are asking for the establishment of two more offices.

Not the least difficult part of the representative's work is to win the confidence of the people. One and all, these eager workers aim at meeting their constituents on equal terms and making the farmers' interest their own. "There is nothing I hate more," said one of them to me, "than to have some acquaintance introduce me to anyone in my district as 'Professor' ". These men, to win their way to the hearts of those they wish to serve, literally "take off their coats and get to work."

For instance, another representative described how he made the acquaintance of a farmer whom he wished to interest in some progressive methods. The owner was in the barnyard hauling out manure. The reception accorded to the visitor was that which the joke-smith usually describes as given to the book-agent or lightning-rod seller. But it takes a lot to daunt the ardour of our agricultural enthusiasts, so our district office man threw off his coat, picked

up an idle manure fork and helped to "load up." He won. Now, that farmer is one of the most active supporters of progressive methods of agriculture.

But the enthusiasm of this movement should not stop with these aggressive young men, nor should it stop with the farmer. This is a matter of just as much concern to our towns and cities as to the rural districts. Just ask yourself, "What would doubling the agricultural output of Ontario, of Canada, mean to our merchants, manufacturers, to our business and professional men?" And what also, in this era of high prices, would it mean to the consumer to have the producer grow larger crops and produce them at a much lower ratio of cost?

In this practical plan of educating the farming community the Ontario Government have undoubtedly inaugurated a movement that will develop into a comprehensive system of improved rural education and ultimately result in at least doubling the production of the farms of the Province.

QUEBEC

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

MINE is all leadership by ancient right;
First-born of the dim past, when Canada,
The veiled and mystic goddess of a dream,
Guarded from man the secrets of her form.
I sent my sons to battle with the wastes.
Fearless they ventured in the vast Unknown;
Theirs were the clearings where thy cities roar,
Their lonely trails are thronging highways now.
I am the diplomat, alert and suave,
Courtly and rugged, French and British both,
The fine arts are my portion and the lore
Of silver hair and destiny fulfilled.
Richly I live, as well befits my state;
Often in idleness my days are spent,
Loving and laughing 'neath my Citadel.
Yet, *gare à vous*, guard well a careless tongue,
My rapier swings lightly at my side,
And in my veins a Dollard's blood runs fast.
But come to me with friendship in your eyes,
Bearing no other gifts save *gentilesse*
Of spirit, self-respect and wit enow,
To speed the passing hour with pleasantry,
And from my wide-flung casement watch with me
The trysting of the Old World and the New.

CANADIAN COLLECTORS AND MODERN DUTCH ART

BY E. F. B. JOHNSTON, K.C.

CANADIANS who were more or less interested in acquiring works of Art to adorn their homes refused, not many years ago, to listen to the claim of Willem Maris or J. H. Weissenbruch to rank as great artists. Anton Mauve was turned aside as not worthy of more than a few moments' consideration; Jacob Maris was comparatively unknown, and Bosboom a negligible quantity. Matthijs Maris pursued his silent course in a homely studio in London, and even the great Josef Israels was then considered about on a level with many other living men whose works are already forgotten.

A quarter of a century has witnessed the departure of all these great men, except Israels and Matthijs Maris. They had, therefore, at the time I speak of, attained their perfect fulness and power. But only a few of those who were buying pictures turned seriously to the works of these artists. The tendency seemed to be towards modern Italian and German. Pictures by Canadian artists were occasionally bought, and those whose good judgment directed them to the works of Jacobi, Fowler, and one or two others of that period acquired fine examples of art, and they find to-day that their investments were soundly made.

After all, there must be some commercialism in the collector. He should buy for two reasons: First, the art should be good; second, if good, he knows that he may in future find an asset in his pictures. No sane man is rich enough to spend his money recklessly, and whilst commercialism should be always subordinated to quality, there is no good reason why the buyer should not add value in pictures to his choice on the primary ground of merit. If those who began some years ago to form art collections had acted on this principle, a moderate collection would now represent a fortune. We can readily recall fine drawings by Mauve being offered for a few hundred dollars each; to-day they are worth thousands of pounds. Weissenbruch and Willem Maris pictures brought from one to three hundred dollars, the latter figure being considered a high price. Pictures by Israels were always high, owing to the fact that he has been for many years considered the master of the modern Dutch school. Bosboom was practically unrepresented in the art dealer's stock-in-trade or on the walls of collectors. And so the golden opportunity slipped by, and we have reached such a stage of art knowledge and culture, and many of our citizens have become so wealthy, that prices are being paid for the work of the Dutch artists which would have sounded of romance a quarter of a century ago.

The fact that many people are becoming very wealthy in this coun-

try, and increasing in their desire to possess fine examples of the "Art of all the Arts," naturally suggests the question, Are we buying wisely? Staats Forbes, Alexander Young, the late Justice Day, and other noted collectors in England, left pictures of immense value, but it required, in the case of Forbes at least, the tremendous advance in the Barbizon and Dutch schools to offset the equally great loss in his German and Italian art investments. Nearly all of these men passed through the penitential stage of the collector. Many so-called bargains were made which later formed the subject of sincere and secret recantation. The early purchases which were for some years so much in evidence on their walls and in their portfolios became fit only for the attic store-room. Concealment, like the proverbial worm in the bud, was allowed to feed on the damask cheek of continental atrocities. Their names were not even catalogued, and it was only by reason of the ruthless hand of the auctioneer and the business spirit of the executor that they saw the light of later days.

On the whole, the English collector bought wisely. He began with the French and continued through the earlier days of Dutch Art, and by this time, had gained knowledge from experience. He bought Corot and Diaz, Millet and Daubigny, because the work was of the highest quality. Although prices increased very largely. he added to his treasures at the advanced cost which many of the pictures commanded. These men had truthfully the courage of their convictions. They bought on the strength of the ripened experience of their lives. They paid for pictures on their merits. Names had little or nothing to do with their acquisitions. They saw the light of genius in the simple records by Millet of the toil and suffering of the peasant. They recognised the voice of the poet in the chaste and idealised landscapes of Corot. Later they came to the Dutchmen, and felt the psychological power of Israels, the dreaming of Matthijs Maris, the brilliance and power of Jacob Maris and the sunshine of his brother Willem, the charm and simplicity of Weissenbruch, and the chaste and beautiful quality of Mauve; and so feeling and seeing the subtle virility of all these artists, they added the work of Holland to that of the brilliant Frenchmen at a time when the Dutch painters were only laying the corner-stone of a great and enduring temple of art.

Are we following the path well-trodden by the chief collectors of a half-century ago? Or are we looking for names only without regard to real merit? Are we being satisfied with an Israels only because the picture bears his seal of authenticity? If we are, then it is absolutely safe to say that there will be found to be many poor pictures when collections come to public light and subject to intelligent discrimination. One must always bear in mind that Israels has painted a number of indifferent pictures. Some of them have but little merit. His best examples, and they are many, stand perhaps at the head of all modern painting, but unfortunately, he has not always kept to the high-water mark of genius. Mauve also did considerable work of inferior quality; that is, work thas is greatly inferior to his finer productions. Both of these artists are uneven. There is no doubt a degree of genius in everything they painted, and one would hesitate to say that either of them ever produced really poor art. But when enormous prices are being paid for pictures by Israels or Mauve, one should be quite certain that the best and finest quality is obtained. Perhaps it would be difficult to find an indifferent picture by any one of the three Maris brothers. One looks in vain for inferiority in the long line

of pictures by Jacob or Willem, for the standard is maintained almost at the highest level in each one. Perhaps I may be a little prejudiced, but I have yet to see a drawing or a painting by Willem Maris which does not exhibit all or nearly all of the best quality and highest work of this artist. The earliest work by him is fine and very earnest. It lacks something of the freedom of later days, but nevertheless it is always true and beautiful. The same remarks apply to the work of Weissenbruch, who always gave to the world the best productions of which his genius was capable. Yet in the eye of a discerning public, none of these men will ever rank as high as Israels, and the reason is simple. Notwithstanding the fact that many works by Israels are not equal from a purely art standpoint to the pictures by the others I have named, yet every now and again Israels has given to us a work which transcends almost any other known production, and which alone would place him in the same rank as the great Rembrandt. At times he rises above and far beyond any of the modern Dutch or French artists, saving perhaps Millet, but his flight is not sustained continuously. Occasionally he drops to the level of the studio, and one feels a little conscious of the existence of the tradesman underlying the power of his genius which cannot be entirely repressed. Mauve, too, sometimes rises to a great height, although not so frequently as Israels does, but it would be a difficult question to determine whether he ever reaches a higher plane than that evenly maintained by two or three of the other great artists who, with him and Israels, form the greatest group in one generation which the world has ever seen.

In buying, therefore, it is not enough that we should be guided by mere names. It is necessary that the question—Are we getting a fine example of the particular artist?—should be answered in the affirmative. As already pointed out, the collector is reasonably safe in buying the work of a few of those uniformly fine painters I have named, the only question being one of subject, colour or size. When it comes to the purchase of a Corot or an Israels, however, a totally different principle applies, and great care must be taken, good judgment exercised, and fine discrimination used, otherwise the collector may have the shadow and not the substance. Dealers will talk very glibly to the unwary or the unqualified buyer about names and honours, and the noted galleries where the artists' pictures are hung, and readily produce most wonderful criticisms of his work from books and periodicals, omitting to tell the intending customer that these favourable comments were made regarding work of a totally different character, and never could apply to the picture which is the subject of immediate sale. We have, therefore, to eliminate the mere name and the dealer's exaggeration, as well as the high general praise of the artist set forth in articles or books of reference, and judge for ourselves whether the picture in question responds to the test of highest quality, and, if not, then to what extent it falls below it. It may be that we have not sufficient knowledge to judge correctly. If this is the case, then we must depend on the name and the kind of subject we prefer, leaving it to chance whether we have acquired a work of art or only a somewhat commonplace picture by a man who has painted or is capable of painting much finer things.

Leaving the highest class of artists, and coming to those whose work is finding its way into even good collections, it is somewhat difficult to speak frankly without offence. Collectors should never forget, however, that the truth about pictures is always val-

uable and necessary, and that without the application of this salutary principle, any collection will continue to be of a poor and unsatisfactory character. Let us look at this phase of the subject closely and from a disinterested standpoint. In the writer's own collection there appear some of the names of those who are not entitled to praise. In the list of every man's pictures there will be found artists whose highest recommendation is that they are respectable tradesmen and skilled mechanics in their calling.

The reason why poor but pretentious pictures are bought is largely owing to the dealers. Looking fairly at the facts, it is not surprising that many pictures by Dutch artists are sold in Canada which would not be looked at in Holland. A short examination of the methods adopted is all that is necessary to understand the situation.

A dealer casting about for some as yet undiscovered genius, finds, or thinks he finds, the "gem of purest ray serene" in some town or countryside in Holland. He makes a contract with this unknown wonder, who is thereby bound to place all his work before the public through the dealer. Usually the price is regulated by size. So many square inches will bring to the budding Hals or juvenile Rembrandt a certain sum of money as a reward for the expression of divine fire on canvas. The price increases with the size. Generally there are three well recognised areas of valuable canvas to be exploited by the medium of paint at the hands of this marvellous youth. The youth is quite glad to find such a ready market for his work, and proceeds to manufacture by the piece for his generous employer as the cabinet maker or the tailor is doing in another sphere in life. Whilst the youth is acquiring dexterity at the one end, his dealer is educating the public at the other. The productions are forthcoming warily, and as a favour placed before the buyer. The marks of genius are pointed out. The colour is praised, the light is perfectly wonderful, and the strength is that of the invincible. Notices innocently appear in periodicals, and these are carefully preserved as a few of the encomiums of an enlightened press: "As fine as Israels," "The feeling of Mauve," "The beauty of of Corot," and the "Vigour of Jacob Maris," are a few stereotyped phrases of the man who controls the destiny of this coming wonder of the art world.

Already the dealer has advanced to the marvellous youth more money than all the pictures he has painted would bring in the market, hence the enthusiasm and confidence of the man with the ledger. An artificial and false market is worked up by the experienced financial backer, and the products find their way into the homes of people who have trusted not wisely but too well. After a time, owing to friction or unprofitable dealings, the artist, yet in the bud, breaks away or is turned adrift, and is exploited by some other dealers. Under these circumstances, if one wishes to ascertain the actual status in the scale of art which the youth truly occupies, it is always useful to take the latest opinion of the first discoverer of this budding flower of genius. In that opinion there may be found some bitterness, but at the same time much truth.

Canadian collectors to-day are buying pictures by artists, particularly those of Holland, who are absolutely dealer-made men, just as persistent advertising will make patent medicines or readymade clothing manufacturers successful. Take a few examples. Steelink is a respectable painter. His work is of a very mediocre character, and has nothing in it seriously entitling him to be called great, and yet his pictures are exploited here and sold as works of

great merit. Bernard de Hoog is launched on the Canadian market as equal to Neuhuys. The merest tyro knows or ought to know that his work is but an echo of Israels and Neuhuys combined. If one examines such work at all, it must be apparent that it is devoid of any of the qualities which make fine Dutch work so unique and subtle. It carries on its face the stamp of a mere copy in method, subjects and colour. If it can be claimed that it is in any sense original or individual, the sooner the form of individuality is changed the better for the artist and and the public. Viewed as an ordinary painter, de Hoog does work which is pleasing, but when the collector is asked to buy because the artist is a genius and shows it in his pictures, the buyer should pause and look at some "other line of goods" before committing himself. Pieters is more individual and less an apparent copyist; but, alas! Pieters has no financial backer here. Scherrowitz is undoubtedly a man of some merit, but people to-day are paying prices, dealers' prices, of course, which are much higher than the artist will receive ten years hence. The modern Dutch painter attains maturity early and reaches his limit very often at forty, a period at which the great men are usually beginning to feel their power. Kever, Offermans, Mastenbroeck and many others are being pressed on the stormy sea of public favour and fame, only to find rest hereafter in the quiet waters of Lethe. Nearly all of these men are reputable artists and frequently produce creditable work, but they are not the men of genius which their financial promotors lead us to believe.

What is objected to is not so much the work of such painters as the methods adopted to dispose of it to people who have not yet learned the principles of art judgment or true appreciation of what pictures mean. If such pictures were sold at reasonable prices, there would not be so much reason to protest. But when the artist receives perhaps five or six hundred dollars for his canvas, and by a process of commercial book-keeping in the ledgers of the dealers the same picture eventually reaches the Canadian purchaser at two thousand or more, without any evidence of sufficient merit to warrant two or three hundred per cent. profit, it is time to give a note of warning.

The methods of those who control artists are open to another very serious objection. The small picture dealers cannot buy so as to make a reasonable profit, and their reputation for prices is injuriously and unjustly affected by the greedy profits of the big dealer. Exposure will provide the remedy, and already there are many significant murmurs regarding the exorbitant prices often paid by Canadian collectors for pictures of very ordinary merit sold in this country.

One rock on which collectors are sometimes wrecked is as to the genuineness of the work. With enormous prices asked for and obtained for pictures bearing the name of some leading artist, there is rapidly coming into the market a host of spurious work. Not content with substantially painting an imitation of some well-known artist's work, there are many expert craftsmen who do not hesitate to manufacture an exact reproduction or to sign the name of the original artist on the canvas. Buyers should be certain that they get what they have bargained for. Now that nearly all of the great Continental artists are dead, a number of spurious examples may be looked for, and this will happen in reference to Dutch leaders, just as it has for many years past occurred over and over again regarding the work of Corot and Constable. There is an old legal principle which might safely be adopted, although with a meaning different from that known to the courts: "Let the buyer beware!"

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS

THE QUAINT PEOPLE OF THE LONELY ISLANDS

BY W. LACEY AMY

THE memories that cling to one after a holiday on the Magdalen Islands, those far-east insular possessions of Canada, are not of the scenery, nor of the accommodation, nor even of the purity of the breezes unsullied by any of the products of modern industry and haste. It is the remembrance of the people themselves that recalls the visit with pleasure, carrying with it even yet a tinge of the peace and tranquillity that hangs over everything from Amherst to "Old Harry," and wraps the visitor in an atmosphere of rest and quiet happiness.

Long in my memory will remain the eagerness of the simple, kind-hearted Islanders to give the "writer-man" little bits of history and incident, after one of them happened to catch me making notes. For some time I was glad to return this kindness by turning my camera on scenes interesting only to the one making the request, jotting down the name and address that I might send back the completed photograph after I had developed my plates.

My first experience of their knowledge of the use of the leather case I carried was when a Frenchman sidled up to me on the road with the question in very broken English: " 'Scuse me, you the picture-man?"

When I grasped his meaning and confessed, he followed it up without hesitation.

"Started yet?"

I admitted I had.

"What you charge to take pictures of my house and me and my family?"

I told him I would be glad to send him a few prints without charge.

"But you not down here to make money that way?" he answered politely.

My offer was almost my undoing. Like everything on the Island the news must have spread rapidly that there was someone there who would take pictures for nothing. After I had taken a half-dozen on the same terms, in answer to the same question of how much I would charge, I was forced to deceive my trusting friends in order to protect myself from running out of plates and film packs. Having a plate camera, I was able to go through all the ceremony of arranging the subject, viewing it from every angle, carefully adjusting the focus, manipulating the tripod, and pressing the bulb with the click that told them it was all over—but the slide was not removed.

It was characteristic of the impression their confidence and trust imparted that I should feel like a criminal every time I did it, while they washed up the faces of at least a portion of the children, gave me their names to enter in my note-book, and repaid me with a closer inspection of the baby or by remaining around to forestall any such desire I might feel

In my list of names there are many curiosities that are peculiar to the Magdaleners. One man, the one who

LOBSTER CANNERY AT AMHERST

is standing so stiff and straight in the fish-splitting picture, is called Joe Burke, P. As the only man available who could speak a word of English I had some difficulty in understanding that the "P" stands for Peter in his father's name, there being several Joe Burkes. Another of the same name is called Joe Anizim Burke, the middle name being that of his father.

After all, the Islander is a French-Canadian; that is why the population of the Islands is increasing so rapidly that some must soon get out into the world. One woman whose picture I was taking brought only three children into the centre front.

"How is it," I asked with the careless freedom that comes so easily down there, "how is it that you have such a small family compared with your neighbours?"

"We've only been married four years," she answered in hasty defence.

I apologised.

But one occupation is known to the Islanders — fishing in its various branches, including sealing and trapping lobsters. Between times a little farming can scarcely be termed an occupation. Sealing is the most picturesque and dangerous of the efforts of the Magdaleners to add to their season's earnings. In the early spring, while the ice-floes are breaking up, the seals come close to the shore and the promise of a few pelts, the first of the year's earnings, sends many a fisherman to his death. The shifting winds break up the floes without warning, and unless the fishermen can reach shore in their tiny seal-boats, a combination sleigh and boat, which they drag after them on the ice, they are never heard of again.

And even when they escape the certain death of drifting floes they may return with the first stages of the throat and lung troubles that are so disastrous on the Islands, swept as they are with the cold, damp winds of winter and spring.

Each year the catch of seal is diminishing with more or less regularity. At one time the catch for the whole Islands amounted to 45,000, and the pelts were worth four and a half cents a pound. Last spring (1910) only 4,000 were caught, worth one and a half cents a pound, the fat of all of which is being tried out in the vats shown in one of the illustrations. In 1909 the quick breaking up of the ice prevented the capture of any But in 1908, with the ice going out slowly, the catch was the best for many

years — 17,000 pelts. But even in this, so early in his year's work, the Islander is at a disadvantage. Working from the shore with but his tiny seal-boat, and controlled by the state of the weather, he is forced to stand on the shore and watch the Newfoundland steam sealers run along the outer edge of the floes, killing as they go, securing the bulk of the seal long before the Magdalener dare venture out. Last spring one Newfoundland boat killed 36,000 seal and could secure but 13,000, as the ice broke up before it could collect them.

The plan of sealing is to kill the seal, erect a stake topped with cloth over the pile, and continue the killing until a load is secured, leaving the collecting until this is accomplished. It would be a just protection for the Islanders were they insured their own seal by prohibiting outside sealers.

After the seal are gone, except the bay seal that swim gracefully around the bays all year, the fisherman turns to the herring. Ten or a dozen invest in a seine boat and work together with large seine nets. All of these boats from one harbour place their earnings in a common fund and divide at the end of the season. Last spring the boats at Amherst made $300 each, which, divided among a dozen men, means little for their work. The herring caught are largely sold to the Bankers (fishermen from the Banks of Newfoundland), or the trawlers (the steam fishermen of the outer waters), at eighty cents to a dollar a barrel, or to the smokers at fifty cents a barrel.

The lobster season continues for two months to the first week in July and again for a month in the fall. The Magdalen Islands are probably the best lobster grounds in the world, due somewhat to the enforcement of the closed season by a Government tug, and partially to the dislike of the Islander for breaking the law or anything else that requires unusual exertion. Out of season the shores are piled with the lobster traps, convenient for setting out in the bottom of the ocean at the next season. Lobster factories dot the coast, all under the control, as in the entire fishing

MENDING LOBSTER TRAPS

FISHING SCENE AT ETANG DU NORD

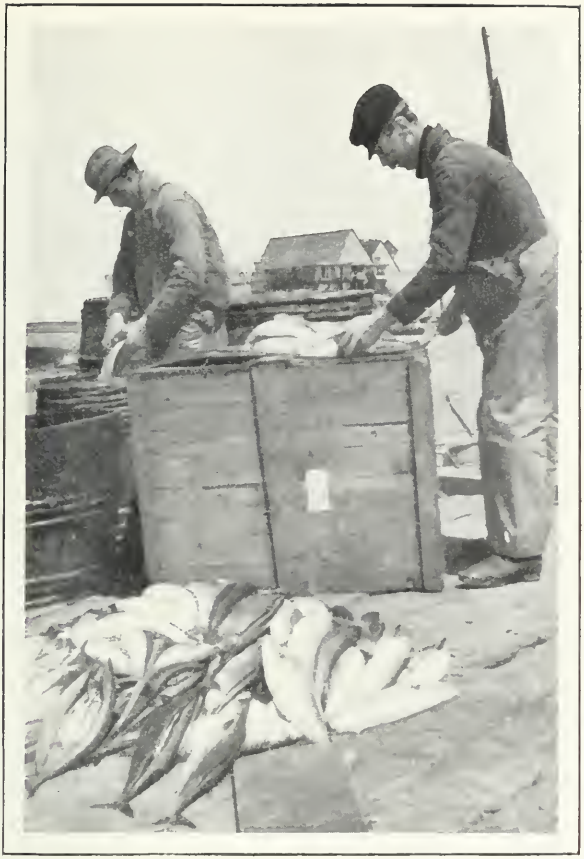
industry, of a few merchants who have made themselves wealthy through the simplicity of the fisherman.

The fishing is confined entirely to cod and mackerel, the former being the stand-by, but the latter the choice fish. And here again the fishermen show their preference for the easier task. There is not any more money in mackerel, but the fishing is lighter when a four-pound fish is at the end of the line than if it were a fifty-pound cod. Every day after the mackerel season opens the fishermen first try for mackerel, and only failing in that do they change their bait and resign themselves to the other fish that are just waiting to be pulled out.

One day I watched as a day's catch of 3,200 pounds of cod, worth $40, was weighed out; but the fishermen looked longingly at their neighbour's catch of mackerel, worth less than half their own day's work. Perhaps it was because the mackerel is such a pretty, clean fish compared with the flabby phlegmatic cod.

Unsensitive as one is to it when there, viewed from the standpoint of Western life the Islander is slow of action, of ambition and of thought. And combined with this there is a surprising cowardice on the water. One is inclined to think that the failure of the fishermen to take advantage of what appears to be a fine day for fishing is that it will allow them to loaf picturesquely around the cod flakes, while the girls carry and turn the drying cod, or leisurely paint a new water-line on their little boats. A cloud in the sky, an imitation thunderstorm at the time the boats leave in the early morning, or a wind that would mean a little tacking to reach the cod grounds, is sufficient to keep every boat in. It never happens that one boat goes without all. They work on principle, not on personal feelings.

For two nights I lay awake waiting for the call of the fishermen with whom I had arranged to spend the day at the fishing-grounds. At Amherst the boats were accustomed to leave at one o'clock in the morning, and as a little thunder happened to come at midnight not a boat would leave that



SPLITTING MACKEREL

day. The next night I waited again, wondering what would be the excuse that time. At 2 a.m. I dressed and appeared at the beach, only to find that the boats had left at midnight. The fisherman explained later that he had not called me because he did not think I would like to get up so early. I learned from one who was not a fisherman that it was the climb up the hill to the house where I stayed that had frightened the man.

None of the fishermen learn to swim. When asked what they did if they upset or were blown into the breakers, they looked at me with surprise that I should ask.

"Sink," answered the one who could speak English most fluently, after a moment's thought.

I lost my anxiety to accompany them fishing. I could imagine them sinking in preference to striking out.

When the day is bad they hang around the stores and cod-flakes hurling their ancient French at one another in paragraphs, and apparently missing none of it. Some of them will spend the day on their boats, cleaning up, at their little farms if the women cannot finish the work, or with their tiny French ponies and home-made carts, digging clams for bait along the shore.

At Grindstone only lobster fishing is carried on, the fishing-grounds being too far distant to be reached each day. During the months of July and August the men can be seen leisurely making repairs to their houses in prep-

WOMEN TURNING FISH ON COD FLAKES

aration for the winter winds, or cultivating the small gardens they possess. With the desire for companionship and for making the work light, they work in gangs, much after the fashion of "bees" in Ontario rural districts. But there is little resemblance to the proverbial bee in their actions. On the roof of a small verendah I counted eight able-bodied men shingling. Not one had to move except upwards as he finished his share of the row.

And while the fishermen smoke and lean on the cod-flakes thousands of tons of hay go to waste all over the Islands. A couple of dollars as a bribe to catch a few lobsters out of season for private use brought three of the crabs; it was lonesome out drawing in the traps alone. It was unfortunate that the swimming beach was across a small bay, for it was impossible to tempt an idle fisherman to row his dory except for fish. When one comes to think of it, of what use is money to people who know nothing of modern luxuries and who could not be bought to leave the Islands?

It is fortunate that with this idea of business they are not called upon to compete with the outside world. When I handed a husky fisherman a quarter for carrying my trunk from the wharf he looked dubiously at it with his hand in his pocket wondering what change he should give. On leaving the Island I repeated the operation and he was still more bewildered. He thought that I had engaged him for the trip. Incidentally he had shouldered the trunk and dropped down to the wharf, negotiating a cliff that I could scarcely manage with my hands free.

Except among the English, there are few adults with sufficient education to read or write; and those who can are duly respected. The clergy consists of four priests and one Anglican clergyman. In the course of his duties the latter is forced to drive thirty-five miles one Sunday and sail fifteen the next. For eighteen years Father Blaquiere, the head of the priests, has lived among these people; how many more he will labour is determined only by his days on earth. For ten years he has been building a church to seat 1,400, and is just this year able to look forward to the expenditure of the $4,000 that is necessary to purchase the seats. The Father is a factor in the life of the Islands, a pastor of his people, a friend of everybody and wrapped up in his church and the peculiar demands of the fisher-folk.

A sick man has to send to Grindstone or House Harbour, central points on the Islands, but fifteen to twenty miles distant by water from the east

and west ends. The duties of the two doctors are strenuous, darting here and there among the Islands in sail or motor boats (of which latter there are six), driving over the long sand wastes, and attempting to attend to the wants of eight thousand people. In appearance but fishermen themselves, their work would scarcely pass muster in Toronto.

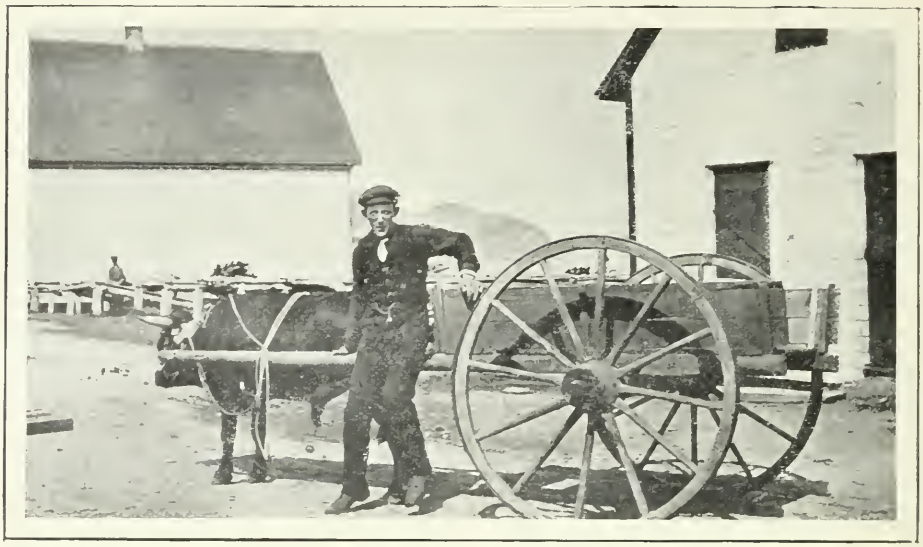
The other lucky possessor of education is made the General Official of the Island on which he lives. At one Island an escaped French soldier, with a nervous reticence about himself that would convict him in any court, is clerk of the court, magistrate, registrar, notary public, post-master. That was all there was to give him. The Grindstone scholar is most of these things with the addition of inspector of the public schools and agent for the boat.

Law is an outside force for which there is no demand or liking on the Islands. Up to recent years the Magdaleners existed without a representative of the Provincial authorities, without court or jail. They got the jail—but few prisoners. During my visit one prisoner, a young fellow who had stolen some money-order forms from the post-office, was the lonesome prisoner. Tried by the magistrate, who was also the post-master, he was sentenced to the unique position he occupied.

I was privileged to attend the annual court — at least to witness the opening and closing ceremonies, for there were no cases. There had been two in sight, but the awful majesty of the ordeal had induced each to yield what the other would not. A Government boat came all the way from Gaspe with the judge, a senator on a jaunt, his brother, a city magistrate, and two lawyers, one the son of the judge. A wire told of the coming of another lawyer from Pictou on that day's boat, to take cases undefended. The sheriff read a paper in French, the judge said something in the same language, the senator leaned over and told me something else, and the boat was ready to return on its thirty-six-hour trip. There are breaches of the law among the Islanders—it is not possible that so many people could live without offence—but they are much more lenient with delinquents than where the police court is a convenient club.

An old fisherman was complaining that his trolls were gone. A sympathetic listener inquired how they had

VATS FOR HOLDING SEAL OIL



LOCOL TRANSPORTATION ON THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS

been lost, and could he remember where.

"How?" the old fellow repeated with some show of spirit. Then he quieted down. "Well, there was a lobster fisherman around there, and when he left the trolls left too."

Rare as is the tourist, two boarding-houses provide accommodation for the commercial or sight-seeing traveller—one at Grindstone and the other at Amherst. The four elderly spinsters at Amherst, who have built a large house on the point called after their father—Shea's Point—are continuing the welcome for the traveller that was furnished by their mother to the writer of two articles in the twenty-five-year-old magazine discovered in the Toronto reference library. The quaintly old-fashioned interior, with beautiful hooked rugs, handmade doilies, tidies and cushion covers, is a bit of life that passed away many years ago elsewhere in Canada. On the ornate organ rest the beloved favourites of twenty years ago and yet strangely new for the surroundings —"After the Ball," "Break the News to Mother," "Maiden's Prayer," and "Sweet Marie." For the last thirty years the grateful visitor has been pleased to leave behind him a record of his visit in an old album. The cheery "nice fine evening" of the four sisters is one of the clinging memories of the Islands—an echo of their wish for all their guests.

The hygienic bovine that has been trained in all the latest improvements on nature's crudeness is unknown amid the rank, long grass that covers the Islands. Some of us remember similar milk and cream, but it is only a memory. Add to this 100 per cent. cream a diet of buttermilk, fish, lobsters, eggs, cake at all meals, chicken, canned and fresh pickles of unknown variety, and there is no reason for the most affected tourist to plead plaintively, "Not what I'm used to at home, you know."

The winter life is still a mystery to me. Asked how they fill in the long five months when their world is bounded by the wild waves of the Gulf, the Islander is too surprised to paint the picture so that another can understand. The younger generation has introduced the graphophone, and it was rather startling after a long walk in the primitive quaintness of the

outside life to hear one night the strains of "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?", followed immediately by "The Cubanola Glide." The Grindstone boarding-house could boast of two hundred records, but then one of the girls had been to school in Halifax.

But what was far more interesting to me as showing the real winter life of those who had maintained the old-time simplicity on the Islands, were the closely-hooked rugs, more than an inch thick and destined to last a century unless the modern buffalo moth be introduced, the framed pictures, both frame and picture made from tiny, many-coloured sea shells, and the old-fashioned tidies that adorned the backs of chairs. And I could picture the old people sitting by the fire-place knitting and hooking rugs, while the younger generation, already reaching out for a different life, danced to the graphophone or slid down the many snow-covered hills until weariness rather than the clock set the time to stop. For while the fierce winds of the winter blow from shore to shore unobstructed by forests there is nothing to demand consideration of day or night—nothing but the filling in of the time until the ice breaks up again for the next fishing season.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

WATER and earth, water and earth,
A light and a shade that pass,
Water and earth: white o' a sail,
A flower and a slip o' grass.

Which shall it be, which shall it be,
A sail on a frothing glass,
Or a dish o' earth that is brown,
A flower and a slip o' grass?

Mists on the sea, mists on the sea,
Tho mists and a sail o' white!
Tame is the land: a slip o' grass;
The sea has bubbles and light.

A dip o' sun and cob-webs gemmed,
A whisp o' flowers and a lass;
Breath o' the earth that bides me bide,
A flower and a slip o' grass.

Which shall it be, which shall it be,
A sail on a frothing glass,
Or a dish o' earth that is brown,
A flower and a slip o' grass?

"THE RING AND THE BOOK"

AN APPRECIATION OF BROWNING'S GREAT EPIC*

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

IN Book V. we begin to feel the sheer naked heat of the flame of the story. After confession wrung from him by torture, Count Guido Franceschini is speaking directly to his judges in a small ante-room of the court. It is an astonishingly subtle plea he develops, calculated to deceive the very elect. That he was cheated by Pietro and Violante is true; that Pompilia became his wife and afterward fled from his home in the company of a priest is also true; and that he at last slew her and her pseudo-parents is undeniably true; and on these three basic facts he builds up a structure of aching injury to his honour, of loyal obedience in himself to the spirit of the law,—in brief, of justifiable homicide. Simulating the utmost confidence in his judges, into whose minds and hearts his shrewd wary eyes seem continually to pierce their inquiring way, he pleads plausibly, skilfully, eloquently, everywhere making the worse appear the better reason. In the present monologue we see only the empirical ego of the man, who in his evil hour is making the most of his social rank, his judges' prejudices, his opponents' mistakes.

"He proffers his defence, in tones subdued
Near to mock-mildness now, so mournful seems
The obtuser sense truth fails to satisfy:
Now moved, from pathos at the wrong endured,
To passion: for the natural man is roused
At fools who first do wrong, then pour the blame
Of their wrong-doing, Satan-like, on Job."

Law, after all, is responsible for his present jeopardy, for was it not law that condemned Pompilia and Caponsacchi, however mildly; and, if condemned, were these not guilty ones? And if guilty, how may it be held that they were not worthy of death? Was not the birth of the child a crowning blow, an injury to his escutcheon that no man of honour could brook? Or if, perchance, (and here Guido shows his ability to occupy two opposite grounds at once)—if the child is in verity his own, then how could he bear that it should be made his enemy in mind and spirit by the power of Pompilia's false teaching? However it be, the incident of the birth had roused the Count to a zeal of fury on behalf of law, of husbandly honour and paternal right that overcame his natural unwillingness to oppose his enemies by more than a passive resistance. What must needs be admitted—as the mercenary nature of the marriage, the forgery of the letters, his cowardice at Castelnuovo, his betrayal of his three victims by the use of Caponsacchi's name — these things he will not deny, but with instant ingenuity he distorts each circumstance into a shape favourable to himself and approvable by his judges. If there is one phrase that may sum

*The first instalment of this review appeared in the February number.

up the spirit of Guido's speech, it would seem to be—defensive guile. Not the least subtle passages are those in which he makes appeal to the carefully glossed views of society and religion that the majority of his judges may reasonably be expected to share. He and they are alike in their regard for law, for rank, and for religion, are alike "men o' the world." Surely like will understand and acquit like! Nor does Guido omit to render to each of his judges his special individual bit of flattery. Throughout his appeal are scattered frequent reverent references to the ultimate Judge, and scriptural citations are employed with apt rhetorical effect. But the iterant refrain, insistent and cumulative, is the prisoner's devotion to law, a motive he uses so zealously as almost to give rise to the query whether it is not overworked. As he nears his peroration he becomes bolder in attitude, feeling that he must simulate a more and more crowding sense of personal injury, of essential innocence, and of reliance upon his rights as hitherto endorsed by law; Pompilia is a reptile, a "thief, prisoner and adulteress," and Caponsacchi, on the other hand,

"The perjured priest, pink of conspirators."

But he finally adopts a tone of quiet, submissive confidence in the willingness and ability of his judges to see the core of his human situation and to exonerate a broken, martyred man. Let household honesty come into its own once more! Let him again be a son to his mother: a father, since law has so pronounced, to his son!

"Absolve, then, me, law's mere executant!
Protect your own defender, — save me, Sirs!"

Caponsacchi follows. In place of wile there is candour: for cowardice there is courage: for self-pleading, an inalienable love for Pompilia: for flattery, directness: for warped wolfishness, manhood. A man speaks out here from the awful depths of a man's heart, and his hearers are stricken into silence. This is, says Arthur Symons, "perhaps the most passionate and thrilling piece of blank verse ever written by Browning. Indeed, I doubt if it be an exaggeration to say that such fire, such pathos, such splendour of human speech, has never been heard or seen in English verse since Webster. In tone and colour the monologue is quite new, exquisitely modulated to a surprising music."

Caponsacchi has been brought from his retreat at Civita Vecchia to bear again the witness formerly borne at the trial of Pompilia and himself, not now as one accused, but as a helper and counsellor of the court, in the face of Guido's violent crime. He cannot yet realise that crime. All his being is shocked, even unto the deeps of the truth of him. No lightness of attitude now do the old judges show; there is no more smiling at the wilful but not unnatural ways of youth. There is awe, instead, for all perceive that

" . . . The accused of eight months since,—the same
Who cut the conscious figure of a fool,
Changed countenance, dropped bashful gaze to ground,
While hesitating for an answer then,—
Now is grown judge himself, terrifies now
This, now the other culprit called a judge,
Whose turn it is to stammer and look strange,
As he speaks rapidly, angrily, speech that smites:
And they keep silence, bear blow after blow,
Because the seeing-solitary man,
Speaking for God, may have an audience too,
Invisible, no discreet judge provokes."

With the exception of the second Guido monologue, this is the longest Book in the epic. The length of the former depends upon the instincts of fear and hope; of the present, conversely, upon those of love and despair. There is much of Browning himself in the personality of his hero and the expression of his spirit. Pompilia

is to Caponsacchi a symbol of God:—

" . . . But she—
The glory of life, the beauty of the world,
The splendour of heaven, . . . well,
Sirs, does no one move?
Do I speak ambiguously? The glory, I
say,
And the beauty, I say, and splendour,
still say I,
Who, priest and trained to live my whole
life long
On beauty and splendour, solely at their
source,
God,—have thus recognised my food in
her,
You tell me, that's fast dying while we
talk,
Pompilia!"

And here we are brought into touch with Browning's illuminating theory of romantic love, set forth with such convincing power in "Colombe's Birthday," "The Flight of the Duchess," "In a Balcony," "The Return of the Druses," and elsewhere,—that romantic love is the most effective possible agent of divine idealism in a human world, and that Love, finally understood and realised, — Love *is* God. As Caponsacchi has it here, obedience to Pompilia's truth and purity was not a matter of choice with him, but of constraint.

" . . . Obedience was too strange,—
This new thing that had been struck into
me
By the look o' the lady,—to dare disobey
The first authoritative word. 'Twas
God's."

Browning's own personal being may be seen here and in the following Book—the apotheosis, in a sense, of his wife's spirit—to especial advantage. Both he and Caponsacchi were elopers; both hesitated to accept such responsibility, as involving deceit; and both survived the deaths of the women they loved. In a letter to Mrs. Martin, dated from Pisa, in October, 1846, Mrs. Browning writes:—

"My poor husband suffered very much from the constraint imposed upon him by my position, and did, for the first time in his life, for my sake do that in secret which he could not speak upon the housetops. *Mea culpa* all of it! If one of us two is to be blamed, it is I, at whose representation of circumstances he submitted to do violence to his own self-respect."

And on this hard trial of his sensitive honour, Chesterton comments:—

"He had, like Caponsacchi, preferred what was unselfish and dubious to what was selfish and honourable."

When Pompilia came into Caponsacchi's life, never thence to retire, she came like "Our Lady of all the Sorrows," or like Poe's Psyche, from the regions which are Holy Land. She became then and remained thereafter the lodestar of his life, the measure of all that was good and pure and true in the universe. Though he proved her humanly as a woman, his reverence for her as a symbol, nay an expression, of God, controlled and directed the lesser love, so that it too sought to make its characteristic virtue that of unselfish fidelity. That it could not completely succeed in doing so is the secret of the tragedy of Caponsacchi's life. He was called upon to bear the impossibility of winning Pompilia for himself,—she a wedded wife and he a priest. He bore it. He was called upon to undergo for her sake misunderstanding, opprobium, separation. These, too, he bore. But her murder, her death, her utter absence from the earthly life,—this sharpest trial he could not bear. And he turned quickly at last and rushed from the court with a gesture of overwhelming despair, and the broken, passionate cry:—

"O great, just, good God! Miserable me!"

Mrs. Orr speaks of Browning's frenzy after his wife's death, and of the "ravings which alternated with the simple human cry of the desolate heart: 'I want her, I want her!'"

Over against the lie of Guido's hypocritical reliance upon the virtue of law, Caponsacchi sets the truth of his own loyalty to the law of virtue. Though his nature has not yet been

completely redeemed by love into the highest reaches and renunciations, his terrible condemnation of Guido is yet felt to have a more than dramatic or place meaning merely. It represents a side of Nemesis—the masculine or punitive side—that while not whole is yet intensely true. No more terrible denunciation is to be found in Browning, or, perhaps, in modern poetic literature, than the great passage beginning:—

"But for Count Guido,—you must counsel there!"

The awful loneliness of his eternal companionship with Judas is among the unforgettable conceptions of the literature of condemnation; a picture the more intensified by Guido's own studiously jocular reference to Judas before the court, and the Pope's feeling of the main criminal's likeness thereunto.

Caponsacchi's moment of judgment is but a moment. He is chiefly moved, not with anger against Guido, but with inexpressible sorrow and love for Pompilia, whose character he seeks at all hazards to make clear to his hearers,—how it justified itself in every circumstance, and how it evoked from the secret places of his own soul a power that transformed the careless, errant priest into the knightly man, Browning's Saint-George-like hero. Very deeply moving is the wild cry of such a man against the irony of destiny, too hard to understand:—

"No, Sirs, I cannot have the lady dead!
That erect form, flashing brow, fulgurant eye,
That voice immortal (oh, that voice of hers!)
That vision in the blood-red daybreak—that
Leap to life of the pale electric sword
Angels go armed with,—that was not the last
O' the lady! Come, I see through it, you find—
Know the manœuvre! Also herself said
I had saved her: do you dare say she spoke false?
Let me see for myself if it be so!"

The two lovers who shared each other's presence so very short a time in human experience remain immortally united in Browning's work. We pass with tears from Caponsacchi to Pompilia. Done to death, she is lying on her hospital pallet, breathing still on the fourth day after the crime, and surrounded by

" . . . friend and lover,—leech and man of law,"

while she tries to tell the sad story of her life.

It comes from her lips slowly, patiently, very modestly and tenderly, yet with the inimitable power of purity and unselfishness. It is a meaningful picture,—the last has become first: the street-woman's undesired child has become a saint of the people; Pompilia, the unconsidered chattel, has become the Pompilia of potent inspiration, the first woman in modern poetry, a real vitalising spiritual force in the lives of countless human beings. The Woman speaks.

Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan!"

What she is saying here constitutes the centre of all that is said; her quiet modesty and self-depreciation give her words notable eloquence, and we of to-day, like those of 1698, lean about her deathbed with eager and loving solicitude. What has it all meant to Pompilia?

As Caponsacchi had said of her experience, so she now says for herself,—it has been a strange, terrific dream remotely fading now and impossible:

"I know I wake,—but from what? Blank, I say!
This is the note of evil; for good lasts."

The wisdom of the Infinite is in these words. Pompilia has led a life of evil origin, doubt, fear and violence. She has had in verity no father, no mother, no husband, though called upon to obey all three. She has felt within her child-heart whisperings of love and joy that have quickly been stricken into silence; has schooled herself into submission to her evil lot save for one sacred right that she dare

not surrender, and even that is wrested from her and trampled upon with scorn and hate. Not until God spoke to the mother in her did she lift up a finger in her own defence and then only for another's sake. Her earlier spasmodic efforts at escape were less for her own than for Guido's salvation. She was characteristically obedient. But now there could be no hesitation, no room for failure. Caponsacchi rescued her, and she fled. She was caught and secluded for a time in punishment. Her child was born, and only a fortnight later her relentless husband caught her a second time, and left her for dead. And in all of this, save for friend and babe, she can see only unreality, for her vision is not now of earth, but she is already of the dead, and

" . . . living are the Dead,
(Haply the only living, only real,
And I the apparition—I the spectre.)"

Certainly, there is no note here of craft, or fury, or revenge, as with Guido; or of loss, denunciation and despair, as with Caponsacchi. Instead, there are peace and faith;—

" . . . One cannot judge
Of what has been the ill or well of life,
The day that one is dying, — sorrows change
Into not altogether sorrow-like;
I do see strangeness, but scarce misery,
Now it is over, and no danger more."

Just as Pompilia in her brief young life had blessed everyone she touched, save the brothers Franceschini, so now she seeks to find excuse for all who had seemed in any way to wrong her. Violante had not meant ill to Pompilia, that is sure, but had rather meant all good in secreting and adopting her in infancy, and in securing her a noble husband in due time. Thereafter, it is true, Pompilia had gone down into hell, but yet it was not a hell that had power over her, to unmake her. There is so little to forgive when one sees by the light that's later than one's lifetime. Even Guido must not be misjudged, for he was an ill-used, disappointed man in the whole miserable matter of the marriage. His life has hurt Guido so much that for her part she would add no whit to that hurt. Rather, may he at long last, as he passes into the shadow of God, reach out his hand with faith to touch that shadow and be healed. Hate was somehow the truth of him, and since Pompilia's presence evoked from him nothing but loathing and bitterness, may the passing of her presence relieve the woeful wickedness of his soul!

Pompilia's review of the past is much briefer than Caponsacchi's at several seemingly important points of the narrative, but this is a matter of strict dramatic propriety as regards (1) her present physical condition; (2) her womanly reserve; (3) her scale of values, and somewhat differing sense of proportion. In each instance, besides, she touches the core of the situation concerned, and suggests rather than develops its characteristic truth. It is an extraordinary insight that her creater shows in the expression of her innocent pride in her motherhood and her affectionate personal trust in the future loving-kindness of God toward her now-to-be-bereaved infant. And no less insight is shown in the tenderness and delicacy and high conviction of good that appear in all her references to the lover of her life, her soldier-saint. It is not an accident that Caponsacchi's monologue closes in a cry of defeated aspiration, and Pompilia's in an exultant assurance of the power of love to redeem all its failures and errors, to overcome in eternity the strange wrongs and horrors of its experience in time. For herself, as we may gather from Caponsacchi's account of their journey, she had had a strong premonition of the ultimate tragedy whose shadow had for so long darkened her life; and now here, in her own words, we may find recurring passages of what may be called dramatic irony, — of half-awareness, half-un-

awareness of the end. But Pompilia's fear never became faithlessness, and she feels less now the ruin of her earthly vestment than the consequent freedom of soul with which she may comfort her friends and forgive her enemies. One is struck with the serene spiritual certitude of Pompilia in every crisis: her sense of duty to her unborn child in the face of law and convention; her perception of the man behind the man in Caponsacchi; her fierce swift defence for her child's sake of her life and honour at Castelnuovo; and her awareness now of the crowning powers and realities of love. In all of these she is neither an actress nor a theorist, but a woman of exquisite personal fibre, whose simple goodness is a sufficient key to unlock for her every door of doubt or discouragement,—a child-woman of innocence, wonderment, ruth, affection, gentle humour, whom Destiny has thrust into the furnace of hate and woe, but whose spirit has suffered no hurt. Only in this monologue do we find no note of trouble, no unease touching personal cares or the "obstinate questionings." "No woman," says Arthur Symons, "has ever written anything so close to the nature of women, and I do not know what other man has come near to this strange and profoundly manly intuition, this 'piercing and overpowering tenderness which glorifies,' as Mr. Swinburne has said, 'the poet of Pompilia.' "

With Books VIII. and IX. the poem dies down, as I have suggested, to a fading afterglow. Set between the monologue of Pompilia and those of the Pope and Guido, they constitute a sort of Comic Relief Action, giving variety to the movement, relieving the reader from an overstrain of tragedy, and making more intense and credible the Books of the Pope's judgment and Guido's doom. In each of the two present Books a lawyer speaks. The first of these—Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis—is a portly, jolly man of domestic ways, who is discovered in his study working up the case for Guido's defence, though rather preoccupied with a pleasurable anticipation of the feast and frolic to come that evening in honour of the eighth birthday of his son and heir, Giacinto. He has only a professional interest in the Franceschini trial, *i.e.*, he sees its value as an opportunity for advancing his own reputation and perhaps crushing that of his rival the Fisc. He himself is *Pauperum Procurator*, the official defender of criminals, as the other is official prosecutor. Of a real dislike for Pompilia, sympathy for Guido as a wronged husband, or veracious personal feeling toward anyone concerned in the case, save his rival, there is no trace. Of fatherly pride in his boy, and fatherly scheming on his behalf, we have ample display in the opening and closing of his monologue, and in his reflective asides and commentaries as he progresses with his task. The jolly good-nature, utter disregard for truth, and professional jealousy of the man, commingle strangely in our sense of him, and we are made to feel—the more acutely because we cannot ignore his human kindness—of what unworth in the economy of things is that element in professionalism that we may call its essential hypocrisy, and which is revealed by Browning in other instances than the legal. Guido's own defence, though much keener than his lawyer's, is no more false. He pays Hyacinthus and his assistant, Spreti, a grudging compliment of its kind when he asks:—

"Look at my lawyers, lacked they grace of law,
Latin or logic? Were not they fools to the height,
Fools to the depth, fools to the level between,
O' the foolishness set to decide the case?
They feign, they flatter: nowise does it skill.
Everything goes against me."

And indeed, in its way, the speech

here is a model of ingenuity,—

" . . . explaining matters, not denying them,"—

and taking in the large the general mental attitude of Half-Rome and Tertium Quid as to the conservation of the aristocratic idea in dealing with this specific case. Guido's own plea that he has constantly been the reverer and agent of law is made the most of, and the conduct of Pompilia is painted as black as possible. The more serious aggravations of Guido's alleged guilt are cited, namely: that he deliberately sought the aid of four other murderers to assist him in his deed; that the arms they used were of unlawful shape; that the act was done in a private house, which should be sacred to peace and quiet; that Guido was disguised; that the victims were under the special guardianship of the law; and that, the several related suits being still unsettled, the majesty of the law was also in this respect invaded and impugned. To each of these accusations Hyacinthus replies with skill and vigour, and, where his law is weak, with the more indignation, never forgetting cleverly to cajole the court and to flatter its social and ecclesiastical prejudices. His sole final plea is *causâ honoris*,—the deed we admit, but we insist upon its legal and moral justification. A word is reserved for the accomplices, and the speech is rounded out with an eloquent and learned peroration. This long much-Latinised defence, preposterous as it is, provokes at once our moral resentment and our intellectual amusement. The luscious gustatory imagery it abounds in reflects the love of its author for creature comforts, so openly gloried in whenever he turns momentarily from his work to his evening's prospect. Among the most diverting, therefore, of his professional sentiments is the following:—

"Shall man,—confessed creation's masterstroke,
Nay, intellectual glory, nay, a god,
Nay, of the nature of my Judges here,—
Shall man prove the insensible, the block,
The blot o' the earth he crawls on to disgrace?
(Come, that's both solid and poetic!) Man
Derogate, live for the low tastes alone,
Mean creeping cares about the animal life?
Absit such homage to vile flesh and blood!"

That the murderous Guido, who has in him no touch of the "home" idea, should be defended by so confirmed a *paterfamilias* as Hyacinthus is no more incongruous than that the defence of Pompilia's simple purity should fall to the hard, gaunt, misanthropic, bitingly satirical *Juris Doctor* Johannes-Baptista Bottinius. In the ninth Book we find him practising his speech before an imaginary audience. Browning describes him in the Prologue as

"A man of ready smile and facile tear,
Improvised hopes, despairs at nod and beck,
And language—ah, the gift of eloquence!
Language that goes, goes, easy as a glove,
O'er good and evil, smoothens both to one."

The Fisc would very much have preferred to his own such a case as that of Beatrice Cenci, whom Farinacci, the famous juriconsult and advocate, defended by admitting her guilt but excusing it; or even his rival's, which seems to him to admit of so much more ingenuity than the task he himself must undertake. He is too good a lawyer to overlook the facts that speak in Pompilia's favour, and of which he makes due though minor mention, but it irks him much to feel that her record is not darker, that so little is left him.

" . . . to excuse,
Reason away, and show his skill about!"

On the whole, while reserving his last line of defence—Pompilia's innocence—he risks certain concessive blackenings of her reputation in order that he may display his undoubted dexterity in a "presto, change, and make all white again!"—or, at the least, gray. His speech, therefore,

abounds in alternative suppositions, artistic flourishes, rhetorical bowings and scrapings to the court, and insistences upon the inviolability of law, which has already pronounced virtually in Pompilia's favour. He has no means of seeing Pompilia as she is, being himself eaten up by a selfish, cynical misanthropy, and his real attitude towards her comes out plainly enough in the Epilogue. Here, however, if she denied the writing of the incriminating letters, she is "splendidly mendacious"; if she extended favours to Caponsacchi, was she not

" . . . bound to proffer nothing short
of love
To the priest whose service was to save
her?";

if she menaced Guido's life at Castelnuovo, it was violence he himself had taught.

"Yet for the sacredness of argument, . .
Anything, anything to let the wheels
Of argument run glibly to their goal."

He concerns himself almost solely with Pompilia, legally, because if he can justify her course, Guido's cannot be condoned; and psychologically, because her character at once baffles his understanding and challenges his professional craft.

We turn willingly away from the sophistries of the lawyers to the meditative solemnity of the Pope, to whom the case has been finally appealed, and by virtue of whose ripe insight, honest goodness, and wise, kind dignity, we feel assured of a just judgment. The whole matter is now raised above the point of view of the man on the street, above the mouthing hypocrisy of the lawyer partisans, above the sorrow and passion of those directly concerned in it.

Antonio Pignatelli was born in Naples, in 1615, and was trained by the Jesuits in Rome. When twenty years of age, he entered the papal service, and became a cardinal in 1681, and Archbishop of Naples. He was elected Pope in 1691, taking the name of Innocent XII., and held office until his death in 1700. He was a kindly, honourable, just man, deeply troubled at the vices of his time. He was strongly opposed to nepotism, and was so public-spirited that he erected many serviceable buildings. During the reign of a predecessor, Innocent XI., a quarrel arose between the papacy and Louis XIV. of France, who claimed the headship of the French church as independent, which difference was carried over into the reign of Innocent XII. Innocent XI. was a strong, able man, born Benedetto Odescalchi, who became Pope in 1676. He had several qualities that align him with Browning's Pope, and it is probable that the Poet's portrait is a composite one.

The old pontiff is sitting in his simply furnished chamber during a February twilight, with his thoughts for company, and winter in his soul beyond the world's, reviewing the long and troubled case. Now he reads, now he muses, now he takes a turn about the room. At last he breaks the silence with slow-spoken reverie and philosophised judgment. "The Pope for Christ," is the keynote of his thoughts,—he must alike do justly, love, mercy, and walk humbly with his God. But if he is to love mercy, then must he not spare Guido for the remainder of his miserable life, for his own soul's sake and for Guido's soul's sake? No,—he dare not spare the man, for all that is true in him seems to see that the extension of merely human mercy to Guido were an insult to truth. He is assured of the justice of his decision, and will not swerve from it. Even though he judge faultily, God sees his heart and will approve his hunger and thirst after righteousness. But yet, it is fitting that the grounds of the judgment be reviewed, and the persons of the tragedy be seen once again in their right relations. Guido is found reprobate because, unlike Pompilia, although he was advant-

ageously born, given more than normal opportunity to realise his life-chance, he never showed any other motive than greed; was crafty, cruel, irreligious. He joined the churchly orders from motives of self-interest, and has shown himself throughout his life to be that *bête noir* of all noble thought,—a calculating hypocrite.

"For I find this black mark impinge the man,
That he believes in just the vile of life.
Low instinct, base pretension, are these truth?
Then, that aforesaid armour, probity,
He figures in, is falsehood scale on scale;
Honour and faith,—a lie and a disguise,
Probably for all livers in this world,
Certainly for himself!"

His marriage was mercenary, the only side-relish he had in it being the power he gained of deceiving and torturing his parents-in-law and their negative daughter. His cunning does not fail him when he finds himself deceived, for he plans to become abjured by Pietro and Violante rather than to thrust them out, so that they themselves break the domestic compact they had made, fleeing and leaving him the spoils. When Violante retaliates by the avowal of Pompilia's base birth, he schemes at once to get rid of his wife, apparently through her own sensual fault, and so finally to retain her dowry without either her or hers as superfluous condition. But

" . . . Here the blot is blanched
By God's gift of a purity of soul
That will not take pollution, ermine-like
Armed from dishonour by its own soft snow.
Such was this gift of God who showed for once
How he would have the world go white."

There is no stain where Guido urges stain, but law had heard Guido in a sort, and had pronounced mild punishment on the wife and her priestly escort. Pompilia is secluded; a son is born; Guido's eager cruelty is strong in triumph. Now he may slay all three of those his soul so hates.

"No right was in their child but passes plain
To that child's child and through such child to me.
I am a father now,—come what come will,
I represent my child; he comes between—
Cuts sudden off the sunshine of this life
From those three; why, the gold is in his curls!
Not with old Pietro's, Violante's head,
Not his gray horror, her more hideous black—
Go these, devoted to the knife!"

Ah, if Guido had succeeded in eluding arrest, what awful doom would have come upon his soul! For his own murder was even then planned and imminent, on the part of the four hirelings, resenting their lack of reward. Is not God's mercy to Guido manifest in this seemingly unlucky chance of capture? He may yet be saved from the pit by the very shock of a retribution seen and known as such.

The Pope reviews the characters and life-motives also of Guido's brothers, his mother, his four hirelings, the Aretine Governor and Archbishop. These he finds denizens of the dark of hell. Over against their blackness and foulness is set the white spirit of Pompilia, to whose life the old Pope pays a tribute of surpassing beauty,—a tribute at once of joy in a woman-child's power to seize and hold fast the secret of God, and of humility in the presence of a soul so pure and patient. Near her he places his warrior-priest, Caponsacchi, who has not been ecclesiastically nor conventionally blameless, yet has surely championed the cause of God, has withstood temptation, and has learned the truer values of human life. For Pietro and Violante, let them, foul and fair, sadly mixed natures, troop

" . . . somewhere 'twixt the best and worst,
Where crowd the indifferent product, all too poor
Makeshift, starved samples of humanity!"

In the long remainder of the Pope's

monologue he faces his lurking doubts and lays them. Evil is active and widespread, good so little manifest. How, then, may faith justify itself? Is "faith" *indeed* faith? Is the thing we see, salvation? The Pope is keenly aware that in his day men have more faith of a sort than they know how to use, and his mournful recognition of the hollowness of traditional belief, of the non-indentity of credal forms and vital religion, of priesthood and piety, church and Christianity, leads him into a frank if painful examination of the grounds and uses of religious belief. He makes sincere concessions to the critics of historical Christianity, but defends its redemptive, transforming genius. However scant may be the light he has, he comforts himself with the knowledge that it comes from the one Sun that shines for all. As Professor George B. Foster has admirably said, "The structure and function of the universe are such as to render the production of our human kind of values possible. Our faith in this worth of the world is the essence of religion:" and again: "Since man is an integral part of the cosmos, his ideal-achieving capacity is in some degree, if not centrally so, an activity and expression of existence as a whole." The Pope sees these truths by long prevision, for they were not easily evolvable by men of his day. He foresees a time when faith will take on new power and meaning, nor care to confine itself to any static form whatever. For his part, he will be true to his own truth, and so, he trusts, somehow to ultimate Truth. And the truth of him in the present instance demands the execution of Guido and his mates. Let the sentence, then, proceed, he orders, and his will is registered by the attendant who comes at his bidding to carry the message to the Governor.

There remains but one more monologue in the series proper,—that of the pure ego of Guido, as he strides and stops and strides again, wolf-like, about the narrow limits of his cell in the New Prison by Castle Angelo, pouring out now soft entreaties, now savage defiances, in the presence of his two confessors, Cardinal Acciauoli and Abate Panciatichi. It is a terrible picture,—the close, hot cell; the frantic, agonised wretch, acutely conscious of his impending end; the two huddled, silent, awestruck figures, seated on a stone bench, the Cardinal shrinking into himself, the Abate working fearfully with beads and crucifix. "All that a man has will he give for his life," and Guido tries every device known to his scheming soul, which every little while is so wrenched and racked with the agony of anticipated death that he loses sight of his self-interest, and storms, and denounces, and lays bare his cruel fangs of scorn and hatred. Life,—life is his plea, life at last on any terms! Assured as we have been throughout the epic of the physical and moral cowardice of Guido, we are appalled at the awful revelation of it in these mocking, vicious words. "The speech is a rift into the hell of Guido's naked mind," says Miss Wilson; and Swinburne: "A close and dumb soul compelled into speech by mere struggle and stress of things, labours in literal translation and accurate agony at the lips of Guido."

At one moment he confesses, at another denies, but always excuses. If he is guilty, let society look to it, that made him what he is; for all Rome, all the world—and Guido's plea is not here easily refutable — makes pleasure its sole good, only requiring that one observe the rules, be reasonably obedient to law. Because he has tripped ignorantly, not knowing that the rules had been changed, he must now pay the last penalty! Is that justice? Well, let him die, but he will never "repent," and so justify his murderers, the Pope most of all! There is no truth nor honour left in

the world, it seems, if there were ever such. And Guido strikes through to the sleek practices and low aspirations of his hearers—whom he has known well of old—with galling certainty. It was they who had enticed him into the church, and hence into his present predicament, on the ground that he might thus the more safely have his will and enjoy his life, but had never warned him of the outcome when a wolf plays sheep and gets discovered.

But on the moment Guido regrets his upbraiding, and tries to cajole. His old friends will help him yet, for he did the murder sincerely if mistakenly. His act was no crime, but a blunder at worst, and a blunder impossible of avoidance, for the cold nullity of Pompilia had provoked his resentment,—a woman who should have given him all the blessings that a wife may bring, but who brought him only disappointment, deception and disgrace. Guido dwells on her irritating passivity, her ineptitudes, the stone strength of her white despair, and execrates her not only as the robber of his fortunes, but as the unescapable judge of his soul. His fate is incredible to him, who held all the cards and yet lost the game. Just a chance misstep ruined him,—the neglect to provide for the return to Arezzo; hence he rails at Destiny, which betrayed him yet again at his trial and upon his appeal to the Pope. He denies Christianity, and asserts himself a pagan believer in a Jove Ægiochus, all-powerful, arbitrary and unloving. Had he to live his life again, he would live it frankly and seek his pleasure openly, defying all the world as he defies it now. But conformity has been his undoing.

All through this series of Guido's outbursts runs a blood-red thread of fearful expectancy of death, that shines out menacingly in his more desperate moments, and leads him alternately to defy, and threaten, and fawn upon his hearers. Until the last, he angrily refuses their offer of absolution and sacrament upon formal confession, and taunts them with their own rapidly approaching if natural end. He will not unhate his hates, but will die as he has lived, a man.

But as dawn breaks and the Brothers of Mercy descend the stair to Guido's cell, slowly chanting the Office for the Dying, the man breaks out into a paroxysm of terror and despair, —to be saved, saved at any cost! Like a hunted wolf hemmed in on all sides, he turns frantically to find a way of escape. Through the Grand Duke the Pope? Through the two scared confessors? There is no salvation there. To God, then, he will cry, but not to the God of the church, for Christ and Mary are empty names to him, not to the God he has himself known and defied, the God of brute power and loveless heart, not to him,—but to the God beyond God, the God that saves from God, the God that is Love as well as Power, the God that has lived and shined in *Pompilia*! And with that word, eloquent in its ultimate confession and appeal, and touching the Incarnation idea, it may be that the dreadful night of Guido's stained and guilty soul is grayed with a gleam of far redemption.

Guido's last words constitute what may be called the spiritual end of the epic, summing up directly and by implication all the pathos and tragedy and agony of the tale. But from this height of emotion we need relief, and in the Epilogue — "The Book and the Ring"—we take breath while the Poet's final word is said (he says it with a half-humorous, half-serious air), and the echoes of the case die down and away. It will be noticed that these echoes are popular, legal and ecclesiastical, suggesting in miniature the movement of the whole epic. First of them is a portion of a letter written by a Venetian of rank who visited Rome at the time of Guido's

execution, and who gives a picturesque account thereof, with comments on the mental and physical weaknesses of the Pope, the sympathy of the aristocracy with Guido, the yielding of the unfortunate nobleman to make his peace with God and the intrepidity with which he at last mounted the scaffold and received the fatal blow.

His letter is followed by another, from our old friend Dominus Hyacinthus, to a fellow-lawyer, one Cencini, a friend of the Franceschini family, setting forth on one leaf (for professional exhibition), a mournful account of his failure to secure Guido's acquittal and of the unanticipated action of His Holiness our Lord the Pope; while on the next leaf follows an ample postscript (for Cencini's eye alone), in which the Procurator frees his mind about the officious, thick-headed Pope, who has made ineffective his superb defence, and yet whom he means to conciliate as he must, in order to keep his reputation and attack successfully two new important cases that require his aid.

The Epilogue concludes with Browning's famous defence of the function of art, earlier quoted, and the tenderly sincere post-tribute to Mrs. Browning, whose work he characteristically overrated. That he did so is always and altogether to his credit as man and lover. When Madame du Quaire told him once of her strong preference for his own work, he replied:

"You are wrong—quite wrong—she has genius; I am only a painstaking fellow. Can't you imagine a clever sort of angel who plots and plans, and tries to build up something—he wants to make you see it as he sees it—shows you one point of view, carries you off to another, hammering into your head the thing he wants you to understand; and whilst this bother is going on God Almighty turns you off a little star—that's the difference between us. The true creative power is hers, not mine."

And yet it was he that was wrong; for his was not only the ampler mind, but by far the more adventurous and victorious imagination, and his mastery of expression, of word-meanings and word-powers, exceeded hers as in scope and responsibility the dramatic exceeds the lyric.

We have been trying to indicate the content and the intent of each one of the twelve Books that constitute this chief of modern epics. Modern it is in point of passionate curiosity, catholicity, diversity. It is penetrated with a nervous, nimble delight in soul-discovery; with an exultant imaginative power that strikes into reality now an obscured or unsuspected situation, now a dramatic personal characteristic, now an eloquent lyric impulse, now a welling cry of agony. Its imagery is nearly always convincingly poetic. That virtually all the speakers unite in regarding Pompilia as a lamb or a flower, though importing somewhat differing meanings into these symbols, in an attestation of the power of purity to impress itself upon lesser purity or upon that which is not pure, as also of Browning's own deeply personal love for the tall, dark, pale young girl upon whose short life beat the storms of this colossal tragedy. In proportion to its great length, technical weaknesses or difficulties in the work are surprisingly few; but, far more important than this, there is, in the present writer's judgment, no evidence of a flagging imaginative power, no ground whatever for the doctrine of improvement by elimination, preached so discontentedly by Sharp and Brooke. On the contrary, the work is as sound in point of architectonics as of ethical significance and inspirational power. Its very existence preaches the gospel of literature, and long, loyal, loving readings of it can only result in increasing accessions of æsthetic joy and personal loving-kindness.

THE SOUL OF A CANADIAN CITY

BY T. SHARPER KNOWLSON

THE psychology of circles is a new and still uncertain science, but after reading Mr. Arthur Symon's analysis of Moscow, and Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's "Soul of London" one may venture to suppose that even newer homes of civilised forces possess a distinctive personality which can be distinguished from the separate individualities of the inhabitants. I grant it is a delicate process, and one upon which any two writers may disagree; but since the science itself belongs to the realm of impressionism, this element of discord in result is to be expected and condoned. If criticism of literature is a record of one's mental adventures among books, as Anatole France has it, then the criticism of cities is possibly an appreciation of the same type. Certainly no occupation could be more charming than that of seeking the soul of a city, particularly one which is in the making, rugged with its crude forces because it is as yet near the soil—and palpitating with the energy of its first youth.

A skeptical friend with whom I discussed this question suggested I had started on a wild goose chase—that there is no such thing as a city's soul; a city is a mere congregation of human units herded together in homes of stone, wood, or bricks and mortar. I allowed the objection to pass unchallenged, for I knew sooner or later that I should have him cornered. It came sooner than I expected. We had been talking about art, and on my mentioning the Louvre, he commenced a panegyric of Paris—so different from Berlin, or London, or Vienna.

"That is to say," I added. "Paris has a different soul, different from the cities you mention, as well as from New York or Montreal."

"No, not a soul," he exclaimed, "but different in advantages, in age, in society, in (he paused for a word) "in atmosphere."

"Precisely," I ejaculated, "the atmosphere's the thing. The mentality of Paris is appreciably different from that of the other cities. You have only to live there to be conscious of it."

"We are quarreling about words," he murmured.

"So we are," I replied. "*your* atmosphere is *my* 'soul.' The only difference is that the atmosphere is the soul in the act of expressing itself. I often think that psychic science is not sufficiently appreciated for the services it has rendered us in supplying suggestive illustrations. For instance, there is the theory that every human being is surrounded by an aura, visible only to the eye of the clairvoyant. It may be there or not; I do not know. But the idea is suggestive, for I find that even buildings are said to have auras, and according to the colour of the aura, is the ethical

quality of the building. Between ourselves, I sincerely wish I were an adept at clairvoyance; for then I could sense the quality of a gin saloon and a church where they preach the new theology."

My friend smiled and took his departure. I was in one of my moods, he said. But if I may follow up the notion in reference to the soul of a Canadian city, then, according to the laws of clairvoyant vision, I shall see little pictures, by aid of my sixth sense, descriptive of the collective qualities of a centred population. I know what the first picture will be. It will represent a group of people in social intercourse. Above all else a Canadian city has a social soul. It is heresy to be exclusive, reserved, solitary, selfish, and wilfully isolated. It calls upon you to join the group intent upon mutual pleasure and profit, and, if you refuse, it says "Ephraim is joined unto his old country pottiness; let him alone." More than that, it marks you with the brand of Cain, which means that you have no social adaptiveness and cannot pronounce the required shibboleth. The warm glow which I see in the aura of a Canadian city is no evanescent phenomenon that evaporates in the summer sun, or is chilled out of existence by the winter frost: as a thing of soul it defies the modifying elements of nature and lives on from January to December, a triumph of mind over matter. For although in the world of the real, buildings slowly decay, and men and women die, the succession of social joy knows no ending—its immortality is assured. And the Canadian city makes a great showing when compared with others on the same continent.

* * *

I set myself in position for another vision. This time it is the silvery hue of a dollar, which apparently has a permanent place in the affections of the inhabitants, for, as I clairvoyantly behold its fixity in the atmosphere over the centre of the city, I see rays of strong desire emanating from every quarter and converging on the coin, thus making it a centre of aspiration. Were I a moralist by profession I should pause here to indite a homily. I should declaim against the crime of pursuing the dollar to the exclusion of higher things, and I should not care whether people liked it or not. To my indignant imagination, there could be no extenuating circumstances, not even if some more intelligent moralist whispered in my ear that to be diligent in business was an apostolic precept. But I am not a professional moralist; my mission is not to preach, but to understand. And as I see the comparative youth of the city, I know it will desire to rejoice in its strength; it has not yet arrived at an age when wealth and leisured people will allow the dollar sign to be replaced by the ideal which is the *Thing in Itself*; and as a man touched with the emotions of the race I, too, observing the numerous chances passing by, hold out my hand to seize them, and from my metallic soul a streamer floats upwards to converge with thousands more on the edge of the overhanging coin. *Et tu Brute?* Yes, I become Canadian born as it were, and the soul of the new city absorbs me—without shame I confess it. Do not tell me I am earth bound, for I have to live, and to live I must strive, and it is the striving that offends the eye of the moralist. Now I rejoice in the striving—'tis better than repining or useless ease.

* * *

The vision fades and another takes its place. This time I have to hesitate before the symbol becomes clear. It seems to be a figure of Justice, and it assumes a different aspect according to the position from which I view it. Here it suggests a Divinity with

a church in the background; there, a Court of Law over which hang the scales that determine how much or how little we are found wanting when a day of judgment comes. Evidently right and wrong are deep feelings in the soul of the city, and although there are districts from which no light streams forth to the symbol, as I see it, yet for the most part the people are in correspondence therewith; and when they talk about it they speak with confidence, shaking their heads knowingly, for they believe in the symbol and in the power that is behind it. Indeed so profoundly does its evidence move them that the sign of the dollar sometimes disappears from the atmosphere altogether, and they live for the symbol of justice alone until its premier right to rule has been vindicated.

* * *

The composite soul of the Canadian city is therefore a very human soul. It oscillates between the dollar and the ideal; but it is always sociability itself. And it has a deep regard for law and order. Justice is one of its dominating conceptions—even the lawless plead guilty to following its behest. The visitor from cities with souls that are old, and yet vital with a greater complexity of phenomena, is disposed to make damaging comparisons until he has solved the secret of the newer cities and shared the fresh vigour of their expanding youth. With that, he himself becomes young again, and his pulses beat more quickly as he breathes the atmosphere of waiting opportunities, and joins the throng who seek to turn them into money. But he knows the new city becomes an old one and its soul takes on other aspects of human life and destiny. What if a one-sided policy of living shall allow the strength and resolution of the new to give place to the decadence of the old? That is the problem for those who make the souls of cities their special study and care. And it is good to know that the civic consciousness is increasing extensively and intensively. Individualism has in some senses reached its limits, and the advancing complexity of corporate existence demands that greater attention should be paid to life in the mass It is a duty fraught with many dangers, chief among which is the liability of the reformer to forget that all good proceeds from the individual outwards, and that legislation simply improves the environment without changing the inward soul. As between the without and the within there is a finely drawn line of demarcation, and to trespass on one side or the other is an error that causes strife and retards progress. But the chances of success go with the new cities of the new world, for, unlike the older, they have less history to destroy, and fewer precedents to overcome.

MOSES AND THE PROPHETS

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Illustrations by E. C. Reed

WE had been talking in the desultory manner induced by satisfactory coffee and good cigars, when Brithwaite, who hitherto had said nothing, suddenly focused the discussion.

"You fellows talk about death as if you knew something about it," he said.

"Well," said Gordon, "we don't pretend to know much, but—"

"You don't know anything," declared Brithwaite.

"You are a doctor and admit that?"

"Perhaps it is because I am a doctor that I do admit it. I see so much of it, and the more I see the greater is the mystery."

"I suppose you will admit that you know when a man is dead?" said Gordon. We were all listening by this time, and laughed at Brithwaite's cheerful "not at all."

"Oh, come," I said, "what is a doctor for, anyhow? At least, he ought to know when he has done his worst!"

"Well, he doesn't," said Brithwaite. "I brought a dead man to life only the other day."

"That's something," laughed Gordon.

"He means Bobby Webb," I explained, "you know everyone thought he was gone until Brithwaite succeeded in pulling him around."

"Oh, a drowning accident, that's different. A case like that is outside the discussion—the man wasn't dead!"

"Everyone said he was," declared Brithwaite.

I nodded, "yes, to all intents and purposes he was as dead as *Marley*"

"But," Gordon's tone was becoming irritated, "Brithwaite knew that he wasn't dead——"

"No," quietly, "I felt sure that he was dead."

"And you tried to resuscitate a dead man?"

"Yes. Just on the off chance."

"Lucky for Bobby," murmured someone, and we all fell silent for a moment, thinking perhaps of what might have happened to young Webb had Brithwaite been less quick to take chances. The thought seemed to produce a depressing effect, for, however much one may rail at the medical profession, one does not care to have this kind of thing put quite so plainly. Brithwaite, too, one of its brightest lights! When we began to talk again the discussion was allowed to lapse. Not until the rest had gone and Brithwaite and I were smoking a last cigar did I return to it.

"I wonder," I said, "if Bobby Webb knows how nearly——"

Brithwaite shrugged his shoulders. "He knows it, of course, but he does not realise it."

"A wonderful thing, an experience like that!"

"One would think it ought to be, but as a matter of fact it seems not—unconsciousness, that is all."

"Yes, I suppose so. But it does seem strange that a man in the full vigour of his strength should go so

near the very edge of everything and come back, knowing nothing."

Brithwaite looked up with an odd gleam in his steel blue eyes. "Just what do you mean?" he asked.

"Nothing. But I have often wondered over these marvellous resuscitations. That a man may go so close to the border that even you, a man great in your own profession, cannot tell on which side he lies, and come back—no wiser!"

Brithwaite threw down his cigar.

"Grenville," he said deliberately, "I believed in my soul that that man was dead."

"Well, he wasn't."

"He was as dead," went on my friend without noticing, "as dead as anyone I ever saw. I would like to know—as you say, it is baffling—for that space of time when life seemed extinct, when for all practical purposes life was extinct, where was he."

"Nowhere," I said stupidly. "You said yourself he was unconscious."

"Yes—a form of words. The real self is never unconscious. It never sleeps, it never rests, it knows everything, forgets nothing. You call a man under chloroform unconscious—yet he is not. His real self knows and suffers everything.

"Horrible!"

"But true. I have had patients who, after making a good recovery from an operation, have suffered the whole agony of the knife—in a dream!"

"Oh, a dream!" I smiled.

"Yes, a dream. I see you take the proper tone. But the tone is going to change before long. We do not know quite all about dreams yet, but we are learning. Do you know that it is also possible to make a patient remember, under hypnotism, all the details of an operation of which, at the time and after, he has appeared to be perfectly unconscious?"

"I do not believe it. I know, of course, that it is possible to make a hypnotised subject accept almost any 'suggestion,' but that an experiment such as you mention could be a case of *bona fide* submerged memory I don't believe."

"I do. In the cases I refer to, suggestion, as such, was carefully guarded against. Psychologists freely admit the existence of submerged memory and dare not put a limit to its powers. I do not mind telling you that I have studied the subject for years, but quietly, since it would not help me in my work if I became known as a faddist. We are far behind the French and Germans in these matters."

I was surprised and a little startled.

"Do you mean that you are following the Continental practice and using these new-fangled half-discoveries in your ordinary practice?"

"Not in my ordinary practice but, say, in my extraordinary. I have certainly used my knowledge of these new methods in cases where I knew they would be of use. But don't be afraid; I have never indulged in any questionable experiments, however great the temptation." He smiled ruefully. "I have the remnants of a conscience."

"And you think you have really had results which seem to justify ——"

"Over and over again. If I were to tell you of the wonders which I expect to happen when these by-paths of psychology have widened into highroads you would only laugh. You sneered just now at the idea of a continuous and never-sleeping memory. I could prove its existence to you without either of us leaving the room, if you were not too prejudiced to allow the experiment."

No one likes being called prejudiced. I am not at all prejudiced, as a matter of fact. Conservative, I may be, but never prejudiced.

"How could you do it?" I asked, briefly.

"Easily. Everyone knows how prone you are to what we call 'absence

"BRITHWAITE, TOO, ONE OF ITS BRIGHTEST LIGHTS"

of mind.' You have yourself often told me that you do many things automatically, and without the slightest consciousness of doing them. You think that these things have left no impression upon your memory, or an impression so slight as to be useless. If I could prove to you that, on the contrary, all these things are fully and adequately registered 'somewhere,' it would go far to convince you that there is some continuously active registering power, would it not?"

He shot forth the last words with a vehemence which mode me jump.

"I don't know," I said. "I need time to think it out. But it would not prove that an unconscious man ——"

"Were you not 'unconscious' when you performed these acts?"

"Well—er—yes—at least—"

"You were either conscious or unconscious; you know that much."

"May I not have been conscious at the time and forgotten so quickly that it seemed as if I had been unconscious? In that case you would only be resurrecting a buried memory."

"Exactly what I want to do."

"Hum!"

'And in your case it ought to be an easy experiment, almost too easy to prove very much, but it would prove enough to cure you of your injudicious habit of scoffing."

"It is the use of hypnotism that I dislike. Isn't it true that a man who has once succumbed to its influence is more susceptible afterwards?"

"Yes—it is generally so."

"That alone would prove sufficient objection—with anyone but you—" I hesitated.

Brithwaite said nothing to hurry me, but I could tell he was keen for the experiment. On the whole it seem-

ed unnecessary churlish to refuse.

"Very well, then," I said resignedly, "fire ahead."

In a moment he was all eagerness.

"That's good," he said. "You know you are safe from any charlatanism with me. I shall simply ask you to remember something of which you have absolutely no knowledge,—as far as your waking memory goes. Have you lost anything lately?"

"Yes, an old ring. It was valuable, too. I kept it in that little cabinet in the next room, and last week I brought it in here to the desk to make a copy for a friend of the odd characters engraved upon it. I have not been able to find it since. I must have put it away somewhere, of course, but where is a mystery. I have turned things upside down to no purpose. You know, I am always losing things in that way."

"You don't think it might have been stolen?"

"Impossible, I should say."

"Then it is just the test we want. I shall make you remember what you did with it. Now all you have to do is to sit still and close your eyes. Try to feel just as you naturally feel when you are composing yourself for sleep."

I tried to do as I was directed, and Brithwaite stood in front of me telling me in a confident voice that I was getting sleepy, that I was very sleepy, that in a few moments I would be asleep, that—my next conscious impression was that I was wide awake and standing at the far corner of the room without the least knowledge of how I came there. Brithwaite was standing before me, smiling, and in my hands I held the lost ring. A feeling of bewilderment and justifiable self-disgust were my most prominent feelings.

"A perfect success," declared Brithwaite triumphantly; "you are an extraordinarily good subject."

I sat down still feeling dazed.

"Do you mean to say that I found this ring myself?"

"It was never lost. Your waking memory had lost track of it, that was all. But your subliminal memory knew where it was quite well. I assure you I merely asked you where you had put the ring and you went right for it."

"Perhaps I did automatically what I had done automatically before."

"No. It was an intelligent effort of memory." I said 'Where did you put the ring from which you were copying last week?' You thought a moment and then said, 'Why, in the empty ink bottle, of course.' I said, 'Ink bottle?' in surprise, and you went on apologetically, 'Yes, I intended to put it in the cabinet, but was in a great hurry and dropped it in the empty ink-well for safe-keeping.' Then you went over to the desk and tipped up this old metal ink-well, and out fell the ring. I said, 'What an extraordinary hiding-place!' And you laughed and said, 'It was safe, though. No one would look for a ring in an empty ink-well'; showing, beyond a doubt, that your action in putting it there had not been automatic at all, but a carefully reasoned act. That is the whole of the experiment, and I think I have proved my point very well."

"Yes, you seem to have done so. At least," I added lamely, "as far as such a thing can be proved. I was never more astonished in my life."

He waived my astonishment away.

"It was nothing," he insisted; "it touched just the fringe, the veriest fringe of the subject."

He then fell into deep thought. I put fresh coal upon the fire, for though it was late neither felt like sleep. Suddenly the doctor sprang excitedly to his feet.

"I wonder, I wonder," he cried, "if I would be justified in trying it."

"Trying what?" I asked. He looked at me oddly as if for the moment

he had forgotten that I was there. "Trying *what*?" I insisted.

"Oh—another experiment that I have been thinking of. I'll tell you. Ever since I saw Bobby Webb slowly coming back to life the idea has haunted me. It couldn't do any harm, you know. It—"

"*What*?" My irritated tone seemed to have a calming effect. He stopped his restless pacing up and down and smiled.

"I thought you might have guessed," he said. "But, of course, you are not interested, as I am. Ever since I saw the miracle of life coming back to that seemingly dead man I have been unable to keep my mind from certain possibilities. You brought my thoughts to a focus tonight when you remarked how strange that a man might go so near the other country and—bring nothing back."

"Well, but—"

"Well, but—how do we know that he brought nothing back? We don't know it. We only know that he has no memory of anything. That he was, in our limited vocabulary, 'unconscious.' But if there be no such thing as unconsciouness—what then? What if this ever-awake intelligence of which I have so often proved the existence should still be awake and registering? We say that Bobby Webb went to the very gate of death. I and others even thought that he had passed a step beyond. Of all that unaccounted-for period the waking man knows nothing. But does the other man, the real Bobby Webb, know nothing? *That is what I would like to find out.*"

"NOT UNTIL THE OTHERS HAD GONE AND BRITHWAITE AND I WERE SMOKING A LAST CIGAR DID WE RETURN TO IT"

I drew a long breath. "You—make me creep! Such an idea is uncanny. Of course, there is nothing in it. But I see what you mean. You would like to hypnotise Bob and search in his store of submerged memories for something, some trace of a possible experience not known and not knowable by his ordinary waking intelli-

gence. The idea is strange and fantastic, but I see no harm in it."

"Don't you?" He was silent for a long pause. "Perhaps you are right," he added, but his tone held still a questioning cadence. "You see," he went on, "Bob is rather absurdly grateful to me for taking that off chance. It is useless to tell him that anyone would have done the same. You know him, he is just the ordinary type of rather spoiled young man with more money than morals, but good-natured to the verge of silliness. He has no knowledge of, and no interest in psychological problems, but if he knew that I wished to try *any* experiment he would not hesitate a moment."

I looked at Brithwaite curiously. He seemed so unduly in earnest. "Then why don't you ask him?" I said.

"That's why. I can't persaude myself that I have the right to take what he would give so freely."

I yawned. "O, nonsense, you take it too seriously. There couldn't possibly be any harm—only it sounds rather foolish."

I laughed as I thought how foolish it sounded. But Brithwaite did not join me.

"Perhaps after all there would be no harm," he repeated.

I yawned once more, and yet again, as I helped him into his overcoat. My interest in the subject had quickly evaporated. But Brithwaite was still thinking of it when he said goodnight, for his brilliant eyes were absorbed and absent, and he turned at the door to say once more, "I think, after all, you're right, Graham, there could hardly be any harm in trying it." And again I answered the questioning cadence with a laugh. "Sure not," I said, yawning, as I shut the door.

It seems incredible to me now, in the light of after events, that I was not more impressed with Brithwaite's seriousness. I can only account for my stupidity on the ground that ignorance is always stupid when it does not wish to be enlightened. Not knowing what Brithwaite knew I laughed at forebodings that I could not understand. Indeed, the whole incident had almost slipped from my memory when one night, a fortnight later, Brithwaite came to me again.

I looked up with an exclamation of welcome—checked at once when I saw his face. It was Brithwaite's face, but so changed that I scarcely knew it. Horror and fear seemed to have wiped out the old landmarks; even his brilliant eyes were dull and glazed with it. Unformed dread of some awful calamity made me spring to my feet.

"What is it?" I said, and as I spoke my hands instinctively locked the door. I held a glass of brandy to his lips and was relieved to see the stimulant bring a more human look to his ghastly face. I waited until he pulled himself together again and then repeated my inquiry.

"Haven't you heard?" asked Brithwaite.

"No—nothing."

He gave a little choking sigh.

"I've done it this time," he said.

I pushed the brandy to him. "Take your time," I said. "Are you afraid of anything?"

"Afraid? Oh, yes, I'm afraid all right. But it's nothing you can lock your door against. It's here, right here. I've brought it with me."

"Are you crazy?" I asked sternly.

"No, I'm not, but Bob is, quite crazy."

"Bob?"

"Bobby Webb, you know. I tried the experiment and its sent him batty, quite off his nut, you know." He began to laugh hysterically.

"Stop that!" My sharp tone sobered him. "Come Brithwaite." I added, "be a man, not an hysterical girl. Tell me what happened."

"I will. You are the only one I can tell. But it looks like a dreadful business, Graham. After my talk with you I persuaded myself that it would not be wrong to try that experiment with poor Bobby. He was willing. When he was thoroughly under my influence I commanded him to remember—you know—as I said I would. But I didn't order him to tell *me* what he remembered. I wanted to be honourable—I thought I would just have him remember, and order him to keep the memory when he woke and then, when he was no longer under my influence, he could tell me or not, just as he chose. You see?"

I nodded, "yes—but it's nonsense."

He became fearfully excited. "It's not nonsense! I don't know what it is, but it's not nonsense. I can't tell you what happened. It was awful. I thought he would die of terror before I could wake him. I had a terrible time. I seemed to lose my power. He wouldn't wake for so long. And then when he did wake, he *remembered*, not much, but enough to send him crazy. He's crazy now, and it's my fault, all my fault."

"You will be crazy yourself if you don't control yourself. You are talking arrant nonsense."

And indeed I thought he was not

"HE TURNED AT THE DOOR TO SAY ONCE MORE, 'I THINK, AFTER ALL, YOU'RE RIGHT, GRAHAM, THERE COULD HARDLY BE ANY HARM IN TRYING IT'"

responsible for his words. But at my accusation he seemed by a great effort to collect himself. His face grew more natural, and his eyes looked sane again.

"It sounds mad, but it is the exact truth that I have told you. You will see for yourself in a moment. Bobby is coming here. I came on ahead to prepare you."

"You say he is really mad?" I exclaimed. "In what way?"

"Religious mania, if you like. Says he is a lost soul. Has fits of terror, screams and prays and then becomes sunk in despairing torpor. At other times he seems half-dazed, as if not quite understanding anything."

"It's incredible. What *could* have happened?"

We stared into each other's eyes. Brithwaite shook his head. "It's that cursed experiment, but I don't know how or *what*." Some of his horror seemed to creep into my own heart, but I fought it down.

"There is only one thing to do," I said. "You must hypnotise him again and undo the mischief, whatever it is."

"But I cannot. I've lost my power. I couldn't hypnotise a rabbit now." And indeed he looked a pitiable wreck of nervous terror.

"You've got to," I said. "Of course, you cannot while you are in that state. Now look here, take some more brandy, and brace up. You brought the lad to this fix, and you must get him out of it. You know that this loss of power is only temporary. Get back your nerve, and the power will return. It's got to. If Bob comes here I will quiet him if I can and you can have your chance. You're a nerve specialist. You ought to know what to do for hysteria. Calm yourself and hurry up about it."

It was amazing what instant effect this speech had. Before I had finished he had taken a small vial from his pocket and slipped some small white things into his mouth. The hand that held the box was almost steady.

"You are right," he said briefly. "I'll lie down in the next room. When you are ready, call me. I think I can do it. *I've got to.*"

I closed the door between the rooms and sat down to wait for Bobby. How much of this amazing story was true? If it were true, even partially, what did it all mean? What—I had not followed my musings very far before I heard a knock, and Bob came in without waiting.

At first I thought that Brithwaite must have been mistaken altogether, but a second look showed me differently. This was not the Bobby Webb I had known—careless, flippant, almost foolishly good-humoured. This man had the look of a soul in mortal agony. Yet the eyes had a dazed appearance as if the agony were only half comprehended.

"Hello, Bobby!" I faltered.

He looked around the room uneasily.

"I've lost something," he said in a troubled voice. "I can't find it."

"Sit down, there's a good fellow."

"It's my soul, I think," he went on, not noticing. "It's awful to lose one's soul!"

I had read somewhere about humouring such delusions.

"Tell me about it," I said, sympathetically. But my mistake was immediately apparent. The lad began to moan and shrink into his chair.

"No, no," he cried. "You would say I was mad. It says in the Bible—you know—you would not believe. It says so. 'If they hear not Moses and the Prophets neither will they be persuaded'—you know."

"Yes, yes," I said: "it is in the story of Dives. It was only a parable, you know."

For the first time he seemed to take an intelligent interest in my words.

"I forget it," he said. "read it. It's in the Bible somewhere." I caught

at the chance, and, slipping a New Testament from its case, I turned to the parable and read slowly. He followed me with a speechless interest to which I had no key.

"*And he said* (I read), "*nay, Father Abraham; but if one went unto them from the dead they will repent.*

And he said unto him, if they hear not Moses and the Prophets neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

I stopped reading, and, leaning forward, he touched me with a burning hand. "That's it," he whispered, in a terrified tone, and then with no warning he sank into a fit of shuddering and sobbing which I pray I may never see again.

When he was a little quieter I went into the room and called Brithwaite. To my great relief he looked almost himself. His hand was cool and his voice was firm.

"It's now or never," I said, and he nodded without speaking.

I did not go in with him, and the minutes seemed longer than hours. I heard his voice speaking, and it seemed to have its old masterful ring. I pinned my faith to that, and waited.

After what seemed like a long time, I heard a laugh—a *laugh*. It was Bobby Webb's laugh. Then Brithwaite called me, and I went in.

Bobby Webb was lying back in my chair, smiling his little foolish smile of good humour. Brithwaite leaned against the wall, very white.

"By Jove," said Bobby, "I believe I've had a turn, I feel so shaky. Been going the pace too hard, I guess. Is that brandy? Give me some, like a good fellow. Say, Brithwaite—what's the matter with Brithwaite?"

"Nothing," I interposed. "Brithwaite has had a turn, too. Here's the brandy. You've been ill, you know. Don't you remember?"

"No—let's see? No. Was I off my chump? I'll have to pull up, that's clear." His hand touched the Testament idly, and he picked it up. "Hello," he said, "what's this? Are you taking to reading Moses and the Prophets in your old age?—Say, *what's* the matter with Brithwaite?" —for Brithwaite had suddenly doubled up like wet paper and lay in a heap upon the floor.

WHAT IS THE EMPIRE?

BY THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL

THERE is an archipelago in the North Sea in which have resided for many centuries a proud and valiant people. The southern part of the largest island had before the earliest dawn of history borne on its bosom and sheltered in its caverns a race of cave-dwellers, mere savages, whose weapons were stone and whose food the wild fruit of the forest, the wild beasts which roamed the land and sometimes also the shell-fish of the coast and the fish of the sea. But few traces of that troglodytic people remain.

Then came, yet before historic times, a wave from the far-off East, the first of the Aryan folk, Celt or Brython: and they occupied the land—like to and yet not the same as their brethern to the south on the other side of the water in Gallia. Julius Cæsar, mighty with the pen as with the sword, when he had invaded the land and left it in some part subdued, tells us of that strange people, the first of those of blood akin unto ours, who lived in beautiful England. Powerful chiefs of powerful tribes, incessantly warring one with another, they had not the power to conceive of an empire—and "The Empire" was not yet even in the making.

After many a bloody fight and much and terrible suffering, the Roman conquered and set up his colonial rule—England became part of the Roman Empire—and a child fated to become a Roman Emperor was born in York. But it was the Roman Empire, and colonies were subjects, who existed for the service of the master; and all roads leading to Rome, the tribute of all lands went along these roads and served to support the Mistress of the World—already a Holy City to most of the nations of the earth. "The Empire" was as far removed in its inconceivability as it was in point of time—and it was not yet even in the making.

The Roman left; and the Saxon and Angle, the Englishman, came in in ever-increasing numbers—he saw the land that it was good; and the semi-Romanised Celt and the Roman who cast in his lot with him were ruthlessly swept out of the way, some few indeed escaping to their kinsmen in the remote parts of the land—in Wales and Cornwall, and some went to Scotland. Some, too, escaped across the Channel to their friends in Gaul.

Warring sept and clan filled the land with strife and blood, till at length one strong man made himself King of all Engand. These were men of our race, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; and when Egbert, one thousand and eighty-three years ago, became King of all England, "The Empire" became a possibility, for then its foundations were laid.

The Saxon rule continued: and a feeling of nationality had become perceptible helped on as it was by struggle for life with the invading Dane—and he indeed was master of England for a brief space of time—when William the Norman slew King Harold at Senlac, and the Saxon line

of these monarchs went out in blood.

But like the Danes, the Normans were of the same stock as the Saxons themselves; and it was not long before Saxon and Norman lived together in amity, if not in love—and the Norman became proud of his island-home. The idea of "The Empire" was now embryonic—"The Empire" became more and more the object toward which all—in great part, indeed, unconsciously—pressed on.

The greatest of the Plantagenets—and the Plantagenets had the blood of Saxon and Norman united in their veins—brought into union with his people the Celts who had made their home in the mountains of Wales—I say "union" for it was not wholly "subjection"—and the first great step towards "The Empire" was made when Edward Longshanks, King of England, six hundred and nine years ago, created his fourth son, Edward, the first English Prince of Wales. But this was but a step; for neither then nor two hundred and thirty-four years later when Wales was formally incorporated with England could any man have a real conception of the might and grandeur to come.

Plantagenet passed and the monarchy of the Red Rose and of the White—Harry Tudor and Henry the much married and his family passed away—and James Stewart was the next heir. He was already King of Scotland. What was to be done? It could not be that he would resign the Crown of the northern Kingdom, nor would he fail to assert his claim to that of the South. But yet the proud Scot would not bend the knee to the South, though his country was poor and ill-manned compared with the other.

In 1603 when James of Scotland became James I. of England (I speak of Ireland again) a step was taken which was prophetic of the Empire yet to be; two peoples retained their separate parliaments, one not subject to the other but each paramount over its own territory. And each people owed allegiance to the same monarch. They were united by the tie that the same person was their Soverign and claimed fealty alike from both.

For more than a hundred years this partnership went on, the two nations in general living in harmony though having little tiffs (or perhaps big ones) from time to time—till the spectre of a disputed succession arose to frighten both.

The Stewart King had fled upon the arrival of William of Orange; Mary the wife of William soon died without issue and all of Anne's seventeen children had died young (when we read of Queen Anne and smile at her dowdiness and *bourgeois* tastes and manners, how many of us think of the tragedy of a heart-broken mother who had seen the fair flowers of her own garden fade and die one by one?).

James II. was still alive at St. Germains, and even had he been dead, he had a bonny son—the Scot is a queer mixture of sentiment and thrift—and it was quite within the limits of possibility that when the last daughter of James should die, James himself might be proclaimed King of Scotland—or his son James Francis, or his grandson, Charles Edward, more admired and more charming.

And so negotiations began and were carried on which resulted in the abolition of the separate Parliaments, and the formation of the one Parliament for all the Island. This may seem a backward step, and 1707 may appear to be a date of evil omen to "The Empire"—and yet the Union was inevitable if peace were to exist between the two peoples and the same monarch reign over them. In the latter view—that is the certainty of having the same king—is to be found the real significance, as it was the actual *raison d'être* of the Union in Queen Anne's time, two hundred and three years ago.

And so came together in one, these

two kindred peoples, differing in law, in history and to some extent in language and in manners: but one in their determination to be free from all outside control.

Scotland had herself gone through somewhat the same course as her neighbour to the south—the antochthonous troglodyte was there—the predecessor, perchance the progenitor, of the Pict. The Scot came by way of Ireland about the beginning of the sixth century—and these joined hands with the Picts of the Highlands, the Black Picts, and became their leaders and masters, and by their aid vanquished the Fair Picts to the south—until at length in 843 their King, Kenneth McAlpin, Kenneth the Hardy, became King of all North Britain down to the Scots-water or Forth, thenceforward to the end of time to be called Scotland. Many a Saxon found his home in the land—Dane came in and the Norman, in the South.

The man of the south of Scotland, however, were he Pict or Saxon or Norman or Dane, was from the first almost more an enthusiast for Scotland than the original Scot. Long and weary were the struggles between the North and South—the South had not, as in England, a vast superiority in numbers and resources, and the Highlandman did not play to the Lowlander the part of Welshman to Englishman. Nor at length was there a real conquest of the Highlands or of the Lowlands, but rather an agreement to live in peace under one King. Many "Sassenachs" had poured into the south of Scotland before this; and so in 1703 Saxon and Gael in Scotland, and Saxon and Brython in England, after long preparation, joined hands under the last Stewart monarch for a new kingdom — the kingdom of Great Britain. But yet "The Empire" was for away.

Another Isle lay to the west. The early inhabitants of that beautiful land were of the same Celtic stock—many of them at least—as the Celtic people of England. They seem, however, to have been a finer people, more cultured and learned: and Ireland was the land not only of saints but also of scholars. The earlier peoples, however, had not been entirely extirpated and then as now the Celt did not have it all his own way; and it may be that some of the virtues (and they are many) of the Irishman derive from an earlier folk than the Celt—a folk much earlier than the traditional Milesian.

The earlier Plantagenet kings had conquered the Island in a way, and to a certain extent—so had the Scot, for Edward, brother of the Bruce had been king of Ireland after a manner; and an earlier invader, Eochaidh Buidhe, King of Alba, was driven back only after a seven days' battle at Moyra or Magrath in 637; but it was not till Cromwell applied his ruthless policy that it can be fairly said that Ireland as a whole was subdued to the sovereignty of England. The bitterest malediction of the Irish peasant is still after two and a half centuries "the curse of Cromwell on you"—that very great soldier was very thorough in all he undertook and did not always consider the morality of the means he employed.

Ireland went on by the side of the larger Island with her own Parliament indeed, but a Parliament not independent as that of Scotland—it was always an inferior Parliament, at least from the time of the first Tudor King, Henry VII., who by means of Poynings' Laws subjected the Irish Parliament to the English Privy Council But Ireland shared with England change of Crown and dynasty: and King James VI. of Scotland, became King of Ireland as well as King of England and of Scotland—three Parliaments (England and Ireland having each a separate House of Commons and House of Lords, Scotland

having but one chamber), but all three only one King

Even when in 1703, England and Scotland became one Kingdom—the Kingdom of Great Britain—Ireland held aloof; and King George I. was King of the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, of two kingdoms, in addition to wearing the Crown of Hanover.

Into the troubled times in which the Kingdom of Ireland gave up her separate national existence, I do not care to enter: the bitterness caused by the Union of 1800 has not yet lost its force, and the name of Castlereagh is still execrated by many patriotic Irishmen. Before the Union came about, her Parliament had been given full independence: but this independence granted in 1782 did not prevent the Irish independent Parliament voting for Union, seventeen years after.

For more than a hundred years there has been one United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and not three separate kingdoms, or two. But this Kingdom, mighty as it was and is, with a history of glory second to none, is not "The Empire."

The smaller islands of the archipelago were long ago annexed to one or the other part of the largest island and have shared in its history. With legislatures of their own (in most instances), they have played no part in the evolution of the United Kingdom: and, loyal and interesting as they are, they need not here be further considered.

But across the sea, hundreds of years ago, daring Britons made homes, actuated some by hope of gain and some by fear of punishment and some by the desire to worship God in their own way — not, be it remembered, that for the most part they desired religious freedom; what they did desire was not that every man should approach his God and believe in his God as his conscience should dictate, but that they should find a land in which all must worship and believe as they. Colony after colony was founded, and New England arose by the side of New Amsterdam (which becoming English became at the same time New York), and Virginia, and the Carolinas and Georgia and Maryland—Maryland which in advance of the age, actuated by whatever motives, decreed perfect liberty of religion.

Further to the north were New France and Acadia, sparsely peopled by a hardy race—some, fur-hunters and *coureurs de bois* and some fishermen who tempted the wild waves rather than the wild forests and wilder Indians. All this territory whose value was then and for a century thereafter practically unknown, was swept into the lap of Britain; and France bidding farewell to the northern part of the continent, the English settlements to the south were united to the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company (itself chartered a century before) by the fair land of Canada.

Now, at least, one would think we should find "The Empire"—but no—those of the old land had not yet learned that people of our race must govern themselves whether they govern themselves were or ill. This is born in us, is part of our blood—it is of the genius of our race—and the right will never be surrendered but with annihilation. Those of the old land had not yet the true conception of "The Empire." And yet it should not have been difficult for students of history to understand. True, the mighty empires of antiquity could furnish no model—for Assyria and Babylon and Persia and Rome made slaves of their conquests; no one of a conquered race had any rights except those his conqueror gave him; and even these were in no true sense rights, as they might be at pleasure withdrawn or annulled.

The Empires of Austria and Russia were in like manner wholly different

from that which would suit a free-born and free-speaking people —and those of France and Germany and Brazil were yet in the womb of time, even if they could have furnished a satisfactory model, as they could not. But the Holy Roman Empire, successor to the Western Empire of Rome had lived for centuries, composed of constituent, independent States, self-governing and free (as freedom was then understood); and with some modification, it might well have served for the English. But the time was not ripe for true Imperialism; blood must be shed and lessons learnt through suffering as well as through valour before "The Empire" could come to its own.

Unhappily, dissensions arose between the mother country and some of her daughters on this side of the Atlantic—the misunderstandings no doubt were increased by folly on the one side and self-interest on the other. A war ensued, scandalously mismanaged and resulting in unparalleled humiliation—a war as unnecessary as it was deplorable. And the United States of America severed their connection with the rest of the English-speaking peoples.

Slowly but surely arose and grew the true conception of Empire—colony after colony was granted a legislature and at length an executive responsible to the people. The Jeremiahs of the old land wailed that the ties binding the colonies to the mother country were being severed one by one and that soon the daughters setting up house-keeping in a home of their own would wholly repudiate the mother. Fools and blind, who could not comprehend the depth of the devotion, the fervour of the loyalty of the emigrant and his progeny to the land of his origin—could not see that the self-respecting daughter governing her own, would more understand and love the old mother than if she were subject to dictation at every step, and humiliated in her own eyes at every turn. But the experiment has succeeded, and not only Canada, but Newfoundland and Australia and New Zealand and South Africa have been granted Home Rule so far as that is consistent with their remaining part of the British Dominions.

And now we see "The Empire" nearly full-grown.

A strong central government seated in the capital of the Empire (which is also the capital of the World), in whose hands is the power to veto any legislation passed anywhere in the British world—throughout this world are governments each vested with the power and duty to govern some particular part of it — their acts are subject to the scrutiny of the British in that portion, and the Government must satisfy that people. To prevent by inadvertence, ignorance or design interference with the the good of the Empire at large, the supervising power is still vested in the mother land. But she never interferes, satisfied that her daughters are doing what they conceive to be best for themselves and for her and her other children.

The one tie which binds the whole Empire together is the King—God bless him. The King is not only the object of our heartfelt devotion, he is part of every legislature throughout the British world, and every administrative Act is done in his name. He is, in theory, in every Court of Justice, and it is under his commissions that the officers of the Canadian Army, Navy and Militia act.

And this to me is the true conception of "The Empire"—a King to unite the loyalty of all, a strong central government to watch over the interests of all and a local government to administer to the satisfaction of the British of each part of His Ma-

jesty's Dominions, the affairs of that part.

It may, indeed, be decreed that there is to be a still further division of government—unless the signs fail and the political prophets are in error, it is not impossible that the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is to be dissolved into its original three kingdoms, thus carrying out the advice of Sir John A. Macdonald, the first Prime Minister of Canada. I am not giving an opinion as to the wisdom of the proposed step—that is to be decided by those of both sides of politics in the old land. But if local legislatures are granted to England, Ireland and Scotland, it can never be that these will be supreme any more than the Parliament of Canada is supreme. There must remain somewhere some body, Parliamentary or otherwise, which shall have the power of protecting the interest of the whole British people, considering and dealing with the British people as a whole.

If the example of Canada is followed (as Sir John A. Macdonald advised) there will be a Parliament at Westminster whose authority will correspond to the authority of our own Parliament at Ottawa, and parliaments or legislatures at London, Edinburgh and Dublin (perhaps at Cardiff or Carnarvon also), whose authority will be similar to that of our Legislatures at Toronto and Quebec.

It may be that in the Imperial Parliament there will be—and if logic prevailed there would be—representatives from all parts of the British Empire to consult with their brethern on what concerns the British world at large, and not simply England, Ireland and Scotland. But we are not a logical race; while the Frenchman will fight and die for an idea, the Briton is satisfied with something that will work; and logic may be—as with us it generally is—set aside, and convenience alone consulted.

Any such devolution of power by the central Parliament would be just carrying out the idea of Empire, which I have been endeavouring to lay before you; and while the lovers of all that is old may mourn, it will not be at all destructive of anything really worth retaining.

So far as concerns our self-government, I do not think there is any real sentiment, much less movement toward at all letting go of that. You will hear and read speeches and articles which seem to indicate that the speaker or writer is advocating some relaxation upon the hold we have upon the government of our own country; but I venture to think that there is no fear of any politician — much less statesman—finding his account in any real diminution of the rights which we enjoy.

As to British unity, that I think is equally secure.

Plato says that nothing is so cruel as patriotism.

When Athenians with wives and children had crossed the Strait to the Isle of Salamis to avoid the Persian invader, and saw from the rocky cliffs of that island, the frail wooden walls go up in flames, walls placed by those who thought they could interpret better than Themistocles, the saying of the Pythian priestess, that Athens would be saved by wooden walls—and who, rejecting the common sense interpretation of their general, relied upon the strict letter of the utterance of the inspired prophetess, and thought that when the god said "wooden walls" he meant "wooden walls" and not "wooden ships."

And temple and fane were demolished, the foot of the barbarian trod the Pnyx and was placed even upon the sacred Bema—the olive trees were hewed down and even that sacred tree planted by Pallas Athene herself became a prey to the flames.

One man, crazed by the loss of all he possessed, and losing faith in the

protection of the goddess, who seemed helpless to save even her own temple and tree, suggested that the Athenians should submit to the Persian, and so buy peace and security. He was slain by his angered countrymen—and the women burning with patriotism, stoned to death his wife, while the children killed his children. Nothing but patriotism could have so infuriated these women as to cause them to slaughter an innocent sister who had no act or part in her husband's treason. Patriotism is always cruel—and often unjust.

In these days we do not perhaps kill those whose opinions differ from our own; but patriotism is still cruel and often unjust. It was once the custom to charge a political opponent with all sorts of villainies; and naturally treason, open or veiled, was among them. About a year ago, addressing the Canadian Society of New York, I made use of the following language, which I venture to hope is substantially true:

"There is no fear or hope (put it each one as he will) that Canada will ever form part of the American Union — there must be two, not one, great English-speaking nations upon this continent. Nor do I think that ever we will cease to belong to the British Empire.

"Canada, unless all our history prove misleading and the future wholly belie the past, must continue a part of that nation upon whose flag the sun never sets. Daniel Webster nearly seventy years ago spoke of that Empire even then as 'a power to which Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared—a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe her possessions and military posts, whose morning drumbeat following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.' And since then what an advance!

"Whether, indeed, we shall continue to be in a manner apart from the stream of world-politics, leaving international relations largely in the hands of our brethren across the sea—or whether we shall enter into a closer relationship with our fellow-subjects in the British Isles and so with those in the other Dominions and Commonwealth under the same flag, thereby ceasing to occupy the position of daughter and taking that rather of sister, is upon the knees of the gods—or rather of God.

It may be that there are doubts—honest doubts — and fears — honest fears — in the minds of some as to the loyalty of brother or sister Canadian. If so, let each one search his heart and see if it be not the cruelty of patriotism, sincere patriotism as it may be, that leads him to doubt his fellow. To build up a great country we must be united; to be united, we must have faith one in the other, and that faith must be based upon confidence in the truth and loyalty of political opponent as well as political friend.

When we doubt another, let us try to get his point of view and without political prejudice or political bitterness, try to see if his viewpoint is not also that of a sincere patriot, differ as it may from our own. Let patriotism not be unjust, even though it must always be cruel; and justice being done to all, I have the fullest confidence that all Canadians—the exceptions will be trifling and of no importance either in number or weight—will be found true, not only to self-government but also British Union.

SCENE FROM "POMANDER WALK," A CHARMING ROMANTIC COMEDY OF GEORGIAN DAYS, BY LOUIS N. PARKER

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

Pomander Walk. Where is it? Understand,
Out Chiswick way—not far from Fairy land.

"POMANDER WALK" is the most delightful way the theatrical world has taken since, say, "Peter Pan" or "What Every Woman Knows." Not that "Pomander Walk" bears any likeness to either of these, except in a certain fairy-book quality, a certain quaint, indefinable charm, a fellow feeling, it discloses between Barrie and Parker for the unreal and yet very real world of romance, which every heart that has ever been human has tucked away somewhere among the lavender and laces, turning to it a fleeting thought whenever the sterner facts of what we are pleased to call actual life can be forgotten.

The physical features of "Pomander Walk," as the prologue describes them, are six little Georgian houses all in a row; six little gardens only eight feet wide, two little oil lamps shedding little light and only kindled on a moonless night, and a summer-house so placed that it may mask strange going-on, strange plottings and contrivings, quarrels, reconciliations, wooings, wivings. Its principal characters are a bluff old sea admiral and confirmed bachelor who fought under Nelson, but is obliged at last to haul down his colours to the widow next

door; a masquerading coxcomb who bears a hyphenated name and professes terms of intimacy with the Prince and his set, but turns out to be an ex-butler and official toastmaster at civic gatherings; a young fiddler who is learning some new music, just composed by a young Beethoven; a fossilised clergyman and antiquarian; and, last but not least, a charming widow and daughter. There is still another character, the coxcomb's wife, who, for a very delicate reason disclosed later, never appears. And perhaps the most amusing passages in the comedy are those between this temporarily invalided wife and the occasionally condescending husband, who at such times sits at her bedroom window and, single-handed, discloses the whole domestic picture within.

Taking up the thread of the main

ALICE WILSON MRS. SAM SOTHERN CHARLOTTE GRANVILLE
SCENE FROM "WE CAN'T BE AS BAD

story, the widow turns out to be the *Lucy Prior* of former days, whom *John Sayle* (Tenth Baron Otford) had once wooed and forsaken but never quite forgot. The story all comes out when, twenty years later, the son of *John Sayle* comes to woo *Lucy's* daughter. For quite different reasons both parents are trying to keep the young lovers apart; the father because he has other prospects for his son and heir, the widow lest her daughter find a lifelong sorrow like her own. The tale ends, of course, as every fairy-tale should, with the re-uniting of the old loves and their unqualified blessing on the youngsters. In fact, wedding bells by this time are ringing from end to end of "Pomander Walk." The admiral's surrender we have already noted. The fiddler has stopped playing Beethoven

KATE PHILLIPS EDWARD BONFIELD WILLIAM HAWTREY
"AS ALL THAT," HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S NEW PLAY

to woo his landlady's not unwilling daughter. *Lucy Prior* marries her old sweetheart, and *Lucy's* daughter her sweetheart's son. And, amid this general rejoicing comes news from the bedroom window of a boy, where before had been only girls, and the happiness of the "Walk" is complete.

But neither the tale nor the telling can convey any suggestion of the charm, the poetic fancy or the human quality that underlie Mr. Parker's play. It is the most refreshing note the season has struck, and, what is equally satisfactory to contemplate, one of the most successful. An English company realises perfectly the illusion of atmosphere on which so much depends, and in one or two of the male parts particularly—that of George Giddens as the Admiral and Lennox Paule as the ex-butler—we have character acting of a very high order.

It would be pleasant to share the hopeful tone of the title of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy in writing of the comedy itself, "We Can't Be As Bad As All That." But candor compels otherwise. Even the indefinite Meredithean quantity "as all that," which, under ordinary circumstances might afford a slender foothold for a new aspirant in the field of play-writing, must be denied a dramatist who confesses to his seventieth offence with this. The sanguine title as everyone knows is supposed to be society's vacuous retort to the author's exposure of its sins. The more likely retort, however, would be, "very nawsty, but not in our clawss, you know." And we should be obliged to admit its fairness. For the middle-class point of view of Mr. Jones's preachment is unmistakable. Mr. Jones is a typical *bourgeois*, as one critic observes, left over from the mid-Victorian era, and he arraigns society in pretty much the terms of the middle-class non-conforming clergyman.

The setting of Mr. Jones's play is an English country house in which he has assembled as guests and otherwise as mean a lot as high-life or low ever produced. There are noble exceptions, of course. A conventional stage heroine is provided in the person of a charming widow and a stage hero in the person of a reluctant title-holder just home from roughing it in America, where, it is presumed, he has learned a sense of values. Accompanying the widow is a sixteen—(or is it seventeen?) year-old girl whose guardian she is, and whom she is immediately concerned to save from an unscrupulous younger brother of her hostess. Dramatic interest is divided between these efforts and the course of her own love story, which, as in the convential pattern, does not run smoothly. The charming widow it develops has had a bit of personal history, and with true dramatic coincidence, that history happens to be interwoven with the fate of the hero's old friend. Thanks to the palliating virtues of love, however, this proves a temporary obstacle only, and with the theft of a pearl necklace to expose the perfidy of the blackguard aspirant to the young girl's millions, the dramatic stream begins to murmur its way out to sea and to happiness. There are many bright spots in the play, some clever lines, and some excellent character drawing, but the dramatic interest is far from absorbing. An all-English company supply the proper illusion of atmosphere, but, except in one or two instances, the acting lacks special distinction.

Translations of French plays have been singularly unfortunate this season, and in "The Foolish Virgin" Mr. Froham once more falls a victim to misguided enterprise. "La Vierge Folle," the play of Mr. Henry Bataille, provided Paris with a genuine sensation, and it was natural enough to suppose would awaken some responsive thrills in an American audience.

BLANCHE BATES AND BRUCE McRAE, IN "NOBODY'S WIDOW"

Success also seemed practically assured when it was announced that Mrs. Patrick Campbell had been engaged for the leading rôle. The story deals with an intrigue between the husband of Madame Armaury and a spirited, headstrong young girl of eighteen. Special interest lies in the attitude of Madame Armaury toward the eloping pair wherein is disclosed a certain decadent philosophy now in vogue among Parisians. At first move to make common cause with the girl's family to avenge their common wrong, she later becomes disgusted with their egotism and selfish indifference to her own suffering and turns her husband's protector, saving him eventually from the avenging brother's pistol. There are some very effective theatrical situations, and a few moments of real dramatic insight, but both the poetry and the philosophic flavour that made the piece popular in the original seem to have been abstracted in the Anglicised version. One pleasure at least "The Foolish Virgin" brought, that of renewing our acquaintance with an actress of the breadth and authority of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, although, compared with other rôles which she has made famous, that of Madame Armaury seemed hopelessly inadequate to her abilities.

ETHEL BARRYMORE (LEFT SIDE) AND CONSTANCE COLLIER, IN A REVIVAL OF PINERO'S COMEDY "TREWLAWNEY OF THE WELLS"

MISS CHRISTIE MACDONALD, IN A NEW COMIC OPERA, "THE SPRING MAID"

For a beer product *Suzanne* (heroine of a play of that title, adapted from the German, by C. Haddon Chambers), in the person of Miss Billie Burke, is a very sweet and very charming specimen of womankind. She plays the good fairy in her father's brewery office and proves a very angel of peace in the little storms which brew about the domestic hearth. Notwithstanding her apparent indispensibility at both ends, however, the wealthy provincial brewer and his wife are bent on marrying their daughter to the son of an equally distinguished fellow-townsman, and the course of the comedy is chiefly directed towards these efforts. *Suzanne's* heart, unfortunately for their plans, inclines toward the good-looking book-keeper with a cultivated French manner in her father's office, and of course a way is found eventually to drop the family favourite for hers. The comedy, rather thin for the most part, is enlivened by the excellent character work of Mr. George W. Anson as the good-hearted but irascible brewer, and some lifelike scenes of harmless family bickering, in which the rough brewer and his tart spouse are constantly engaging. Miss Billie Burke's charms are undeniable, and as she always keeps within her acting limitations, she is in-

MISS MAUD ADAMS, AS THE COCK IN "CHANTECLER"

variably delightful and very effective.

"The Imposter" holds a poignant situation, and Miss Annie Russell, a most agreeably finished actress, plays the part with every appreciation of its poignancy. The play has also a sociological interest in bringing to our attention, among other things, the difficulties confronting a refined woman suddenly thrown on the world on her own resources. The heroine of the story, after wandering the streets all night, seeks the loan of a soverign from a passing stranger. He brings her into his apartment, gives her refreshment, and in a moment of confidence insults her. Then a cackling neighbour enters, and to avoid scandal he introduces the stranger as his sister-in-law. Before she can make her escape, his relatives pounce upon her and over her protest, force a week's hospitality upon her. Meanwhile her benefactor has returned from Paris, and the fat is in the fire. She is denounced as an impostor and is about to be bundled ignominiously into the streets, when a son, Blake, just home from Canada, intervenes in her behalf. The curtain finally goes down on the prospect of domestic happiness on a Manitoba homestead, in a log cabin big enough for two—a solution which will no doubt receive the hearty endorsement of the Canadian commissioner of immigration. Unfortunately, the story is not very entertaining, and with the exception of Miss Russell, who gives a very finished performance, its acting was uniformly bad.

"Over Night," by a new author, Phillip H. Bartholemae, is the latest addition to the long line of farces that have dominated the present theatrical season. It relates the adventures of a quartet of new-weds married from the same town on the same morning and, by a combination of circumstances, divided into unrelated halves at the moment of embarking on their honeymoon. The weaker halves are left to continue the boat trip together, and the lack of initiative leads to many amusing complications. They are overtaken the next morning at a wayside inn by their respective lawful partners, and after a good deal of explanation, a re-assortment brings about the happiness of all.

"Nobody's Widow," by Avery Hopwood, aptly described by its author as a farcical romance, is an example of American comedy at its finest. Not in a long time, certainly not since Langdon Mitchell's social satire, "The New York Idea," have we had a comedy owning to American authorship possessing the same agreeable qualities of refinement, either in construction or handling of theme. Sparkling wit, sprightly humour, subtlety and light gaiety, with an occasional note of tenderness, especially in the final scene, are distinguishing features of "Nobody's Widow." One or two critics have gone so far as to compare it not unfavourably with "The Importance of Being Earnest," a comparison which is perhaps more successful in proving the scarcity of home-product in work of this standard than anything else. Excellent as Mr. Hopwood's comedy is, it still lacks the literary radiance that Oscar Wilde was able to shed over all his work, and while the humour of the situation and some of the repartee are equal to the English masterpiece, there are occasional lapses that show the American artist still in the making. The romance of *Roxana*, an American lady, began with her sudden marriage to an Englishman while travelling abroad. Half an hour after the ceremony she discovers him kissing an old sweetheart "good-bye," so she promptly leaves him. To avoid humiliating confessions to her friends at home, she writes that her husband is dead. The action begins with her return six months later, in widow's weeds, to her friends at Palm Beach, where her "deceased" husband, who

has kept track of her movements, is on hand to meet her. Fortunately for the little fiction she has invented, the husband has since succeeded to his title and is known by her friends only as the *Duke of Moreland*. As the duke he also sets about to win back his widow's affections. He succeeds at the end of a week, and then, by a combination of circumstances known to the audience but not to *Roxana*, the scene of his former undoing is re-enacted. This gives an interesting turn to the action, before the course of their love is finally made to run smoothly. Much credit is due to the really brilliant staging of the comedy, and especially to the acting of Miss Blanche Bates in the rôle of the fictitious widow. We have seen Miss Bates heretofore in semi-lurid melodrama in strong emotional appeals, but in "Nobody's Widow" we she her a graceful, refined comedienne, with a charm and a subtlety of acting method we had not before suspected. Mr. Bruce McRae, always a refined, agreeable actor, also does excellent work in the bouyant rôle of the *Duke of Moreland*. No better acting has been seen here this winter than these two provide, and the mounting of the piece is in Mr. Belasco's best taste.

In spite of some absurd faults, "The Havoc," a new play by H. S. Sheldon, is not to be dismissed lightly. The author shows serious dramatic purpose, and at times considerable power for dramatic expression. Strong personal bias, however, and a contempt for certain current doctrines of individualism as they are applied to the question of marriage have led him into strange excesses and a hopeless disproportion in character drawing, that mar his structure. Either he was not sure of his ability to expose the arguments of the "individualists," or the temptation to substitute theatrical situations proved too strong. Or, it may be the author's personal conviction that those who would destroy our domestic gods are gamblers, tipplers and embezzlers in the making. And then again, and to be entirely fair, still another supposition is possible. It may be that the "philosophy" so called, was made part of the premise from a sense of chivalry to the lady, intending that we should thereafter follow his own example and ignore it. Colour is lent to this theory from the fact that his "philosopher" gets no further than a novel entitled "The Fall of Nora," before the wife falls a victim to his creed. That we should be asked therefore to seriously regard his doctrines as a factor in the situation, or the play as an exposure of their fallacies, would be a failure to take our intelligence into account. The situation is brought about by the monumental selfishness of a man whom the author proves to be wholly despicable from start to finish, and without a single redeeming virtue. The play must consequently be considered, if entitled to consideration at all, without reference to philosophy and as a conflict merely of character and ideals. There are three characters in the play —the husband, the wife, and a lodger. The husband is absorbed in his work, and the lodger, although his professed friend, takes advantage of this absorption to secretly make love to the wife. When the husband discovers their infidelity the lover at once invokes the higher moral law and incidentally condemns loveless wedlock. The husband magnanimously accepts the situation and the philosophy, and after due process of law, changes places with the lodger. With the tables turned, creeds go by the board, and when we come upon the family again a year later, a vast change has come over both men. The wife remarks it, though of course no reflection on the matrimonial state is implied in the remark. She is as unconscious of its humour as the author

The new husband has become a tippler, gambler and out and out "rotter," and, forgetting his old doctrines, is consumed with jealousy and suspicion over the first husband's presence. The next act discloses him as an absconding embezzler, and the wife occuping a position as the first husband's stenographer in an endeavour to pay back the shortage. As *John Craig,* the first husband, Mr. Miller is admirable and by his mental grasp, sincerity and firm technique, succeeds in giving the part a vivid sense of reality. His portrait of the saturnine husband, drawn with a grim, sardonic humour and strength to wait with apparent equanimity the time when a vengence more powerful than his own should be visited on the offenders, was one of the most artistic and powerful we have seen. Along with the grim, penetrating cynicism, there are also glimpses of tenderness that round out the figure completely. Francis Byrne, in the difficult, thankless part of the interloper, also did splendid work; while Miss Laura Hope Crews, heretofore seen mostly in comedy, in the rôle of the wife, proved what a splendidly versatile actress she is. The scene where her infidelity is discovered by her husband and in the final scene where she pleads with him to spare the miscreant for the sake of her child were intensely realistic and poignant. It is a long time since we have had better acting than this trio gave us.

In the field of Comic Opera we have been singularly fortunate this season. Mr. Hammerstein bringing into this lowlier realm the standards and traditions of his recent grand opera enterprises, gave us early in the season a magnificent production of "Hans the Flute Player." This was followed later by an equally high artistic enterprise, "Naughty Marietta," one of the current successful attractions with the dainty Madame Trentini in the title rôle. And now, brightest and best of all, comes "The Spring Maid," a lovely tuneful opera owning to German authorship, with Miss Christie Macdonald in the stellar part. And let the heart of Canada be glad. The fairest and most beloved star in the whole comic opera firmament at this moment is this charming Nova Scotia girl. All Broadway is at her feet and Broadway never had a better, lovelier, purer shrine at which to make its devotions. Her song has the sweetness and exaltation of the lark; her personality, the elusive fragrance of a spring flower: her acting, a freedom of grace and spontaneous gaiety seldom seen on the musical stage. From the toss of her curls to the tips of her dainty toes, she is an artist of refinement, grace and conspicuous talent. Born at Pictou, of Scottish-Canadian stock, and brought up in an atmosphere of the rugged piety peculiar to that stock this little singer has become through one of the splendid ironies of life, Canada's fairest and best gift to the world of mirth and melody. But into that world she has also brought the sweet wholesomeness of her heritage, the gladness and joy of the hills that heard her laughter in girlhood. Both "The Spring Maid" and the Nova Scotia maiden remind us once more that this form of theatrical entertainment does not necessarily depend for interest on the leer or the suggestion. Both are as pure and undefiled as the springs of Carlsbad where the scenes are laid and their waters of joy just as healing. And no opera of recent date has so successfully sung its way into the hearts of the people.

At the moment of writing, "Chantecler" is the cock of the theatrical walk. Rostand's beautiful poetical comedy, translated by Louis N. Parker, has finally reached the English stage. "Chantecler" was first produced in Paris two years ago, after many delays and postponements, beginning with the death of M. Coquelin, for whom the part was originally plan-

ned. Mr. Charles Frohman is responsible for the American production, and part of this responsibility he has discharged admirably. The staging and spectacular features are worthy of highest praise. The farmyard scene, with which it opens, and the kitchen garden scene, where the guinea-hen holds five-o'clock tea, are delightfully realistic. So are the forest scenes, where *Chantecler* has his morning of triumph and where he later meets defeat and humiliation. Unfortunately, one cannot speak in the same high terms of the rendering of the comedy itself. The casting is not distinguished in any one instance, and adequate in only one or two. Miss Maude Adams as *Chantecler* is engaging and charming and in the great dawn scene gave some hint of its glory and poetic rapture. But she is not the *Chantecler* of Rostand. Fine feathers may make fine birds, but it does not follow that male feathers make male birds. Rostand has undertaken to satirise certain masculine assumptions, and for that purpose chooses as the one perfect symbol of conventional masculinity the cock. In "Chantecler" the male is exalted, made almost blatant, and the entire comedy rests on the proper emphasis of that quality. *Chantecler*, with characteristic male impertinance, believes that his crowing causes the sun to rise, and he also has the authority to impose that belief upon others. He eventually learns the truth, and suffers a moment of keen humiliation and despair. But while forced to take a humbler view of his task in the end, he nevertheless still realises the importance of his work, and, realising it, has the strength to sacrifice love for it. It is this note of male strength and authority that is so utterly lacking in Miss Adams's characterisation. She is graceful, appealing and charming, and into the gentler love passages breathes a tender, exquisite passion. Intellectually she has compassed its demands and has every appreciation both of its philosophy and of its poetic qualities. But her vocal and physical limitations never permit her to rise to its larger demands. Miss May Blaney as the *Hen-pheasant* acts delightfully and makes a beautiful picture, and Mr. Arthur Byron, as *Patou*, gave a most sympathetic reading of the poetic lines.

Two recent important offerings—an admirable social satire "The Faun," by Edward Knoblauch, with William Faversham in the leading rôle, and Percy Mackaye's fantastic comedy, "The Scarecrow,"—for lack of time and space will have to be included in our next review.

THE STORY OF A LOVE

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES"

The June Night

MOONLIGHT must have an intoxicating quality. It is a fine, airy, silver wine, such as fairies may drink at their revels, unharmed of it. But when a mere mortal sips it, it straightway mounts to his brain and loosens all his old fair dreams and visions, to the undoing of his daylight common sense. To-night I feel that I dwell in a world of beauty and love, ruler by right of heirship and possession—a world shaped out of the moonlight and my sweetest fancies, and therefore a world wherein I may think of her, without doing violence to the sacredness of the thought of her.

I walk in the alleys of this old garden. The moonlight is lying on the grass, and a little invisible wind is tiptoeing all over it. All about me are roses, like sweet old songs set to flowering—roses white enough to lie in her bosom and red enough to star the soft dark cloud of her hair. It was among the roses I first saw her, in that other old garden adjoining mine, just beyond the box hedge.

To-day two women asked me if I had ever really loved. One of them was a woman of the world who should have known better, and to her I made answer accordingly:

"Madam, a poet, such as you are good enough to term me, little as I deserve the name, should not love one woman personally because he loves all impersonally; your sex is to him a beautiful enigma, whose meaning he must ever seek and never find; and until he does find it he should not bind down his quest to the pursuit of one."

She smiled as if she did not believe me, which was no more than I deserved, since I did not believe myself; but she asked no more questions.

The other woman was a mere child, tiptoeing wistfully on the brink of her birthright, and her question was that of a child who has not learned that it is unfitting to be curious. I honoured her just departing childhood with its meed of sincerity:

"I have loved, and love still, and shall always love," I said gravely. And she, too, smiled as if she did not believe me. Yet I had told her the simple truth.

Here, in this wondrous white moonlight, I realise how truly I spoke. I love with a love too fine and untainted to be put into words; it should be put only into the most reverent thoughts. It is my delight so to think of Averil.

She is a woman now. She was a child when I saw her. Yet I do not think of her as a child. My love has kept pace with her unseen growth, in that land across the sea, walking into womanhood. It is as woman I think of her; as woman I shall meet her when our meeting comes, as come it must and will. Love must fulfil its own prophecy, and all that is my own shall come to me in the ripeness of time. I would not hasten it or rush impatiently to meet it.

Yet I have wooed her in my poems. I do not know if she has read them; but if she has she must know that I love here. She must know that I wrote them because of her and by inspiration of her; that I have crowned her my queen of song. Some day I hope to hear her tell me that she has understood. It is twelve years since I saw her. I was a boy of twenty then, a shy, awkward youth, knowing nothing of the real world, but much of the world of dream and fancy, with a heart virgin of any woman's image and lips virgin of any woman's kiss.

I had been wandering one evening in this garden and I had come to the box hedge that formed its boundary. There was a little gap in it where a footpath ran into the garden of our neighbour, and, standing there, I saw her wonderful face, turned upward to the sunset.

She was a child in everything save her eyes; only ten sweet years had gone to the making of her. The slender little figure, the thick braid of dark hair, the delicate brows, the parted, dimpled mouth—these were of a child. But her eyes, her glorious eyes, were a woman's eyes—the woman who was mine, with all their prophecy of the the one whom I was to love, nay, whom I loved then, although knowing eyes, full of sweetness and graciousness and dream, foretold of her.

I knew the child must be Averil Sidney, the daughter of our neighbour. He was a man who preferred life abroad and lived there for the most part, leaving his estate to the mercy of housekeepers and stewards. His wife had died early in their married life, and her little daughter was brought up by her sister. Cecil Sidney was home for a brief sojourn; Averil had come to visit him; and I had met her thus in the rose garden.

She looked at me gravely, smilelessly, yet her whole expression was a smile, and there was sweet, beguiling laughter in her eyes. I, who had always loved children, and been at ease with them, found myself shamefaced and shy in her presence. Perhaps she saw my confusion. Those eyes must have read my very heart, for she broke a white, half-opened rose from its bush and held it out to me. I took it as wordlessly as she offered it; then someone in the house called to her, and she was gone. But at the curve of the walk she paused for a moment and looked back, with a little gesture of good-bye.

I have never seen her since; but tidings of her have drifted to me every year. I knew when she went abroad to join her father. They have lived in Europe for the past six years. All this time she must have been growing into the promise of her eyes; and my love has grown with her. It has consecrated every word I have written. My critics have tried to dissect my poems and find therein that "strange, elusive soul of love," which, they declare, animates them. Then they cannot find it. It is in her keeping, and can be made incarnate only in her loveliness.

I have heard that she is very beautiful; yet I have felt no jealousy, no fear of other men. She is not for any other; she belongs to me. I have the key of her heart, and it must remain a fair and tenantless chamber until I may enter it as an inheritance.

THE JULY NIGHT

I walk again in the moonlight. It is calm, like an untroubled silver sea, bearing softly on its breast a fleet of poppies; for the roses have gone, and the poppies have taken their places. But I cannot share the calm of the moonlight. I am shaken—tossed about with hope and fear.

I have heard to-day that Averial and her father are coming home. I shall see her again. But what shall I see? The Averil of my dreams, or another?

All my certainty has gone. I am dis-

tracted with doubts. Have I deceived myself all these years? Have I given myself over to the bequilement of a vain dream, and is the moment of a miserable awakening near? Perhaps Averil, the woman, has not fulfilled the promise of Averil, the child. I fear—I dread to meet her. If she be not *my* Averil, how shall I bear it? I shall have wasted my love and lavished my soul on a mere creation

What do I know of her? Nothing, save that as a child she seemed to me the unfolded bloom for me alone. A poet's vain ideal, perhaps, destined to be shattered by contact with the real. She may be beautiful, but her beauty will be nothing to me if it is not the beauty I have dreamed of and worshipped.

What if, when we meet, her eyes express only a girl's coquetry or a stranger's indifference? I cannot, I will not believe it possible. Yet I shall dwell till our meeting in miserable suspense and doubt, which yet I shall shrink from exchanging for a still more miserable certainty.

How the poppies dance in the moonlight; the light-hearted, silken coquettes! I love them not. Yet if she should be like them, instead of If she should be a beautiful and scentless flower? Nay, it is impossible. I shall have faith in those remembered eyes.

THE AUGUST NIGHT

It is the time of lilies. To-night they are holding up their chalices of gold and crimson and frosty white to be filled with the moonshine. Now and then the air is sweet with their breath, as if the angels walked invisibly in this garden and swung censers of perfume in their hands.

I love the lilies, but I love the roses better. And she, my love, is like the white rose.

Last night the old house in the next garden blazed with light. I knew that this betokened the coming of Averil and her father. This morning I rose at sunrise and went for a walk, seeking calmness wherewith to face this day of destiny. I thought myself alone in a young world, but as I went down a wooded hill, all green with pines and breasting the east, I saw a girl at the curve of the path, looking down the long, dewy valley, abloom with the sunrise. Its light was all about and around her, smiting her bared dark head with a glory of delicate rays. As I drew near she turned and I knew her—Averil, my Averil, the Averil of my dreams and love! How fair, how very fair she was! And her eyes were unchanged, for they could not be more lovely than they had always been, nor could they be less.

"Averil," I said, helplessly, foolishly, like a boy.

She held out her hand to me simply and joyfully.

"It is Paul. I am glad to see you. Why did you not come to welcome us home last night?"

"I was afraid to," I said. "Averil, do you remember our first—our last meeting years ago in the rose garden?"

"I remember," she said a beautiful flush coming into her face.

"I feared to meet you again lest you had forgotten," I said "Because I have never forgotten, Averil."

"I thought, from your poems, that you remembered" she answered.

We walked home together over the pine path and the hill, and talked of many things such as all the world might have listened to. But underneath this commonplaceness was a gladness and a joy that spoke in tone and eye and smile.

Therefore to-night I walk in the moonlight companioned with happiness. Beyond, in that other garden, Averil waits. And I go [illegible] in her

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND

BY JOHN MACLEAN

THE songs of Scotland are sung wherever the sons of the heather foregather, yet they are not confined in their popularity to the country north of the Tweed, nor do they belong solely to the heirs of Caledonia, for they have become a common heritage of the peasant folk all over the world.

One of the sweetest singers of any age was Robert Tannahill, of sacred and pathetic memory, whose "Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane," and "Gloomy Winter's noo Awa" leave a lingering sadness which strains the heart. James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," a quaint genius, the friend of the Master of Abbotsford, and "Christopher North," gave us among other songs, "When the Kye Comes Hame," and "Come O'er the Stream, Charlie."

Lady Anne Barnard took an old air, which she heard sung frequently to a vulgar song, and composed for it the plaintive and popular ballad "Auld Robin Gray," the secret of the authorship being kept by her for the long period of fifty years. Few have earned more lasting gratitude for the sweetness of her songs than Lady Nairn, the lovely Jacobite, whose political leanings are seen in "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" and "Will Ye No Come Back Again?" Her memory is held in reverence by "The Land o' the Leal," "Caller Herrin'," and "The Laird o' Cockpen." Christopher North and Canada are linked together in "The Canadian Boat Song," which was sung in Gaelic by some Highland oarsmen as they rowed down the Saint Lawrence, and a translation was sent to the famous wit, who read it at a meeting of the gay company, and it afterwards appeared in "*Noctes Ambrosianæ.*"

Of individual songs which have made their composers famous, though we seldom hear their names mentioned, there is Douglas' "Annie Laurie," Boswell's "Jenny's Bawbee," and Riddell's "Scotland Yet."

When we speak of the songs of Scotland, there comes forth *Joseph* among all the song writers, to whom his brethren gladly rendered obeisance, in the genial presence of Robert Burns. In his moods of inspiration he sang of "Highland Mary," "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon" and "Comin' Through the Rye," while in calmer moments he hummed an old tune, until his soul was stirred into a fine frenzy of passion, and then there came on the wings of the wind, "Scots Wha Hae," "Auld Lang Syne," and many other songs of the heart, born of genius cradled in a lowly cot.

The song writers of Scotland, being true representatives of the people, could not fail in portraying the national characteristics, and the spirit of the songs naturally affected those to whom they were addressed. Being poor folk, they sang about the common events of every day life, and the lives of the peasants. Ploughmen and shepherds, gardeners and weavers, tinkers and shoemakers, and even strolling beggars have enriched the literature of Scotland with songs and ballads, and the whole land from

the north country and the isles to the borders is as musical with the voice of song as it is loud with torrents and waterfalls. Popular songs are always songs of the heart. The songs of Burns and Tannahill and the Ettrick Shepherd are spontaneous effusions of the soul.

Songs of love and war are closely associated with one another, as the tender passion is found side by side with the human instinct to fight. When genius cannot go to war, it will simulate the savage passion of the hero and go forth to slaughter, and when it cannot love, it will assume the rôle of lover, and sing in despair of some imaginary "Auld Robin Gray," or lead us along the "Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond." Scotland is vocal with tradition, every rock and castle, every grove and grassy knoll, and every glen and hill has its historical associations, and these are perpetuated in ballad, legend and song.

Scenes from domestic life, as the bliss of marriage, and the happiness of home, form the subjects of many songs, of which "She is a Winsome Wee Thing," and "There's Nae Luck Aboot the Hoose" are good examples. Even the shrew at home has not been forgotten, for there are songs in which the obstreperous woman is carried away by Satan, with the consent of her husband, only to be returned, as she made hell a perfect Bedlam by her presence, and even the master of the infernal regions himself could not dwell there.

The marvellous sweetness of the melodies, to which in many instances the words of the songs have been wedded, is one of the secrets of the power of the Scottish songs. Whence came the tender pathos of olden tunes which bring tears to the eyes or the passionate outbursts of music which stir the soul to its lowest depths we do not know. Some ancient minstrel from far off mountain height, or secluded in a dark and lonely dell, has caught an inspiration, and transformed it into an undying melody. Down the centuries these strange and ever new and soul-stirring tunes have travelled and have passed from one singer to another, until the echoes have been heard in castle hall and lowly cottage, and then some noble song writers have caught a vision in the music and preserved to posterity the immortal melodies in words that will not die.

Many of the popular songs of Ireland and Scotland were composed to music already in existence. The musical quality of Moore's songs is partly due to the fact that he was accustomed to sing them himself, and, as he wrote them, tried their adaptation to his voice. He was accustomed to play an old air on his piano over and over, till he became thoroughly imbued with its spirit, and then the music suggested the subject. In this way the noise and the confusion original with the music of "The Carnival of Venice" was changed into the quiet of "Row Gently Here My Gondolier." He was greatly indebted to the delightful old Irish airs, for which his verses were composed. He had a true ear for music, and had mastered the secret of song writing.

Burns seized upon many of the old Scotch melodies and wrote his songs under their inspiration. Some of his songs seem to sing themselves, as "Ae Fond Kiss, and Then We Sever," and "My Love is Like the Red, Red Rose." "Scots Wha Hae" was once the slogan "Hey Tattay, Tatty," to which the Scotch fought at Bannockburn, and the measured beat of the drum is still recognisable in it. A slight change in the music sometimes transforms a pathetic melody into a martial strain, producing effects entirely at variance with each other, of which there are some notable instances, as when "Scots Wha Hae" is written above the staff, and "The Land o' the Leal" below the staff, it will be seen that these two songs are adapted to the same melody. A striking instance with similar effect may be

nected in the music of "His Soul Goes Marching On," which serves for the wild Bacchanalian ditty, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

There are some persons, and they are not a few, who, while their sympathies are tender, have no appreciation of the music of the bagpipes. But let them listen to the melodies as they float over the still waters of a Highland loch on a calm summer evening, or echo through the passes of the mountains in the vicinity of Ben Lomond, and they will discover the hidden meaning of its entrancing power over the human heart. Its weird and doleful strains have stirred many hearts in the sad Coronach, mourning for the dead, its strathspeys and reels have enlivened the mirth of the gallant lads and gay lassies in the dance, the wild screams of the pibroch have aroused the courage of the soldiers on the field of battle, and led them on to many a bold charge, and "The Campbells are Coming," pealed loud and far, has brought relief to strained hearts, as at the relief of Lucknow, when the woman called to her friends "Dinna ye hear them?"

Contending forces have maintained their spirit on the field of battle by singing their own national songs, and still for a few moments they have forgotten their differences, as they sang together "Annie Laurie." The weaver at his loom, the tailor in the fields, the aged poor by the fireside have forgotten their sorrows, and the days have been bright with unclouded beauty as they sang the "Auld Scotch Sangs." Far ayont the sea, the men of the glens have brushed aside a tear, as they have listened to the songs of their native heath. Old-time melodies have brought again scenes of childhood and familiar faces that have crossed the flood. Hopes have been awakened in weary souls, devotion to the sterling principles of a poor but honest ancestry has been pledged anew, the world has been changed for an hour by the music of the fathers, and, with the vision of a better day, men and women have gone forth to the work. Without presumption, without jealousy of other nations, and without boasting, let the songs that are dear to Scotchmen all over the world be sung.

Oh, sing to me the auld Scotch sangs,
I' the braid auld Scottish tongue,
The sangs my faither lo'ed to hear,
The sangs my mither sang,
As she sat beside my cradle,
Or crooned me on her knee,
She sang so sweet I couldna sleep,
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

Sing ony o' the auld Scotch sangs,
The blythesome or the sad,
They make me sing when I am wae,
And greet me when I am glad,
They tak' me back tae auld Scotland,
The saut tear dims my e'e,
And the Scotch blnid leaps in a' my veins,
As ye sing the sangs tae me.

Sing on, sing mair o' the auld sangs,
For ilka ane can tell,
O' joys or sorrows o' the past,
Where memory lo'es to dwell,
Though hair grow gray and limbs grow auld,
Until the day I dee,
I'll bless the auld Scottish tongue
That sings the sang tae me.

At Five Oclock

Through Erin's Isle
To sport awhile
As Love and Valour wander,
With Wit the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander,
Where'er they pass
A triple grass
Springs up with dewdrops beaming;
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
Says Valour, "See,
They spring for me,
These leafy gems of morning."
Says Love: "Oh, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves
And cries: "Oh, do not sever
The bond that blends
Three god-like friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, forever."
Oh, the shamrock,
The green, immortal shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock!

—*Thomas Moore.*

✲

THE month of March, so wild and stormy, sacred to Mars, the deity of war, seems to belong by right to Ireland's saint. The "Seventeenth," once kept in Erin's Isle alone, is now a gala day in New York and Boston, while Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto blossom in verdant hue in honour of blessed Saint Patrick. Old feuds are forgotten in this new and friendly Canada, and Irishmen, whether from Connaught or Ulster, join in the wearing of the green trefoil. In the House of Commons at Ottawa, in the Legislature at Toronto, the custom has become fairly established and Ireland has a glowing majority for one day in the year.

While love of country is passing strong in all of us who are worthy of high tradition, the love of the Irish for their beautiful Isle of Unrest has in it the pathos and permanence which tragedy always inspires. Ridicule has been heaped upon the Irishman with a grievance, and upon the truculent gentleman who is always "agin the Government." Yet, no one can read the history of that "Niobe among the nations" without being affected by the centuries of tragic conflict, when Ireland seemed to be dashing herself to pieces against a granite cliff. This very turmoil and trouble have given to all her children a peculiarly tender love for the "Green Isle," a love which endures in Canada, in the States, in Australia, until the exile

turns in his last moments to exclaim, "Ireland, up from the heart av me heart, I bid ye the top av the mornin'!"

So, to those of us in Canada who were brought up on the adventures of *Charles O'Malley* and who heard the "Irish Melodies" in the days of childhood, the seventeenth of March is a day to be celebrated with many a tender thought for the Erin, "with a tear and a smile in her eye," the land of "punch, priests and potatoes." To "us Irish" remain the everlasting consolations of the dreams and the laughter which touch Earth's hard places with enchantment. To the Scotch belong the "bawbees", to the English the triumphs of the shopkeeper, but to the Irish is the exceeding great reward of him who toils not after the things of to-day, and who always has the gift of "jesting," like their own goblins of the rath through rebellion and loyalty, want, woe and war." To Patrick, may fall little of this world's goods and much of earthly trouble; but to him, also, come the visions and the laughter, which are better than many piles of filthy lucre—for to the Irish, says one of their best friends, "the game is always worth more than the money."

Land of romantic story, of tragic sorrow, with misty violet headlands and haze-crowned hills, from which the fairies never stray! Is it any wonder that her children keep her memory green on the day of Saint Patrick?

"Fill me a cup till I drink to Saint. Patrick,
Drink to the harp-strings, the songs that beguile!
Drink to our emblem, the mystical shamrock—
Up with ye! Down it! The Emerald Isle!"

*

THE poor seamstress, Mademoiselle Adoux, whose literary triumphs have created a sensation in Paris, should afford encouragement to those who imagine that there must be some royal road to artistic fame. Marguerite Aduox, although a humble toiler in one of the poorest callings, is generally admitted to have produced the most remarkable book of the year.

As such success is an allurement to those who are working away in literary obscurity, the following account of her first efforts may be of unique interest:

"Mademoiselle Adoux is not an infant prodigy, nor a woman of ripe experience and observation. She is no longer young, it is true, but her life has been so narrow and colourless that many a young girl might be said to have lived to more purpose. Yet because she found needlework was too hard on her eyes, she determined to find some easier way of making a living. She happened to note that *La Vie Heureuse*, a Paris weekly, was offering a prize of five thousand francs for the best story submitted to the editor.

"At once her resolve was made. She would write a story and get that five thousand francs. Had the prize been offered for the best piece of sewing, for the best recipe for the removal of freckles, or for the woman who could give the best performance on roller skates, our mademoiselle would no doubt have tried for it. Her presumed ability as a skater or a beauty doctor was at least as great as her presumed ability as a writer. Anyway, she sat down and wrote the story—and it won the prize. Not only did it win the prize, but it won the ear of the best critics in France, and when it appeared in book form Octave Mirabeau wrote the preface. It has sold by the thousand, and all literary France has been passionately discussing it for the past three months.

"As news of the utterly prosaic, even squalid circumstances of the author became known, the Adoux boom increased, and when the Gon-

court Academy refrained from giving the seamstress the prize for the best literary performance of the year there was indignant protest. However, the first ballot of the academy showed a clear majority for Mlle. Adoux; but as the members like to be eccentric, and bestow their favours on some hitherto neglected or unknown writer, subsequent voting deprived Mlle. Adoux of the prize she was entitled to. This slight serves only to increase popular admiration of the seamstress, and today she is the literary sensation of France. Her future is assured; for, irrespective of its merits, her next book will provide her with a sufficient income, and the sale of her first, 'Marie-Claire,' continues by leaps and bounds.

"Mlle. Adoux's book is one more vindication of the truth that it does not matter what you write about, so long as you have the gift of writing. The method, not the matter, is what counts. As far as the characters of 'Marie-Claire' are concerned, they are not in themselves of particular interest. They do nothing exciting; nothing thrilling happens to them. No dramatic extremes of misery or of happiness befall any of them. Yet this almost unlettered seamstress makes her readers hang upon their commonplace words, and quiver over their matter-of-fact deeds. As far as character delineation is concerned, the book has its faults, since the men and women of 'Marie-Claire' are of the type found almost exclusively in goody-goody books — a necessary result, perhaps, of the author's limitations of experience. Only parts of the book are autobiographical and few of the scenes are drawn from real life. In fact, Mlle. Adoux violates almost every literary canon. Yet such is her charm, her absolute simplicity, that she has produced a work that some of the Immortals might well envy."

Those would-be critics, who contend that a book must depict the sordid and unlovely aspects of humanity, in order to be "life" or "literature," may well reflect upon the success which has crowned the simple chronicles of this humble writer. Several of our modern scribes, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, for instance, have evolved the theory that only those who have known debasing "experiences" are qualified for literary, musical or artistic success. This remarkable declaration is both unscientific and pernicious. Strength springs from purity, not from sordidness, and, in the literary survival of the fittest, it may be found that the works of Mademoiselle Adoux will outlive the hectic productions of the modern neurotic novelist.

*

THE subject of school-teaching is absorbing much attention in the public press. Principal Scott, of the Normal School, Toronto, has expressed regret that so few men teachers are found in the rural schools and general concern is manifested lest the education of the youth of the land should become woman's task. Some years ago, the scarcity of men teachers was commented on widely, and it was admitted that the salaries paid in Canada are not such as to tempt men to enter the profession. Now, the complaint is being extended to the ranks of the women teachers, and it is declared that the profession is no longer entered by the most ambitious women. This observation is quite true and anyone who will consider the change which has taken place in the industrial world, so far as woman's work is concerned, can understand why the pedagogic profession makes little appeal to the woman who is anxious to enter the front ranks. The business world is becoming a more attractive sphere to woman every year, and the more lucrative positions in that world are coming within her reach. This fact need not disturb the home-makers, as the majority of women will always prefer the

"cool sequestered" ways of household life.

The profession of school-teaching is unattractive to many who enter it and is regarded too often merely as a means to a livelihood. I admit quite frankly that I hated its routine most cordially and have found my sentiments shared by many women who once wrestled with the Young Idea. Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, who had a delightfully stormy experience with Western trustees, says that a Roman Catholic priest at St. Boniface remarked to her:

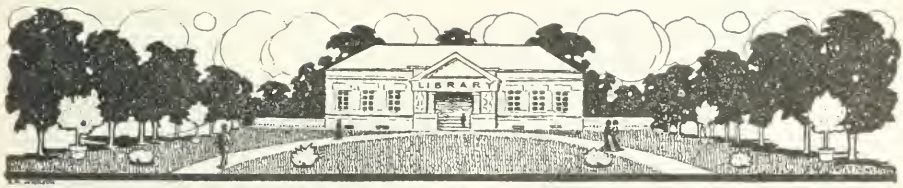
"You have taught school for twenty-five years! And you remain so glad!"

No wonder the good priest was bewildered by the buoyancy of Miss Cameron, who is the liveliest ex-teacher I have encountered. Teaching is a deadly business for most of us and, as for those who say they like it —well, they *may* be telling the truth. I disliked the globe, loathed the maps and positively detested the chalk and the blackboard. I seem to hear a quotation from long ago—"The noblest of professions and the sorriest of trades." The teacher must be born, not made, but the born teacher is sincerely to be pitied, for she must be well-nigh "dead perfection, no more." This is all terrible heresy, for it ought to afford one pure and consummate joy to instruct forty-odd young Canadians and be an arch-angel on six hundred dollars a year. But I believe that most teachers are glad to leave the profession, whether released by commerce, art, journalism, matrimony, or the hand of Death. It is a dull life, at the best of times, and is gilded only by the long summer holidays, when the pupils cease from troubling and the teachers are at rest. It is a glorious privilege, of course, to instruct the rising generation but—if you are a teacher, be honest and 'fess that the four o'clock bell is a joyful sound.

*

SOMEONE has written "A Defence of Xanthippe." Truly, it is high time for justice to be done that worthy woman. She really must have had a very hard time with that dreamy old Socrates, who was always wandering away to a classic porch and there discoursing on the immortality of the soul and other burning questions. Xanthippe, we are sure, was more sinned against than sinning and must have endured many things because of her philosophic spouse. I am quite certain that Socrates forgot to order the steak and was entirely unequal to settling for the coal or appeasing the ice man. It is all very well to admire his dialogues as presented by Plato—but what a surpassing irritation those same dialogues must have been to Xanthippe! Just as she wanted Socrates for some practical household duties, she found that he was away talking to Plato and the other boys on subjects of no earthly importance. It is somewhat late in the day, but the scoldings of Xanthippe are being justified at last.

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

CHAMPLAIN

By J. M. Harper*

The capitulation of Quebec. A room in the Habitation, in which some effort has been made to improve the dismal aspect of things. The Recollets and the Jesuit Fathers are present, along with whatever attendants the Governor has been able to muster.

Champlain. Remonstrance has been made. The dignity
Of goverance has been upheld. Respect
Has not been wanting from our enemy;
And now there but remains to press the terms
On which we must surrender. Here I hold
Their writ demand and our reply thereto.
Brave Father Joseph has but found his way
From off the English fleet, prepared, no doubt,
To tell us how his mission fared on board,
To amplify our plea for more delay.

Father Joseph. There was but one, and only one reply
To all my urgency, and that was this:
Quebec is theirs by right of *force majeure*,
And they must take it at the cannon's mouth,
If meekness, fail us.

Couillard (aside). They must have schooled
With De Caën, who stole the mariner's ship.

Champlain. What said they of the peace that's ratified
Of late, between the warring nations?

Father Joseph. Nought
They said to adorn the calendar of sense:
The place is theirs to take, and they must take it.

Couillard (aside). After the manner of the de Caëns!
When will the breed die out while might is right?

Champlain. Messieurs, 'tis ours, is this our day of fate,
To brave two foes at once. The one we've dared
Up to the brink of death; and none can vote
Us cravens when, the other to escape.
We plead our dire distress and lack of arms,
To those who have commission over us.
England and France, if we have heard aright,
Are now at peace. These Kirkes are at our gates,
Accredited, perchance, but over-late

* "Champlain: An Historical Drama," by Dr. J. M. Harper. (Toronto: William Briggs). By special permission a selected act is republished here to show the dignity and literary value of the book.

In this their seige. Therefore New France is none
Of theirs, though we withdraw: in time our own
Must be returned. Why should we then repine?
Our foe in arms relieves our foe of want,
And we are rid of both, with no great loss
To our complacency, none to our courage.
By these our terms, request is made to give
An honourable exit unto those who leave,
Protection unto those who fain would stay,
With arms and property secured to all.
Details there are—but here comes one who has,
No doubt, our fate all in his convoy's keep.
[Enter an Envoy from the Kirkes. All rise to greet him and his attendants with due formality.]
Envoy. My masters, in the admiral's name, their brother.
Return fair answer to your latest plea for peace,
As mercy wills.
Champlain. Nay, peace for justice sake.
Envoy. Mercy or justice, it is meet for you,
As suppliants, to sue, not to demand.
The Admiral, who is at Tadousac,
Will give full warrant for his high command,
As he may will it there. Nor can you have
A ship to France your own, who wish to leave—
Only to England passage in an English ship,
To obviate surprise upon the seas.
All chattels are escheat, yet clemency
Will not withhold what's due to personal need,
No more than bounty, courteous with its aid,
Will tolerate what bears the mark of spoil.
Champlain. The terms, perchance, are better than their tone.
Envoy. The tone is as the times. Sweet words come in.
When war goes out, and I am waiting yours
To give it *congé* for example's sake.
When once the keys are given up, my task
Returns into my master's hands, there To be
By them prolonged or circumscribed, As they deem best.
Champlain. You hear the terms, messieurs,
Submission first, with clemency in trust:
Shall we give way?
[All bow silently, and *Champlain* takes up his pen to sign for capitulation.]
Champlain (continues). One poor last word from me
Before I sign. Immunity for all
Herein is ratified. The public weal,
Whate'er is left of it, has been released
From jeopardy. Our honour holds respect
For what it is. Our valour's unimpugned;
And so, resigned, we bow our hearts to fate.
Under proud England's shield, we all return
To France—the sons of France to France. But what
Of these my *filles petites* of wigwam birth,
My heart's desire, the children of my years?
Have they release? They are not French, 'tis true:
But they are mine, my very own indeed:
And I would have them playmates still
Around my knee.
Envoy. Should thus a patron's plea
Make hazard of a country's good?

Then this has been remit for afterthought?
Envoy.. Nay, it has been refused.
Champlain. Refused? If so,
Then bid I pen bood-bye. No signature
Of mine will seal this traitorous document.
But why refused?
Envoy. 'Tis said an Indian war
Would issue be, were they removed to France.
Champlain. Who talketh thus, inimical to me.
And mine, as he must be?
Envoy. This you may know
In time, without my aid. What wot it now?
Do you refuse to sign?
Champlain (perturbed). Not for Quebec's release
Would I, its governor, refuse to sign,
Nor dare refuse, in presence of our straits.
But for these innocents! For them I'd dare—
Alas! I am a bowèd man grief-struck
Encompassed round with foes—not men, but fiends,
Who barter lies for passion's sake, devise
Fell deeds by subterfuge, and heartless mock
The virtues of their friends. These would me break
But I will not be broken. Men are made
To do their duty, not to seek repose
Beyond the aim of lurking enemy,
Away from breaking. Broken? Never! See,
The signing of this paper breaks me not,
Though I may lose my children by the act.
I am a bowèd man, not broken yet;
For you, my friends, and for Quebec I sign;
And should I make appeal, my little ones
To save from all this wreckage of our enterprise,
Your master, Monsieur Envoy, giving heed
To my request, may earn a better name
Than conqueror. Quebec is taken! We,
Disarmed by fate, submit, God help us all!
Give to your masters message of our act;
Speak peace to them in our behalf; for since
You have in hand the record of our rout,
Sweet words may now come in as war goes out. [Exit the Envoy and his attendants.]
Alas! Quebec is taken—taken at last!
Messieurs, my friends, what more is there to say?
I am not well, and would be all alone.
Adieu! there may be lifting to our sorrow,
When sleep evolves relieving for the morrow.
Champlain (*alone*). Quebec is taken! What of that, you say?
Since, line by line, its tale hath been of woe,
Sowing surprise in every paragraph,
Which folly could or would not comprehend.
Is life a game that flits from hope to hope?
Are toils but play with heavier tools than toys?
Are men but children aching from their games?
Quebec is taken! And the doom of it
Brings aching now to me, alas! enough
To probe my reason to its inmost quick.
The fact—the overwhelming fact! Who says
The past redeems it with its pros and cons
Of praise or blame? The future may, you say!
Ah, ha, the future? Would you play the game
Once more, Champlain, to be a fool for nothing?

Methinks the Cardinal did Rocquemont send
To tilt with fate, and bravely, too. But why,
When Kirke made pause a year, was aid withheld?
Was Richelieu afraid? Ha, ha, the duke,
The man of iron, was't he who was afraid?
Nay, rather, was it not, as it has ever been,
This devil's hunt for dividends enlarged,
This trading greed a-hoarding of its gold,
That shameless left us panting here for lack
Of food and arms? Alas! the wreck of it!
The shame of it! The ruins of a hope
So bright!
The present, past, and future playing game
Of hide-and-seek, jeering at my chagrin!
Despair, despair, we're in it dark enough,
The ditch you once did laugh at, my Helène;
Ay, in it deep enough and dark enough,
With foundering to our vows! Who interrupts? [Enter *Hope* and *Charity*, running towards him.]
Ah, ha, 'tis you, my chits. Come to my knees,
My little ones! What brings you round me now?
To give me kisses when my sun is low,
And make my twlight dawn? [Enter *Pontgravé* and *Couillard*.]
So, ho, my friends,
'Twas you who sent them hither. Nay, look
Me in the face, my Pontgravé, nor seek
To say me nay. These eyes of mine behave
As if from sunshine we should borrow showers.
'Twas good of you to come, couched, as you've been,
With pain so long. And you, Guillaume Couillard!
The world is not a blank with two such friends.
Quebec is taken! Ay, but friendship holds
Its own, and ever will, I trow, as God designs.
These pets of mine they surely will not take
From me. Yet who can tell what hate will do?
Your wife, Guillaume, hath not a heart of stone.
And she may give them of its mother's warmth
Until I come to claim them. Come to claim them!
Perchance in time—Nay, nay, the day is dark,
Too dark for prophecy. Good night, good night;
Patience in darkness is our only light.

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AS a result of thousands of miles of travel, a keenly observant eye, and years of patient ingathering of data and anecdote, Mr. Frank Yeigh was splendidly equipped for the task of writing "Through the Heart of Canada," a most creditable volume of 300 pages, dealing with the Dominion all the way from Louisbourg to Victoria. The book can be described as a comprehensive sketch, as a huge canvas, and indeed had any writer attempted in the same circumstances to produce anything more than a sketch he would have failed. But while it is a sketch, the volume is full of suggestion, and no intelligent person could read it without receiving a vivid and correct impresson of the Dominion. Mr. Yeigh deals with the subject just as if he started at Halifax, with writing materials and a mind well stored with facts, and then simply wrote in an easy, entertaining manner about the places of most interest as

he came to them, interspercing his descriptions with snatches of history, anecdote, and tradition. Because of this, the book would be found of immense value to the person who purposed to see Canada from end to end and to see it as it should be seen. The reader receives a lasting impression of the mines of Cape Breton, the old ruins of Louisbourg, the fisheries and other resources of Nova Scotia, the lumber trade and scenic beauties of New Brunswick, the romance and picturesqueness of Quebec, the solidity and importance of Ontario, the wheatlands of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the ranches of Alberta, the various races settling in the West, the work and spirit of the Northwest Mounted Police, the wonders of the Rocky Mountains, and the attractions and latent possibilities of Britsh Columbia. There are thirty-seven illustrations made from well selected photographs. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, $2 net).

*

THE brief historical sketch at the beginning of a volume by David C. Preyer, entitled "The Art of the Metropolitan Museum of New York," should be an inspiration to those Canadians who are assisting the Government to furnish the new National Gallery at Ottawa and also those who are at the head of the movement in Toronto to establish a museum of art in connection with The Grange, the residence of the late Goldwin Smith, as a basis. Particularly should this sketch be an inspiration when it is read in connection with the description of the treasures contained within the Metropolitan Museum, which is one of the greatest institutions of the kind in the world and which "had to be created out of nothing." Of course, it received lavish private donations and municipal assistance in the shape of a site and buildngs, but its beginning should be kept in mind. Now that we have at Ottawa a creditable National gallery almost finished, wealthy men will undoubtedly follow the example of men in similar circumstances in New York, and give liberally towards the purchase of native art. Otherwise our progress in this direction will be slow, because the Government's annual appropriation for the purchase of paintings is as yet comparatively very small. Mr. Preyer's book is not merely a description and at times criticism of the objects in the Museum at New York, but it is as well a comprehensive history of antiquities and of the development of art. He shows that the Museum is a great national asset, in as much as it contains thousands of permanent and invaluable object lessons to the craftsman, mechanic, artisan, and artist (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

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WHENEVER the publication is made of a book attacking a respectable profession or religion or society of any kind, the tendency is to regard it as abusive or malevolent. But when such a book has the backing of a high-class publisher, such as in the case of "Medical Chaos and Crime," by Norman Arnesby, M.D., one begins to give ear to its claims. This volume is "an inquiry into the widespread demoralisation of the medical profession, a warning to the victimised public and an earnest plea for immediate and drastic reform." If one-half of what Doctor Arnesby says is true (and this is not an intimation that it is not all true) hundreds of reputable physicians and surgeons are little better than murderers. If the anti-vivisectionists would think less about cruelty to the lower animals and more about the cruelties and dangers to which they and their friends are exposed by careless doctors, Doctor Arnesby thinks they would be doing something of lasting benefit to humanity. This book does not end with its exposure of the

evil, but it devotes a chapter to remedies. "Physicians and surgeons," it says "have become too autocratic, they are entirely too immune from criticism, their blunders and shortcomings receive altogether too little publicity, their guild savours too overmuch of mediævalism. Unquestionably the methods of the practising majority are deplorable, and the abuses, instead of being exceptional, are the rule." The author suggests greater publicity to abuses, the abolition of stock-company medical schools, the code of ethics radically changed, education at the cost of human life no longer tolerated, a standardisation of all medical schools, the separation of medicine from surgery, and, in general, legislation of a revolutionary nature. (New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Cloth, $1.25.

*

WITH the intention of reproducing one hundred of the best paintings available, Cassell and Company have begun the publication of a collection of pictures entitled "Celebrated Paintings." These pictures will make up four volumes, of which the first has appeared There is an introduction and notes on each picture, by Arthur Fish. The pictures are reproduced in colours, making them, except in size, almost duplicates of the originals, even to the canvas-like appearance of the surface of the paper. In the first volume are represented such painters as Frans Hals, Greuze, Lord Leighton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, J. W. M. Turner, Millet, Landseer, Ingres, Gainsborough, John Lavery, Burne-Jones, Rosa Bonheur, Edwin Abbey, John Constable, and about twenty others. This is one of the choicest assemblages obtainable of reproductions of famous paintings. (Toronto: Cassell and Company).

*

A VOLUME that will prove to be of particular interest and value to all who are interested in the development of Canadian poetry has been prepared by Mrs. C. M. Whyte-Edgar and entitled "A Wreath of Canadian Songs." The book is a credit both to the author and to the publisher. It deals only with deceased writers, and makes no pretension of embracing all who wrote verse in Canada. Mrs. Whyte-Edgar observes that one person in about every six attempts at some time or another to write verse, and she has wisely concluded that to attempt to give them all a place in the book would be a hopeless task. Her selection has been judicious, and brings again to public attention names that we are too prone to forget, such as James McCarroll, Charles Heavysege, Grant Allen, Arthur Weir, E. M. Yeoman, and many others. Students of Canadian literature will long thank the author of this volume for the good-will that induced her to undertake its publication. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.50).

*

NOTES.

—A notable series of articles dealing with the "The American Newspaper" are appearing in *Collier's*. They are written by Wallace Irwin.

—An extremely valuable addition to Canadian historical publications is "The Documentary History of the Campaigns upon the Niagara Frontier," which is being collected and edited for the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, by Lieut.-Colonel E. Cruickshank. Volume IX. appeared recently, dealing with the period extending from December, 1813, to May, 1814. (Welland: The Tribune Office).

—As a result of the eighth annual convention of the American Press Humourists, which was held at Montreal last autumn, a humorous historical account of the proceedings has been published as a souvenir by the Grand Trunk Railway. The volume is edited by the President of the Association, Mr. Cy Warman, himself a humour-

ist of continental reputation. The whole is most artistically set up, and illustrated with pen sketches and photographs.

—"Your Mother's Apron Strings," is the title of a volume of addresses to young men by Reverend Byron H. Stauffer, of Bond Street Congregational church, Toronto. (Toronto: William Briggs).

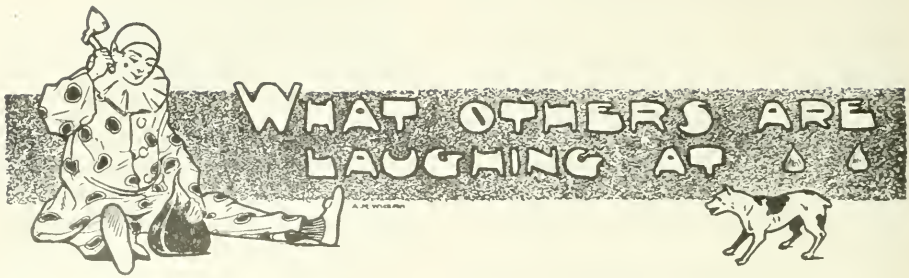
—A very dainty little volume of verse is "Heart Forget-me-Nots," by Miss Amy E. Campbell. The author's style is by no means academic, and there is in her themes a homeliness that will be enjoyed by many readers. One of the most engaging numbers is the following, only one stanza of three being reproduced here:

To the End

As we ran through the corn one day,
One summer day so long ago,
I pulled the ribbon off her hair,
And laughed because she seemed to care.
I s'pose it wasn't hardly fair—
At least she cried and told me so.

Miss Campbell scarcely rises above the quality of this stanza, nor does she descend far below it, her work being mostly uniform. (Toronto: William Briggs).

—A patriotic effusion entitled "Ode to Canada" gives name to a volume of verse, by A. C. Nash. The quality of the writing is not very different from a considerable quantity of verse that is appearing in book form. The volume itself reminds us that a well-known painter used frequently to remark, when asked to criticise painting, "Unnecessary." (Toronto: William Briggs).



THE POINT OF VIEW

"Honesty is the best policy."

"Not on your life," blurted out the insurance agent.—*Princeton Tiger.*

*

HIS PLACE

"Mama wishes you to enter papa's factory, darling. That would do away with all his unwillingness."

"But, dearest, I'm a poet."

"All the better. You can write verses for our vinegar advertisements."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

OVERTIME

A Baltimore man tells of an address made to some school children in that city by a member of the Board of Trustees. "My young friends," said the speaker, "let me urge upon you the necessity of not only reading good books, but also of owning them, so that you may have access to them at all times. Why, when I was a young man, I used frequently to work all night to earn money to buy books, and then get up before daylight to read them."—*Success.*

"Hurry up and finish, then we'll have another. Hans over there bets me you'll not take more than three." *Jugend* (Berlin)

A STARTER

The Millionaire—"Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to remove my appendix?"

"Not absolutely, but it is safer to begin with some simple operation like that."—*Life.*

*

AN AUTHORITY

"Do men like blonde hair or brown best?"

"Ask your friend Emmy. She was once blonde, then brunette, and now her hair is coal black. She ought to know."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

ONE BETTER

A Western buyer is inordinately proud of the fact that one of his ancestors affixed his name to the Declaration of Independence. At the time the salesman called, the buyer was signing a number of checks and affixed his signature with many a curve and flourish. The salesman's patience becomng exhausted in waiting for the buyer to recognise him, he finally observed:

"You have a fine signature, Mr. So-and-So."

"Yes," admitted the buyer, "I should have. One of my forefathers signed the Declaration of Independence."

"So?" said the caller, with rising inflection. And then he added:

"Vell, you ain'd got nottings on me. One of my forefathers signed the Ten Commandments." — *Ladies' Home Journal.*

RISING TO THE OCCASION

RITUALISTIC VICAR'S WIFE (to New Cook): "And you are a High-Church woman, I hope.
NEW COOK: "Oh, Yes, mum, High Church, and as the Church gets higher I get higher." —*Punch*

IN THE MEANWHILE

Rich Man (to beggar) — "Not a cent! Remember that you will have your reward in heaven."

Beggar—"Will I? Then lend me five dollars now and I will pay it back then. I'll drop it down the chute."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

APPROXIMATELY

"Say, Mayme, did you ever have turtle soup?" asked the raw-boned youth of the girl beside him.

"No," admitted the maiden; "but," added she, with the conscious dignity of one who has not been lacking in social experience, "I've been where it was."—*Lippincott's.*

*

PROOF

"Have you taken any steps to demonstrate that women are fitted for modern controversy?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Votington. "We have already named a number of eligibles to a Sapphira club."—Washington *Star.*

MANY PLAY THE POSITION

Mrs. Neighbours — "They tell me your son is in the college football eleven."

Mrs. Malaprop—"Yes, indeed."

Mrs. Neighbours — "Do you know what position he plays?"

Mrs. Malaprop—"Ain't sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks."—Chicago *News.*

*

USED UP

"So you were introduced to Teddy Roosevelt this morning, eh? Let me shake the hand that shook the hand of Roosevelt!"

"No, sir: that hand's lame."—*Lippincott's.*

*

IT DEPENDS

"Do you think a man should take his wife into his confidence regarding his business affairs?" asked the man who had just been married.

"If he isn't making any money, yes," replied the experienced one, cautiously.—Philadelphia *Record.*

"Here, waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"Serves the brute right. He's been buzzin' round here all the mornin'." —*Life*

Logic

Here is a pretty quibble from the new edition of "Logic for the Million," which sharper Knowlson has prepared:

David said in his wrath, All men are liars.

Therefore, David was a liar.

Therefore, what David said was not true.

Therefore, David was not a liar.

But if David was not a lair, what he said was true—namely, that all men are liars.—New York *Globe*.

*

Just as Good

"Did he leave footprints on the sands of time?"

"No; but they took his thumbprints."—*Judge*.

*

The Secret of It

"Why do you always put a pitcher of water and a glass on the table before an orator?"

"That," said the chairman of many reception committees, "is to give him something to do in case he forgets his piece and has to stop and think."—Washington Evening *Star*.

All That a Man Hath

An automobile does not prove that a man has money, but that he did have.—*Judge*.

*

Modern Courage

In a historical tragedy there are always two heroes, one in the play and the other in the box office.—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

The Psalm of The Suffragette

Show me not with scornful numbers,
You've too many voters now!
Woman, wakened from her slumbers
Wants the ballot anyhow.

Life with Bill or life with Ernest
Is no more our destined goal.
Man thou art; to man thou turnest;
But we, too, demand the poll.

Not enjoyment, naught but sorrow,
Is the legislator's way;
For we'll get to him to-morrow
If he should escape to-day.

Art's expensive, styles are fleeting;
Let our lace-edged banners wave,
Thus inscribed, o'er every meeting;
"Give us suffrage or the grave."

Heroines, prepare for battle!
Lend your efforts to the strife!
Drive all husbands forth like cattle;
Be a woman, not a wife!

Trust no man, however pleasant.
He'll agree to all you say,
Send you candy as a present,
Go and vote the other way.

Wives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And preceding, leave behind us
All the rest at dinner time.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
Don the trousers and the coat;
For our candidate pursuing
The elusive, nimble vote.

—*Smart Set*.

Painting by C. W. Jefferys *Courtesy of Robert Glasgow, Publisher*

DEATH OF MONTGOMERY, 1776

THE

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EASTER AT JERUSALEM

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

JERUSALEM is the Easter City, as Bethlehem is the City of Christmas. Most independent travellers who plan to be in Palestine during the spring endeavour to spend Easter in Jerusalem; but you would be astonished to see how few travellers in the Orient are independent. The great majority of them go there as shackled subjects of "tour conductors"; and the thrifty "tour conductor" avoids Jerusalem at Easter time, unless he has made a special point of it in his advertisement and charged two prices for the privilege. For the Holy City is crowded to its utmost capacity during Holy Week; and it commonly costs something to find accommodation there, especially for a large party. But the independent traveller can usually get in somewhere; and to just miss Easter at Jerusalem is one of the most tantalising experiences that vex the tourist who has sold his liberty under the impression that travel in the East is "impossible" for the unattached European or American.

It *is* difficult. It calls for patience, acceptance of hardship, a willingness to take risks and a plethora of "bakshish." But it is quite possible: and the independence you get is worth immeasurably more than the price.

We were compelled this last spring, in going to Jerusalem at this time, to practically take a leap in the dark. The storm had kept the Jaffa boats from landing for days, and our letters asking for accommodation were unanswered. Every report said that Jerusalem was crowded; and Jerusalem is not a city where you can find a room in a dwelling-house when the special quarters for foreigners are full. As for the hospices, the Easter pilgrims would overflow them.

As luck would have it, a missionary family from up the Asia Minor coast and ourselves were the only candidates for the one lone room left in the hotel we favoured; and we drew the prize. I never knew what became of the missionaries. However, there was an escape vent this last Easter for a reason you would never guess; and that was that the Greek Easter did not come until a full month after the Latin Easter. This left the Russian hospices comparatively free; and many a homeless Protestant found a roof and excellent board there. I am told, indeed, that the Russian hospice is the best place to stay at in Jerusalem —with the possible exception of the American Colony. Certainly the hotels would not be hard to beat.

We were in Jerusalem for a full week before Easter; and so became fairly familiar with the city and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre before the rush of the Easter services began. This central church, which en-

closes the tomb in which the body of Jesus was laid—according to all Christian opinion, except that of modern Protestants—is one of the most remarkable structures in the world. It is really a collection of churches covering sites which have been built over many times by the Constantinople Emperors, the Crusaders and later Christians. About a century ago, the churches then standing were all pretty well burned down; and were then rebuilt, largely by the Greeks and the Armenians. To-day, all Christendom —except Protestantism — shares in their control. Just off the quadrangle in front of the main entrance to the Church is the "Church of Abraham" close to the traditional spot where Abraham discovered the ram caught in the thicket which he substituted for Isaac as a sacrifice. In this Church—it is a small chapel—is the only place where the Anglican clergy may celebrate the Eucharist within the precincts of the Holy Sepulchre.

This quadrangle at the entrance is always a busy scene. Native merchants fill it with their stands of goods which Christian pilgrims are likely to buy—everything from cakes to crosses. Native children run about; importunate beggars squat by the walls; even money-changers do business as they doubtless did in the courts of the Temple. It does not create an atmosphere which suggests reverance or even that cleanliness which is traditionally next to Godliness. It is more like an adjunct to a Fair than a portal to the "Holy of Holies."

But worse awaits the devout Christian just inside the door of the church. There lounge the Turkish guard—picturesque looking Moslems, wearing their fezes and smoking their cigarettes within the toss of a match from the Stone of Unction on which the body of Christ was anointed for burial, according to the belief of millions of earnest Christians who prostrate themselves before it and passionately kiss its worn surface. The Turkish guard are there—as you know — to keep the peace. Otherwise the rival Christian bodies would engage in bloody fights at the side of the sacred Sepulchre itself. I hardly imagine that many converts to Christianity are made from the ranks of the guard.

The Sepulchre is enclosed by two churches, one within the other. The outer church is circular and is topped by the huge dome which is one of the most conspicuous objects seen in any view of Jerusalem. The inner church is a diminutive chapel, only twenty-eight feet long and seventeen and a half feet wide, built right over the Tomb which has been encased in marble and converted into an altar. An idea of the rivalry of the different Christian churches may be gathered from the fact that forty-three lamps burn over this altar, thirteen belonging to the Latins, thirteen to the Greeks, thirteen to the Armenians and four to the Copts. In the Angel Chapel outside, which contains the stone rolled away from the door of the Tomb by the angel, there are fifteen lamps similarly divided.

This circular Church of the Sepulchre—a handsome and effective building—is used in turn by all the churches. Most of the Easter services took place here; and the majestic music which the Roman Catholic church has created through the centuries for the services of Holy Week rolled up into the dome and swept about the columned spaces with splendid impressiveness. The magnetic sincerity of most of the worshippers, who showed how real to them was the sacredness of their surroundings, was often betrayed by tears brimming from the eyes and the spontaneous pressure of palms and lips upon even the outer walls of the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. While the cramped space available for the clergy and the absence of a long nave robbed the services of the artistic perfection seen in the

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

"THIS QUADRANGLE AT THE ENTRANCE IS ALWAYS A BUSY SCENE. NATIVE MERCHANTS FILL IT WITH THEIR STANDS OF GOODS WHICH CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS ARE LIKELY TO BUY—EVERYTHING FROM CAKES TO CROSSES"

great churches in the city of Rome during these solemn days, the worshippers themselves were visibly moved by their belief that the chant of the priests and the responses of the people reached the sad hill of Calvary itself and echoed in the veritable Tomb whence the Saviour rose.

After each service on this common ground, it is not a pleasant sight to see the officials busily at work dismantling what has seemed the living part of the church. The rows of candles are snuffed out and then pull-

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

ed down; the benches are carried away; the temporary flooring is wrenched from its place; everything pertaining to the worship of the body which has just ceased its chanting is ruthlessly removed. For it is now the turn of another Christian Church to worship at the grave of their common Christ. Another unpleasant sight is the carelessness as to the feelings of the worshippers shown by some of the spectators. Obviously in a church where the Moslem in his fez may move at will, there can be no rule as to the wearing of hats; and men who are not Moslems walk superciliously about with hats on their heads. I was told of a militant Irish priest of impressive physical proportons who visited Jerusalem and was filled with indignation at this display of insolence. So, while he was there, he assigned hiself a task. He spent most of his time in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and whenever he saw a man with his hat on, he walked over to him, took it off and then handed it him with a polite bow—but also with a flash of the eye which challenged his victim to resent the liberty if he dared.

There are other churches under this multiple roof; and in some of them exclusive services by one or other of the bodies may be held. The Latins have a fine chapel just to the north of the circular church—the Chapel of the Apparition. This, they believe, is where Christ appeared to his mother after the Resurrection; and, in the passageway to it, is the spot where tradition says he appeared to Mary Magdalene. A marble ring in the floor marks where Christ stood, and another the position of Mary. Protes-

A STREET IN JERUSALEM
THE VIA DOLOROSA, THE TRADITIONAL PLACE WHERE SIMON OF CYRENE TOOK THE END OF THE CROSS

tant opinion, of course, rejects all these sites. It even questions the authenticity of the Tomb itself. But I am not concerned with religious controversy just now; but desire merely to give you some idea of what you would see if you were spending this Easter in Jerusalem. Whether you would believe these things or not, would depend largely upon what faith your great-grandfather happened to hold.

Just opposite the Chapel of the Sepulchre is the chief Greek church. It

is the only church of ordinary shape in the pile, having both a nave and a choir. It is very richly ornamented, and contains a flattened ball which is known as the Centre of the World. Around the ambulatory are several chapels, marking respectively the Prison of Christ where they show the two round holes which were the stocks that held his feet, the Chapel of the Parting of the Raiment, the Chapel of the Derision, and so forth. Below, to the east, is the Armenian Chapel of St. Helena; and below it, again, the place where the true cross was found. To the right of the main entrance, fourteen feet higher than the floor of the church, is the top of Calvary, with the holes occupied by the three crosses and the "cleft in the rock." Just under it is the Chapel of Adam, where tradition says our first parent was buried.

I have not attempted to give a complete catalogue of what you will see inside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is the most comprehensive collection of important sites in the world. And whether you go to scoff or remain to pray, you will certainly visit most of them; and they will form a part of that composite picture of Jerusalem at Easter which you will bring home with you. Of the services themselves, you will probably see and hear less than you would at Rome: for they hold many of them at unconscionable hours in the early morning, possibly for the wise purpose of discouraging the attendance of the mere spectator.

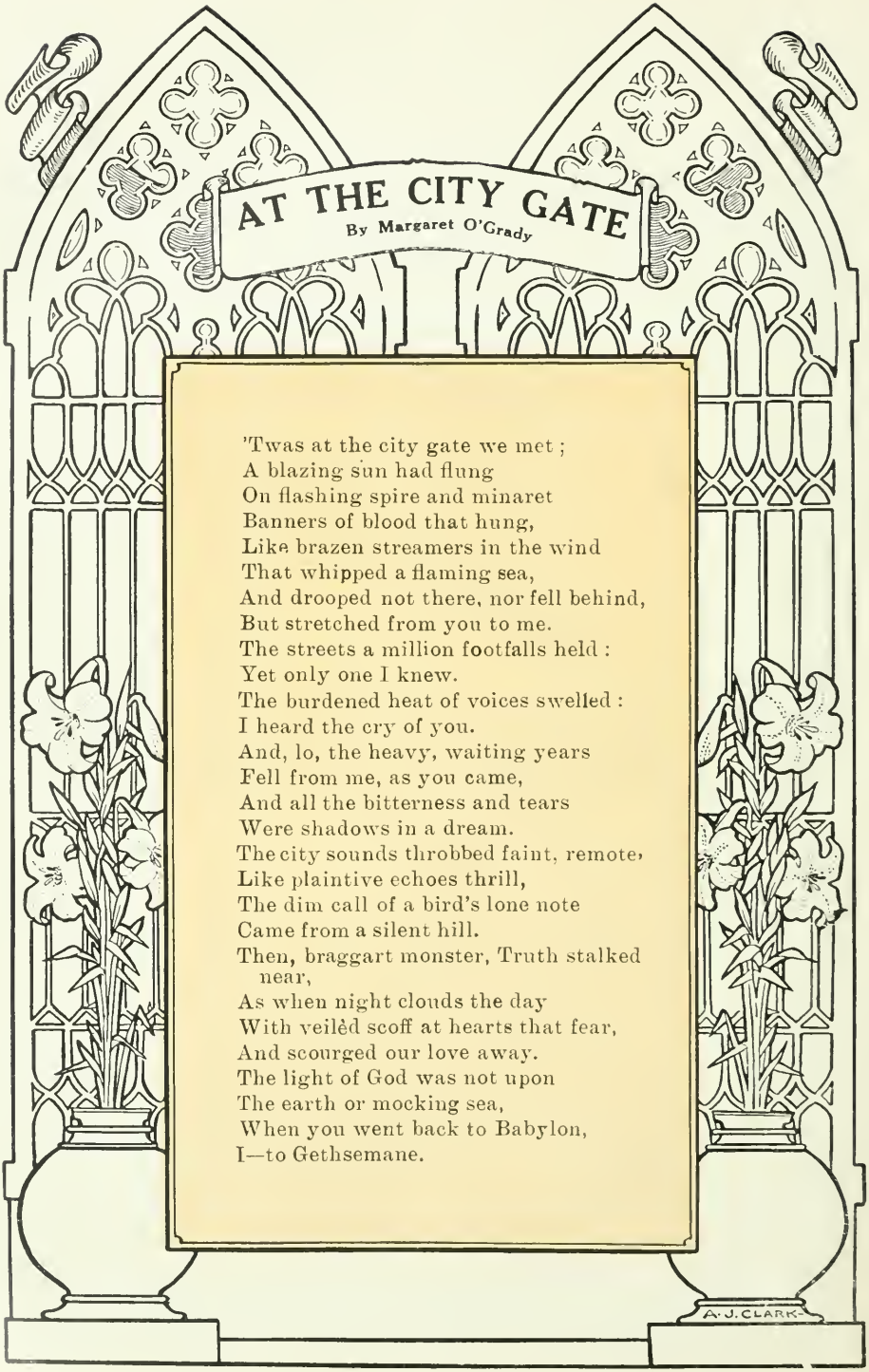
There is much of Easter thought outside of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There is the Coenaculum or Chamber of the Last Supper in a hoary stone building over near the Zion Gate, where Protestants sometimes gather for as close a replica of that occasion as they can manage, after which they walk out in procession to

THE "UPPER ROOM" OF THE LAST SUPPER, OR ONE OF THE PLACES REPUTED TO BE SUCH

the Garden of Gethsemene. They do not, of course, believe this to be the real Upper Chamber; but it serves as a symbol. Then there are "Gordon's Calvary" and the "Garden Tomb" near by. These are the Protestant suggestions by way of substitute for the sites under the church. "Mine Host" at Jerusalem, an Englishman and a Protestant and quite an authority on Palestine antiquities, did not think much of either. He declared that General Gordon said no more than that, if Golgotha stood outside the present city wall, the hill which bears his name would be "a likely place", and he added that the "Garden Tomb" was a tomb of the second century after Christ. Personally, I do not know enough about it to offer an opinion. The vexed question of the walls—on which the whole controversy rests—can only be settled by digging.

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE "GARDEN TOMB," WHICH IS NEAR "GORDON'S CALVARY"

The great sight at Easter was the people—people from every land under the sun. So many were the pilgrims who wore the dress of the East that Europeans became quite a spectacle on the streets; and of these many were from the Latin countries of Europe. It was a crowd that made an Italian or a Vienna German seem like a brother. But the great pilgrim nation is the Russian; and they were more obvious than any of the others, though their Easter was more than a month off. They are gray, calm, patient and pious; and their priests with their long curling hair and their cylindrical black hats and their benevolent bearded faces, always arouse the strong interest of the Westerner. To the Moslem of Jerusalem, the Greek church must seem easily the first among Christians, the Armenians and the Latins close competitors for second place, the Copts third—and the Protestants hardly worth considering. Even the great German buildings going up there are German Catholic.



'Twas at the city gate we met;
A blazing sun had flung
On flashing spire and minaret
Banners of blood that hung,
Like brazen streamers in the wind
That whipped a flaming sea,
And drooped not there, nor fell behind,
But stretched from you to me.
The streets a million footfalls held:
Yet only one I knew.
The burdened heat of voices swelled:
I heard the cry of you.
And, lo, the heavy, waiting years
Fell from me, as you came,
And all the bitterness and tears
Were shadows in a dream.
The city sounds throbbed faint, remote,
Like plaintive echoes thrill,
The dim call of a bird's lone note
Came from a silent hill.
Then, braggart monster, Truth stalked near,
As when night clouds the day
With veilèd scoff at hearts that fear,
And scourged our love away.
The light of God was not upon
The earth or mocking sea,
When you went back to Babylon,
I—to Gethsemane.

INSIDE THE ENVELOPE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

THE room was exactly what I wanted in every respect. The rent was reasonable — so astonishingly reasonable that it raised a doubt. A long course of rooming is apt to sharpen and harden a naturally unsuspecting mind.

"Of what did the last tenant die?" I inquired blandly.

"He didn't die." The landlady's tone was patient.

"The one before?" I hazarded.

"The one before?" (still patiently) "was young Mr. Melgrove. He was married yesterday."

"Melgrove? Oh, I know him. *He's* all right. You'll excuse my inquiring, I'm sure, Mrs. Best, for you see one has to—er—in fact, I like the room and will take it on one condition, that you tell me exactly why the rent is so low."

The landlady smiled. "I would tell you if I knew myself," she said frankly. "The truth is that there is nothing at all the matter with the room. It is a hard room to keep rented, that is all. It is a pleasant room, as you may see for yourself, but no one seems satisfied with it. All my other rooms are rented all the time, and it worries me and takes more than I can afford off my profits to have this room stand empty. That is why the rent is low. If you really like the room I can give you my word there is nothing wrong with it."

"Did no one of the previous tenants complain of it?"

"I have never had a complaint of any kind, but I have never had a permanent tenant, nevertheless."

"Why, this is interesting—it isn't haunted by any chance?"

Mrs. Best smiled primly. "Scarcely likely, sir."

"Would you mind telling me who my neighbours are? Perhaps one of them snores."

"You could not hear it, sir. The walls are thick; it is a finely built house" (with a little air of pride), "see how quiet we are as soon as I have closed the door, and I do not think that either Miss Stevens or Mr. Bird snores. Miss Stevens is a most refined young lady, head dressmaker for Short and Jones, and Mr. Bird is as harmless an old gentleman as you could wish to see. He is a great scholar, and sits up at night writing. He has very narrow means, and his room is scarcely a third as large as yours, but he never makes a noise of any kind, I can guarantee."

"Then I shall take the room from to-day, and you won't mind if I fix things up to suit myself; a desk, a bookcase, and so on? I think I can promise to be fairly permanent."

"Certainly not, sir, arrange your things to suit, and I hope you will find yourself comfortable." She turned to retire, but seeming to change her mind came back again. "There is one thing, Mr. Mills, that I would like to ask. If the room doesn't suit you, will you tell me just *why* you don't like it?"

"Certainly." I exclaimed in surprise.

"You'll make it a promise then?

The other gentlemen just left without a word, nor could I get a word of complaint from them. And you see it isn't fair to me. If there is something to be done to make the room comfortable I can't do it until I know what is lacking. So if you ——"

"Oh, I'll complain fast enough. It is only fair, as you say."

When she had gone I surveyed my new domain cheerfully. It was better, far better, than my means had led me to hope of getting. A large bay window overlooked a quiet, tree-lined street. Crisp curtains draped the window, a snowy valance hung from the comfortable old-fashioned bed. The walls were papered tastefully, the tones of the rug were quite in harmony, the round table was mahogony, beautifully kept, and the easy old chairs were covered with daintiest chintz. There were no pictures on the walls, a fact for which I silently thanked my stars. In fact, anything more unlike the fusty, common-place rooms to which I had been forced to accustom myself could hardly be imagined. There was even a sweet odour, an odour of lavender. I could not have been more delighted had I fallen heir to a fortune.

Leaving the house, my satisfaction was farther augmented by a flashing glimpse of one of my new neighbours, a tall handsome girl in rustling skirts, and with a head held high in the supercilious manner of one accustomed to receiving a great deal of superciliousness from others. Evidently Miss Stevens, the refined young lady who was head dressmaker at Short and Jones. I raised my hat, and she smiled slightly.

That afternoon I moved in, and by evening all my treasures were in place. My bookcase lined one side of the ample wall, my desk occupied the bay window, and my pipe rack hung in the least conspicuous position I could find out of regard for a possible prejudice of Mrs. Best.

Perhaps it was accident that I met my good landlady on the stairs next morning as I went out to breakfast, and perhaps I imagined a shade of anxiety in her tone as she inquired after my comfort. If so, my reply effectually reassured her. "It couldn't be better," I told her, "warm enough and large enough and bright enough and as quiet as any sociable human being would wish. Not a snore anywhere, not even a piano."

Mrs. Best smiled again. She had a curious smile. It came and went quickly, as if let out of gaol, and was very pleasant while it lasted.

"I was going to tell you, sir," she said, "that if you wish you may breakfast in the house. A few of my roomers do so, but only those whom I personally invite. You will meet your neighbours and some other pleasant people, but it is entirely at your own preference."

Here was more good fortune! Not only was I thus received into the family life of my new abode, but I would be spared the discomfort of breakfasting out, a thing I have always grumbled at. I accepted with gratitude, and followed at once to the breakfast-room. Here I found the best of my expectations realised. The room was small, but bright, and pleasantly warm, and exquisitely clean. There was none of that stale, overnight chilliness common to boarding-house dining-rooms in the morning. Upon the fresh table cloth was dainty china and a little silver and cut glass. Evidently Mrs. Best had seen better days, and my lines had fallen in pleasant places.

"I will ask you to sit by Mr. Bird," said my hostess, "Mr. Bird, let me make you acquainted with our new roomer, Mr. Arthur Bently Mills, the author." (Ye gods, was it possible there was pride in her voice, as she mentioned my much maligned profession!) Mr. Bird rose and bowed. He was a little dried-up man, shrivel-

led and wizened and yellow like a pea that has been left a long time out of its pod. His hands were long, beautifully shaped and curiously smooth when compared with his face. He had the deep, somewhat vague eyes and the pointed fingers of the dreamer.

"I have heard of Mr. Mills," he said, with a pleasant voice. "I am most interested in your work, sir."

"I am surprised at that," I said involuntarily.

"I do not refer to your fiction," he explained, "it is your other, your more serious work in which I am interested."

Here was a surprise indeed. I had no idea that anyone knew that I aspired to anything more serious than an occasional novel. The little man noticed my embarrassment.

"Perhaps I am indiscreet." He suggested.

"Not at all, but I can't help wondering how you knew about it."

"That is simple. You have surely not forgotten your little article in—" (he mentioned a well-known journal), "entitled 'Inside the Envelope?' A more promising dip into the ocean of psychological research I have not seen in years. I am not a psychologist, but I am interested in the subject, much interested, and I think that the man who wrote that article is not likely to make novel writing a serious business."

"I had quite forgotten it," I said, "but you are right. I have not given up my old hobby, although I have published nothing further upon the subject."

"Why so?"

"I have found nothing new to say."

"It is a long subject, a long subject," he said, absently, and, having finished his coffee, he rose; "a very long subject," he said again, and, bowing, vaguely left the room.

"Isn't he odd?" asked Miss Stevens, who had just come in. "He tried to walk over me the other day—said he didn't see me." She tossed her head. "I'm not so small either."

I paid the expected compliment upon the impossibility of anyone with even rudimentary eyes neglecting to perceive Miss Stevens, and we became friends at once.

"I hope you will stay longer than the other gentlemen," she said in parting, and then, lest the remarks seemed to betoken a personal interest, added "it isn't pleasant having people moving in and out of the next room all the time."

This ideal state of things continued for three days and nights, and by that time I considered myself to have permanently taken root. I knew all the favoured breakfast boarders, had taken Miss Stevens to the theatre and had begun to work in earnest at the earlier chapters of my new novel. On Thursday night I went to bed healthily tired and disposed to sleep. I awoke as I always do, suddenly and without effort, and my only feeling was one of surprise to find the room brightly lighted. Evidently I had gone to bed without switching off the lights, and yet I distinctly remembered having done so, for I had paused for a moment to admire the moonlight outside. Some sudden jar might have lighted them, I thought, and sleepily raised myself, stretching out my hand to the switch. The switching out of the lights was instantaneous and automatic, but in the one second which elapsed between my rising in bed and the click of the switch I had seen, or thought I had seen, someone in the room—a dark, bent form leaning over my desk in the bay window. As the light snapped out, I still thought that, for a moment, there was some obstacle between me and the moonlight. For an instant I simply sat and stared, and then, angry but not at all alarmed, I switched the light full on again, to find the room, of course, empty. Neverthe-

less, so strong had been the impression that I jumped out of bed and searched minutely. There was, of course, no one in the room. The door was locked as usual, the window was open, as I always have it, but my room was on the second floor and there was no balcony. Smiling a little at the tricks which imagination will play, I went to bed again and fell asleep immediately.

The second time, two nights after, that I awoke to find the room lighted I will admit that I lay still a few moments before summoning sufficient nerve to glance round. This time I was not at all sleepy; the start at finding myself lying in a blaze of light had sent a strange little pricking chill to my finger tips. If this be fear, then I was afraid. The feeling passed as quickly as it had come, beaten down by common sense and a feeling of cold rage at being so disturbed. I made no movement toward the switch this time, but turned very cautiously, raising my head as I did so until I could see over the footboard of my bed.

There was no mistake this time—someone was in the room! A man, a small man, much bent, was standing before my bookshelves, running a meditative finger over my books. Astonishment and rage held me silent, and the next instant I had recognised the figure—it was my next door neighbour, Mr. Bird. Oh, undoubtedly Mr. Bird, in his faded broadcloth coat, his heelless slippers, his spectacles and the little red Turkish fez with which he was wont to protect the bald spot on his head. Very much at home he seemed in my room, with my books and in the middle of the night!

"Confound his impudence," I muttered, "and how on earth did he get in?"

I cleared my throat. "Mr. Bird—" I began, and again I cleared my throat, very loudly. The little man paid no attention to me whatever.

"Mr. Bird—confound it, sir, what does this mean?"

Meditatively he chose a volume from the case in front of him and opened it. This was entirely too much. In a sudden and unreasonable rage, I picked up a slipper which was lying by the bed and threw it with all my might straight at my uninvited guest. I swear I never took my eyes from the man. I saw the slipper strike against something and fall to the floor with a tinkle of glass, and then—then there was no one there. I was too angry to be bewildered. Springing out of bed, I crossed to the bookcase, where a moment ago he had been standing. There was certainly no one there. There was nothing around which he might have vanished. I searched the room, neglecting no corner where a rat might hide. There was positively no one there. Puzzled and shaken, with all my anger gone, I sat down to reflect. Had I dreamed the whole thing—evidently! I had certainly flung the slipper, it lay beside the broken glass on the floor. The light had certainly been turned on; it was on still. These facts were all of which I could be sure. I began to get a hold upon myself again and remembered that I had eaten more heartily than usual at dinner. There was no one in the room, therefore there had been no one in the room, therefore—I suddenly noticed that one of the books in the open case was *but half shoved in and upside down*!

I crossed to the shelf quickly and pulled the volume out. It was an old book which had belonged to my grandfather and contained the somewhat unique account of the wanderings of a long dead traveller in China. It was a book I had not opened in years, a book which I had certainly not touched since I placed it primly in its row when I arranged my books in their new home—and now it was half push-

ed out and upside down as well!

I went back to the bed and trained my eye on the book. Yes, it was just exactly there that my dream visitor had been standing, and that would have been exactly the book which he was opening when I threw the slipper. Only there had been no one there, and therefore the book could not have been touched. And yet the book had been touched and—I pulled my rambling thoughts up short, plunged my head into the basin of cold water, switched out the light and went to bed.

This experience, or one in all important respects similar, happened for three nights in succession. I said nothing to anybody, but examined my room with minuteness which left nothing to chance. I moved the bookcases, I took up the rug, I examined every inch of wall space, the door, the windows, the furniture, and then I began to examine myself. As you may guess, this was not a healthy thing to do, and soon my fellow-boarders began to notice my altered looks.

"You look," declared Miss Stevens at breakfast upon the fourth morning, "as if you had seen a ghost."

In spite of myself, I started.

"You look," she went on in anti-climax, "as if you worked too hard and needed a change."

There were murmurs of assent from others at the table. My landlady said nothing, and Mr. Bird quite audibly said "nonsense-"

That morning I took myself in hand and thought hard. As a result, I had the bad taste to go to call on Melgrove (a former tenant, you remember), just a day back from his honeymoon. He was surprised to see me, and showed it, but little things like that did not bother me any more.

"I wanted to ask you," I fibbed, "if you could recommend me to a nice, large, quiet room in a house where I could have breakfast."

He looked startled for a moment, and then said "no" in a decisive tone.

"I thought," I fibbed on valiantly, "that you had a nice place a few weeks before you were married. One of the fellows said something about it."

He was evidently uneasy. "Yes, I did, but I wouldn't advise it. Yet—I don't know—why not? You see it really was an excellent room, just the thing for you, and the fact that I took a dislike to it is no reason why you should. I'll give you the address—"

"Why did you take a dislike to it?" I asked calmly.

"Well, you see—I—well, it was entirely with myself that the fault lay. I was feeling run down and nervous and—oh, not at all like myself and I got a sort of fancy that—a most ridiculous idea, of course,—that there was something wrong with my brain. Going batty, you know. Not a pleasant idea for a fellow on the eve of marriage, eh?"

"No, but the room—"

"Oh the *room* was all right. Only one never likes a room where one has been ill, and I slept so badly while I was there, had nightmares and things. Used to imagine I saw an old party in a red fez trotting around among some old books I had! Fact—so you see in what bad shape I must have been. Change of scene and a tonic soon fixed that up. I'll get you the address, the room is really excellent."

I took the address, thanked him and left the house with a strangely light heart. I was not going mad, then. The thing was no delusion of an unbalanced brain. Melgrove had seen it, therefore the experience was not peculiar to myself, was outside myself entirely. The relief was so great that I felt myself shaking as I walked. To be relieved of the burden of possible madness, nothing else mattered!

That night I went to bed with a light heart and an alert mind. My

old interest in things psychic, which had slumbered lately, revived with double force. Since my visions of previous nights had not been fancy of a disordered brain, but had been an experience which Melgrove, and probably all the other suddenly migrating tenants, had shared, it held no more terrors for me. There was an explanation somewhere and I would find it. In this frame of mind I lay and waited and—nothing happened. The night passed as any other sleepless night might do, leaving nothing behind it save a very bad temper. The next night I dozed and woke, and woke and dozed again, and still no happening. Upon the third morning Miss Stevens asked me if I had lost any money, or anything, I looked so cross. Upon the fourth morning I was ready to consider my unique chance of psychic investigation gone forever. What a fool I had been, what a cowardly, silly fool! I decided that the only thing which had ever been the matter with my brain was a certain stupidity.

Upon the fifth night I went to sleep in a very bad humour and awoke—to find that my chance had not quite gone, after all.

The room was bright again and there, pottering up and down before my book cases, was the little old man in the red fez. This time I made no attempt to speak, nor did I throw slippers. I simply sat up in bed and watched, and as I watched my amazement grew, for although I really knew there was no one in the room, the figure before me was as real as my own. It was opaque, it seemed to occupy space in the natural way. It moved as a man moves. It possessed, apparently, weight and colour—in effect it was my neighbour Mr. Bird as real as I had ever seen him. Only one thing which might have been different I noticed; he made no sound. As I observed this, the old chill of horror began to grow; and, determined not to let it conquer me, I slipped very quietly out of bed. This time my motion disturbed the phantom. It turned from the books and looked at me, surprisedly for an instant, then speculatively, then with an understanding smile. Making a quick gesture with its hand, it seemed to point toward the wall of the next room, bowed slightly and —disappeared.

I sat down upon the bed a moment to control a certain trembling of which I was ashamed. and made a sudden resolution. What if, after all, my strange neighbour himself knew the solution of the mystery? On the impulse I threw my bathrobe over my pajamas and slipped down the corridor to his door. I knocked gently, then, feeling that the door was not locked, I opened it and went in . .

"Really, I thought you were never coming," said the little man in plaintive tones. "I did not expect that *you* would be so stupid!"

There he was, just as I had seen him a moment before in my own room, red fez and all. He sat on the side of his cot bed which, save for an old table and a chair, was the only furniture that the room contained.

"It is small," said Mr. Bird, answering the thought in my mind, "at one time it was probably a dressing closet and opened into your larger room. No, there is no door. If there ever was one it has been bricked up. Won't you sit down. You see, I have left the chair for you."

I took the chair, still in silence.

The little man's eyes began to twinkle. "I suppose I really ought to apologise for disturbing you o'nights," he said, "but really," with a comprehensive wave of his hands to the bare walls, "what is a man to do? I am poor, as you see, and I must have books, or I cannot get on with my great work. Not that your library has helped me much. Save for that one odd book of Chinese travel, there was

really nothing at all to interest me."

"I don't know what to say," I stammered, "of course, you are welcome to the books, and to the room, but—"

"You were going to say—?"

"You will think me more than stupid, but—how did you get in? The door was locked, the window—"

"I did not use either the door or the window."

"Perhaps," I said politely, "you came through the wall?"

"Well, yes, in a maner of speaking. Do you mean to say you do not understand yet?"

I signified I was very far from understanding, and he looked disappointed.

"Well then, I shall find it hard to explain. I don't know the right terms, I have never studied what you call psychology, but you have. Have you never heard of a case where a man has been able to be in two places at the same time and to enter rooms quite irrespective of locks and bolts and walls and things?"

"I have heard of such instances," I replied guardedly. "There are two or three given in Myer's 'Human Personality,' but they are not held to be sufficiently well attested. They—"

"You mean that you don't believe that the people who say these things are telling the truth. Well, suppose you told someone that you saw me in your room to-night, would they believe you?"

"They would not."

"Well, there it is. Yet you would be speaking the truth."

I took firm hold on my bewildered brain. "In the instances I mentioned," I said, "the apparition lasted for a few moments, and the man who caused the apparition of himself was unconscious as to whether or not he had succeeded."

The little man nodded. "Yes, those instances were very unsatisfactory. It was only a half affair at the best. The man in that case simply projected his astral body, remaining himself (that which goes to make up his consciousness), in a trance-like state. He could not enjoy his astral body's freedom."

"Oh!" I said, and the little man looked at me sharply.

"You, yourself, in that little article I mentioned before, state that more than once while sitting at your desk you have seemed suddenly for an instant to be outside your body. You have actually seen yourself as if from another point in space."

"That is so," I admitted.

"Well, that's it. Only you made the mistake of thinking that the real you was the you that you saw instead of the you that did the seeing, and your experiences were too brief for useful observation. Plenty of people are the same way. Even that little empty-headed idiot Miss Stevens said she had quite a 'turn' the other day—thought she saw herself coming down the corridor."

"Well?"

"Well, she did see herself. The stupidity of the thing is that everyone shies away from the obvious truth."

"You mean that you have the power of detaching yourself from your physical body and that in this detached self you can hear and see and reason and speak?"

"I did not say that I could speak. As a matter of fact I cannot. I can hear and see. I can, for instance, read your books, remember what I read, but I could not speak to you, although I tried."

"Why?"

"I don't know why. Perhaps some day I shall be able."

We were both silent for a space, and then I said gravely: "It is wonderful. I cannot but believe you. And I have always believed in the possibility of such things. You will astonish the world."

"Yes." He rubbed his hands gleefully. "When my big work on the

history of China is complete the world shall be astonished. It is monumental. Sometimes I doubt if I shall ever finish it—"

"China?" I asked blankly.

He pointed to neatly stacked piles of paper upon the table." "Those are my notes," he said, with pride.

"But *China*!" I asked.

"You will understand why I wish access to so many libraries, I am sure. The work is—is monumental."

I was lost in amazement. "Do you mean to say that you are really wasting time on the history of China?" I asked. "When you have made one of the greatest discoveries of the age?" "Young sir, do you know that a reliable, inclusive, exhaustive history of China has never before been attempted? Think of—"

"I think you are mad," I exclaimed angrily. For a moment we glared mutually, and then his gaze softened and he sighed.

"Well, well," he said, perhaps you do not know the value of history. You are young. As for this other thing, it is naturally more in your line. In that little article 'Inside the Envelope' you said—"

"I didn't say anything that I knew anything at all about. It was all guess, all moonshine. But this thing of yours, this discovery, could you explain how you do it? Could you teach any one else—me—to do it?" I was fairly shaking with impatience.

The old man did not hurry his answer. I could hear his heelless slippers tip-tapping on the floor. "I might explain, I suppose, not in words perhaps, but practically. And I could teach you, doubtless. It is really very simple. But I will do neither of these things." He lifted his dangling feet and curled them up under him.

"Why?" My disappointment left me nothing else to say.

"Why should I? It is a discovery for which the world is not prepared. Think for a moment of the harm it might do. Even that would prevent me."

"I see that, but not in proper hands."

"Perhaps not. I think I could trust you, for instance. It is, I admit, a pleasing experience. There is another reason why I could not try the experiment with you. In the present state of my knowledge such an experiment would be dangerous."

"How," I asked, wonderingly.

"So far no one has, as far as we know, been able to detach his consciousness from his physical body sufficiently to follow the astral body and enjoy its unique liberties. My learning to do so was an accident, and it nearly resulted in my passing out for good and all. Even now, every new advance in knowledge is attended with new danger. More than once I have nearly stepped over the border. For you, a novice, there would be grave peril. I could not risk it, your life would be the stake."

"If—if I be willing to make the stake?"

He shook his head.

"I am a man," I pleaded. "I have a right to do as I choose. Every day we take risks—"

He shook his head. "No. The responsibilty would be mine. But I will tell you this much; all the time I am feeling surer of myself. When I have learned enough to show you the way without risk I will do so. I am at the beginning of things. I cannot even speak yet. At times I cannot control my other faculties; at times I have great difficulty. I know the danger but I take it in the pursuit of a great aim. There is material there," pointing significantly to the piled up papers, "which will astonish mankind." His eyes grew wide and vacant. "What are sealed up tombs to me, or triply protected monasteries, or libraries jealously guarded? I go, I enter, I take my toll of everything. It is all there, knowledge

hidden from the ages, but it is only a beginning," his voice sank into a whisper, "and I may go at any moment leaving it all undone!" He sighed.

After this night he came no more to my room, but between us there sprang up one of those strange friendships of youth and age, and though he would never accept any aid of any kind from me, it is from the date of our friendship that I mark my success in my chosen profession. Many have wondered where I could have obtained the wonderful local colour which made my "Babylon" famous. The knowledge which made it possible all came from him. From his exhaustless store he gave me freely. But his notes on the projected history I never saw. He guarded them jealously, nor did we ever discuss again his promise to teach me the secret as soon as it might be considered safe. I knew that no persuasion would move him, and—well, life is very pleasant to me also. So things went on for nearly a year and then one night I awoke suddenly with the old familiar sensation of wonder at waking in a lighted room and saw the professor gazing at me. His face was radiant.

"I couldn't wait until the morning to tell you," he said.

"Tell me what?" I asked, and then realised—he had *spoken*.

"Yes," he told me, with the gaiety of a child. "I can speak at last. It was a long time coming. For the last week I have been almost, almost at the point of succeeding, and to-night I have succeeded. I shall teach you soon, my friend. I am feeling surer all the time. To-night I feel so strong, so secure. I feel free, never have I felt half so free, and what a freedom! I feel myself akin to the free wind. I am a little brother to the cloud. I—" A sudden look of anxiety came into his face, deepening quickly into consternation and then into agony—"My book!" I thought he tried to say, and—then he was gone.

I sprang out of bed, my one thought was of fire, or some accident to the sacred pages of the great book, and without waiting for my dressing gown, I ran down the passage and burst into his room.

There was no sign of fire or of any commotion. The moonlight streamed through the window upon orderly piles of paper all in their usual places. It fell, too, upon the bed, and upon the professor lying there in his faded coat, his red fez and heelless slippers. One of the slippers had fallen to the floor and the professor's face—

"How you frightened me!" I exclaimed. "I thought—" Then the something on his face stopped me. I leaned nearer and felt frantically in the haste of fear for the beat of his pulse, his heart—there was nothing! With a chill of absolute knowledge I felt that it was death that lay upon the bed. My instant denial of the truth was nothing, my hours of desperate endeavour to restore him were nothing, though not until morning looked in at the window did I admit him indeed departed.

The cocksure young doctor said that he had died of old age. "Worn out, a more common complaint, I assure you, than we imagine,' he told me, and I said nothing.

The notes for the great work came into my hands and their disposal gave me many sleepless nights. So jealously had he guarded them when alive that I could not bring myself to look at them, now that he was gone. He had never given me a hint of what he would have wished in case of his death, and I stood distracted between my sense of loyality to him and my sense of duty to the world. For I knew enough to guess that great treasures of knowledge lay in those piles of paper. But I need not have worried. When at last I did lift the sheets, hesitatingly, fearfully, I found that they were all in cipher, unread-

able, a sure indication of what the author wished. So I burned them all and set my mind at rest.

What mysterious link was snapped upon that last night, I cannot tell. I only know that I have never seen Professor Bird again, "whether in the body or out of the body." He had gone, as he had feared, with his work unfinished, his secret untold.

ONTARIO

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

GIVEN to thought and caution, rich in trade,
Home of the homely virtues, strength and truth,
I walk with meet discretion in the path
My Fathers trod. A worthy path indeed!
My farmer, in his orchard, reaps the gain
Of trees low-laden at the harvest time.
His are the simple joys of hearth and home,
No dreams or visions trouble his content.
He is no dullard, though, this worthy man,
To crave no boon of life save work and sleep,
But with his little joys makes holiday,
A festival of love and charity.
Imbued with courage of the stalwart kind,
Steadfast to well-formed purpose, clean of soul,
My Children of the critics go their ways,
Obedient to manhood's daily call.
I am no chary mother of my sons:
Freely I send them to our farthest land,
Mourning for some who by the wayside fall;
A bloodless conqest is an idle thing.
No matter where they go, by lake or trail,
Fronting the hazards of the dim Unknown,
Forging a link of Empire with their toil,
I am their mother, and my heart is there.

THE ETHICS OF TITLES

BY GEORGE CLARKE HOLLAND

CANADA is a young and growing country—a land of limitless opportunities, and consequently of democratic sentiment, where all men are supposed to be equal. You rarely find a man who does not think himself as good as his neighbour. For the one who looks up to a superior there are ten men who look upon themselves as just a trifle better than their acquaintances. There should, therefore, be a wholesome contempt for titles, since any admission that the possession of a title confers distinction is a tacit concession that the possessor is better than his neighbours who have no titles. There are exceptions, of course; a title may be conferred in recognition of some gallant act or some notable achievement, but wherever public opinion recognises the justice of thus rewarding merit, we may safely conclude that it is because the man confers distinction on the title, and not because the title adds in the slightest degree to the public estimation of its winner.

And, yet, despite the democratic protest against titles, there is a superstitious veneration for them deep down in the sub-consciousness of most men and all women. How otherwise are we to account for the numberless degrees of universities, official titles in the public service, civil and military, secret societies and religious sodalities? And why is it that anyone who happens to be related, ever so remotely, to some aristocratic family in the old land is so prone to parade the fact publicly? The proudest nobleman in the House of Lords dwells not more complacently on his long descent than the newly-appointed senator or cabinet minister on his title of "Honourable," and the senator and cabinet minister derive no greater pleasure, though they may gain more profit, from their respective positions than the member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians or Sons of England who happens to be chosen by his fellow-members as their president. Therefore, it seems that the love of titles is deep-rooted in human nature, and however, as reasoning beings and democrats in a free country, we may affect to despise them they will always be sought after and valued in proportion to their scarcity and the difficulty of obtaining them.

Naturally, in this new land there is a reaction from the slavish subservience of the masses to titled people as it is seen in most countries in Europe, but it is just possible that the reaction has, in many cases, gone too far. We very properly feel and express our disapproval of constituting any man a legislator because he happens to be the eldest son in a certain family. We think that the mental and moral qualities of the man, and not the accident of his birth, should be the first consideration. But is it not going too far to condemn a nobleman because of his hereditary title? He is born to it and is no more to be blamed for the handle to his name than he would be for having a birthmark, or red hair, or being afflicted with some personal deformity. He didn't crave

the title, did not win it, did not express approval or disapproval of the distinction. It was there, like his baby trousseau, ready to clap on him when he uttered his first cry.

There are others to whom the title comes, not because of personal merit, but through inheritance which is operative only when some holder of it is removed by death. Then it descends like the gentle rain upon the earth, unsought, perhaps even undesired, when it brings with it nothing more substantial than a name. The rain descends whether the soil is parched or sodden; so the title comes quite regardless of the wishes or the circumstances of the inheritor.

Sometimes a title which is legally held in one country is bestowed by courtesy and accepted as a natural right in another. Here we never think of dubbing any man "Colonel" unless he holds a colonel's commission; but in Kentucky every man who is a good judge of whisky and liberal at the bar, whether he ever wore a soldier's uniform or not, thinks he should be addressed as "Colonel." In England, a bishop of the Anglican Church, being by virtue of his position a Lord, is addressed as His Lordship, but in Canada, where all denominations are on the one footing and where, consequently, no clergyman holds any title, the "lordship" is only used as a matter of courtesy, and on grounds somewhat different, but not wholly unlike those on which the Kentuckian gets his title of Colonel. As a matter of legal right, Bishop Horner, the head of the Holiness Movement, has as much claim as any Anglican or Roman Catholic bishop to be addressed as "His Lordship Bishop Horner," and the probabilities are that he would accept it with equal complacency.

No doubt we think that most of us would refuse to sail under false colours. Would we? I myself was at one time dubbed a Knight of the Maccabees, and addressed by other members of the order as Sir Knight. Did any member of the order decline to be so addressed? Not for a moment. My motive in becoming a Sir Knight of the Maccabees was to secure cheap life insurance. The knighthood was thrown in as a sort of prize, and when they suddenly raised the rates and I dropped out of the order, the knighthood went with it, and thus vanished my one and only chance to rise above the common level of humanity.

As with titles, so with the insignia associated with them. I suppose there are few of us who are without a family crest and a motto more or less intelligible. If anyone has been wandering aimlessly through life without a family crest, he can easily find one to fit his name. Let him select one that suits his fancy, and nobody is likely to object. He has just as good a right to it as any other man until somebody who thinks he has a better right arises to dispute the claim; in other words, until the unlikely and improbable happens. I have heard uncomplimentary comments from some of our democratic friends on family crests in general, as if the owners regarded them as tokens of rare distinction.

But here again our radical friends are all astray; the owner of a family crest finds it a part of his inheritance, like the family Bible, and, as I have said, nobody need be without one if his ancestors neglected to procure the distinction in their time. Crests are as plentiful as strawberries in June, and in this country anyone who has leisure to devote to trifles can work up something new in the line of crests to suit his fancy. Remember, in Canada wearing a family crest is really a mark of democracy, or rather following the example of the aboriginal inhabitants of North America, each one of whom had his totem. The first inhabitants of this continent knew nothing of lions, and griffens and

beasts and birds of doubtful lineage, nor had they mottoes in bad French and ungrammatical Latin; but every red Indian belonged to the family of the bear, or the beaver, or the fox, or some other well-known animal; and among the Iroquois, if not in other tribes, there was as much care exercised to prevent improper matrimonial alliances as is taken now in the aristocratic families of Europe to prevent their blue blood from being contaminated by intermarriages with untitled people, unless their blood is given an ultramarine tint by the possession of wealth. If our Indian predecessors and the remnants of their once mighty tribes were justified in the possession of their totems, surely there is nothing very undemocratic in bringing over the crests of our ancestors, or of some other persons' ancestors, and wearing them, when circumstances call for it, in this country. It doesn't hurt anybody, and, as no tax is levied on crests, either in the way of an import duty or an inland revenue impost, few indulgences are less expensive. I think it was Labouchère who remarked, in his ill-natured way, that he would as soon think of refusing a thistle to a hungry donkey as a title to anyone who wanted it. He meant to say a spiteful thing, no doubt, but, after all, does not that express the true and reasonable attitude of democracy on the subject? No doubt titles, like kisses, often go by favour.

We have ample illustration of that in our own community: real merit passed over, without recognition, while men with pull and influence have been loaded with honours. After all, is it not well that it should be so? Sometimes a great man's name stands out all the clearer because it is not obscured by a title. Are Gladstone and Bright thought less of by their admirers because they have passed away untitled, leaving behind them the imperishable record of their achievements? Is Lord Beaconsfield remembered best by his title or by the name he bore in the years when his literary genius made Disraeli immortal and his statesmanship guided the destinies of a great empire and helped to shape the policies of world powers? And in our own country it is safe to say that Brown and Mackenzie will stand more prominently in the group of statesmen who were the fathers of Confederation than some of their colleagues on whom titles were conferred.

"The rank is but the guinea stamp
The man's the gowd for a' that."

When we think of the author of "In Memoriam," it rarely occurs to us that as he neared the "bar" which all of us must some day cross, he was made a lord; or if perchance the fact does obtrude itself, we recall his own opinion of titles when, in the full vigour of his manhood and the noontide of his splendid genius he wrote:

"'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

There is a title, however, which was not only worthily won, but which seems appropriate—the title conferred upon one of the men whose dauntless courage and boundless enterprise gave Canada its first transcontinental railway and welded the provinces and territories of Canada into one harmonious and autonomous Dominion. I need not say that I refer to Donald A. Smith, afterwards Sir Donald Smith, and now Lord Strathcona.

There are various methods by which attention may be called to one's claim to distinction. Perhaps the most simple and effective is the trade-mark by which each Highland clan accentuates the difference between itself and other clans and primitive people generally who have not the honour and advantage of being Highland Scotch. Every clan has a distinctive plaid. To the uneducated eye these plaids look uniformly plain and unattractive, but the eye of a Highlander detects at once, by the blended colours of their

plaids, the difference between a Macdonald of the Isles, whose direct descent from Enoch is not disputed without peril, from a Macpherson, one of whose ancestors, we are told, married Noah's daughter. One would think that a device so effective that only the blind need err therein would suffice, but, like the Iroquois and the titled families of England, every Highlander has also something in the nature of a totem, with an appropriate motto. The totem of the Macpherson is a cat, with a motto indicating that Tabby, if rubbed the wrong way, will scratch. From the late Sir David Macpherson I learned that at one time an attempt was made by the MacIntoshs to infringe this trade-mark. They did not fight it out in the time-honoured Highland way, with broadsword and battle-axe, but after the manner of the effete Saxon. They appealed to the courts, and the judges awarded the cat to the Macphersons. The Macdonalds of the Isles content themselves with a human hand—a left hand at that The origin of this trade-mark was recounted to me by one of the clan at whose house I was visiting. It is as follows:

Once upon a time—that is the appropriate way to begin a fairy tale—it pleased the King of Scotland to make a present to his subjects of some islands off the coast of Scotland. To avoid the usual difficulties attending the bestowal of patronage and to get up a harmless excitement at a time when the recognised forms of amusement were cattle lifting and fighting, he donated the island to the first hand that should touch the one selected as a goal—mark the term used "the first hand that should touch the island." Among the competitors was a Highland chief named Macdonald. With his crew he made a gallant race for the island, but as he neared the shore, a competing boat shot ahead of him and would have won the race had it been conducted on modern lines; but the Macdonalds have always been a masterful and resourceful clan, as we Canadians have good reason to know, and the Macdonald in question, rather than lose the race, with his strong right hand chopped off his left hand and threw it on the shore, thus winning the prize and with it the title of Lord of the Isles. Wherefore every Macdonald descended from that clan carries as his trade-mark a left hand. The gentleman from whom I heard the legend pointed to a hand carved in stone over his front door, and assured me that in every corner of the habitable globe, and some corners that are not habitable, the same mark may be found, since the Macdonalds who have been lucky enough to get away from their ancestral home have gone, like the sunshine, everywhere, and generally made their mark in every sense of the term.

I have suggested that anyone who has never been able to find the crest pertaining to his own family can, with a little ingenuity, devise one to suit himself, and with a little imagination attach a legend, gory or romantic or both, thereto, and in one or two generations the origin of crest and legend will have become entirely forgotten. Thus equipped any of his descendants who succeeds in amassing a fortune can take down the crest and legend from the shelf, brush off the dust, and utilise them as genuine antiques.

A splendid chance to do something of this kind was lost by an unimaginative Celt in Glengarry. His father was a rough, uncultured plebeian whose bulky frame and shaggy beard won for him the name of the Bison. He began life as a day labourer, but being shrewd and practical, he succeeded, as a railway contractor, in piling up a fortune, which he left to an only son. When the young man came into his inheritance, it did not include a crest or motto or title of any kind, but he had a bank account that would

make an Italian count's mouth water.

The young man built for himself a palatial residence, gave it some commonplace name totally ignoring the author of his fortune. Now why did he not adopt for his crest a bison rampant, holding in one hoof a pick and in the other a lancet, and adopt for a motto, "I bleed the government." Then, with a buffalo's head over the front door of his residence and flunkeys clad, in winter, in buffalo furs, he would become the founder of a family with a trade-mark rare and original and a motto calculated to inspire his ambitious descendants with a determination to make the most out of their country.

Let us suppose that the son of a wealthy pork packer aspires to titles and distinctions. Who is to prevent him adopting as his crest a hog couchant, encircled with a string of sausages, and for a motto "Root hog or die." That would be—to use a term popular in select circles—something *chic*, and he might sleep undisturbed by any apprehension that some conscienceless member of the *nouveau riche* would missappropriate his trade-mark. Anyone with a lively imagination could, no doubt, furnish better illustrations of what I mean, or improve upon those given.

I have made some reference to the British nobility, but the lords spiritual and lords temporal deserve more than passing attention. While they have little power and less inclination to initiate useful legislation, they have, under the archaic system of government which prevails in the mother land, great powers of obstruction, which they sometimes use to defeat the popular will. The lords spiritual are legislators possibly because they are unfitted by training and experience, and often by mental equipment, for political affairs; still, their presence in the upper chamber gives reasonable ground for believing that they possess intelligence, however perverted it may be when applied to the solution of public questions. But with the other peers it is quite another question. Dean Swift describing the aristocracy of his day, said: "A weak diseased body, a meagre countenance and sallow complexion are the true marks of noble blood."

No one who understands human nature wonders that there is some truth in Swift's remark, when he realises the origin of a good many of Britain's noble families. Labouchère, who has devoted a good deal of attention to the House of Lords, points out that the first Dukes of Grafton, Richmond, St. Albans, and Buccleuch were illegitimate sons of Charles II. who were appointed, while they were yet children, not for any merit they were supposed to possess, but for the infamy of their birth. He reminds us, also, that the noble house of Marlborough is founded on the dishonour of Arabella Churchill, that the first earl of Orkney was raised to the peerage because he married the cast-off mistress of the King, and Conyngham was made a marquis as the price of his wife's dishonour. These are but a few of the instances of titles given for causes which should lead their present holders to regard them as brands of infamy. A long list could be furnished of titles given to court favourites for services which would not bear investigation, and a still longer list of titles purchased by wealthy men. We are told, in fact, that with few exceptions, the nobility of Great Britain owe their titles either to the easy virtue or the long purses of their ancestors.

There are men living to-day who can remember the time when, as Sydney Smith said, the country belonged to the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lonsdale, the Duke of Newcastle, and about twenty other holders of boroughs. "They are our masters," said Smith, and undoubtedly they controlled the British Islands in their day.

having the power to put their creatures in both Houses, until the rotten boroughs were abolished. Sir Wilfrid Lawson described the additions to the Upper House prior to and during his time as men who had either made much money or brewed a great deal of beer or killed large numbers of people. Labouchère contends that the condition of affairs is very little better to-day, that "a proportion by no means inconsiderable of the new peers consists of men who could not be given places in an administration, who are, in fact, the shunted dowagers of the political world, the wall-flowers of the party ball-room, while the almost inseparable accompaniment of a new peerage is the possession not of intellectual but of material wealth." In support of this statement he quotes from Lord Lyveden, himself a member of the House of Lords:

"Men have been raised to the peerage, not on political grounds, not on the ground that they have done any service of any kind to the nation, but because they have been prepared to write a cheque for a considerable amount for purposes that I will not enter into any further."

In view of this arraignment, the accuracy of which has not been challenged, I think it will be admitted that there are some British precedents which we should avoid. Hard things have been said, and with some justice, of the United States Senate and, with little justice, even of the Canadian Upper Chamber, but the worst that could be said of either of them falls far short of the record of infamy which Labouchère discloses in the case of the House of Lords. We know little of it in Canada. Happily for us, British Cabinets have, on the whole, chosen as the reperesentatives of royalty in Canada men who would win distinction and popular favour in any country. Such men as Dufferin and Lorne shed lustre on the position they adorned, and the memory of the illustrious noblemen who have graced Rideau Hall remains as a blessed inheritance to our people. But of all the men who have respresented the Crown in this country, none has more completely captured the hearts of all Canadians than the present Governor-General, Lord Grey. His simple manners, his cultured taste, his democratic spirit, his wide sympathies and unfailing benevolence which have led him to participate in every good movement, the example he has set of service to his fellow men, his tact, his high ideals and his sound judgment would make him popular in any intelligent community, and I feel that if there were only one such member of the House of Lords (and there are many), it would justify tender consideration for the anachronism of a chamber of hereditary legislators in a free, self-governing nation.

LARGESS

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TIPPING

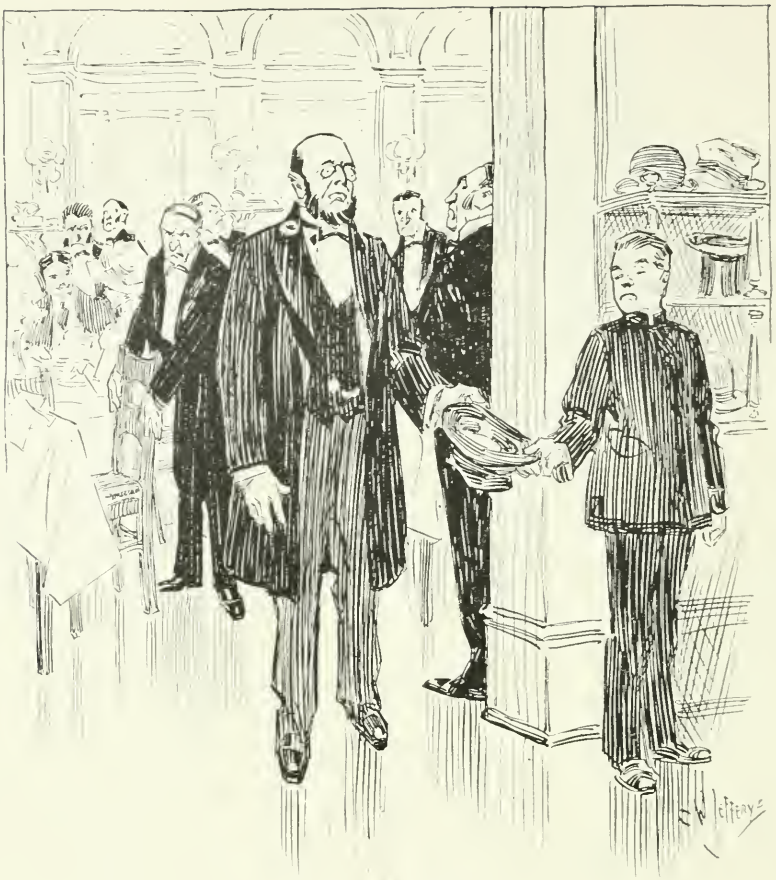
BY SERVITOR

Illustrations by C. W. Jefferys

"He giveth twice who giveth cheerfully."

TIPPING belongs to the time-honoured past; it is a custom with a history. Chaucer makes use of the word *largess*, which is nothing more or less than the old English term, derived from the French, for a tip. Bacon writes: "Great donatives and *largesses* upon the disbanding of the armies were things able to inflame all men's courage." This custom is still kept up in the British Army to the present day. When the soldiers returned from the War in South Africa, each man received $25 (which is called "blood money"), in addition to his pay. The practice does not now prevail in the British Navy, but in Nelson's time the prize money derived from the captured ships was divided amongst the victorious officers and the crew. Shakespeare frequently makes use of the term *largess* as also does Sir Walter Scott.

There may be different modes of tipping, but the principle is the same.



HE IS
A MARKED MAN

The practice of giving tips is also universal. In all probability, Antony when he was visiting Cleopatra (we are not now concerned with his ultimate success) gave backshish to her retinue, which is the Egyptian word for a gratuity; and perhaps the traveller who has been up the Nile knows this to his comfort or sorrow as the case may be.

This little word "tip" was originally painted on a money-box nailed to the wall in the coffee-room of the *Cheshire Cheese*, in Fleet Street, London, the tavern made famous by the "Charmed Circle" — Johnson, Goldsmith, David Garrick, Boswell, and Joshua Reynolds. Surely a glorious association! Moreover, gratuities have indirectly the support of holy writ. What about the good Samaritan who did not pass by on the other side? Did he not take compassion on the stricken traveller, take him to an inn, urge the landlord to look after him and bestow upon the boniface a penny? Other instances in the Bible there may be. It is unnecessary to enlarge.

It is hardly necessary to touch on the ancient custom of giving "boxes" at Christmas, at which festive season of year all sorts and conditions of men either give or receive presents,

Even the proverbial "stiff" (waiters' parlance for a mean man), puts his name to the subscription list for the staff through mere decency. This only goes to prove that tipping is an ancient habit. It may take forms other than that of direct money giving. In some parts of England, for example, the labourer, after the harvest has been gathered in, dons his "Sunday best," bedecks his hat with coloured ribbons, like an old recruiting sergeant, and goes from village to village collecting his *largess* from the squires and his tenants. In Scotland, where everybody is generous, the laird or tenant provides his harvesters with beer and "baps" in the harvest field, and this by way of a gratuity. But we fancy that tipping is more directly associated with the much abused man of the "Swallow Tail," who always says, "Yes, Sir."

Waiters have been, they will be—let them be! These functionaries are human, after all. Like everybody else in this commercial age, they want as much as they can get. Then let us admit at once that it pays to tip. Ask any cosmopolitan, and he will tell you so.

But the principle of the visitor paying for the hotel-keeper's servants is not the key-note of this article. Those who cannot afford to tip should not travel, if they wish to go in comfort. What is the use of sitting down to a decent dinner, conjuring in your mind all the time whether you will tip the waiter or not? All these disturbing thoughts are bad for the digestion and spoil the flavour of the wine. A non-

THE HEAD WAITER BOWS WITH A CHEERY "GOOD MORNING, SIR"

tipping traveller can always go to a place where girls are employed, when a sweet smile, your buttonhole bouquet or a "jolly" will be well repaid—perhaps! Yet let him remember that

William Watson has written lines on "The woman with the serpent's tongue!"

Now, the waiter wields a mighty power; the non-tipping man should remember that he is in many respects an autocrat. Behind his servility there may be scorn, and then the long waits, the poor cuts, the tarnished silver, the cold plates and potatoes for the non-tipper. For the non-tipper is a marked man. The chamber-maid knows it, the bell-boys know it, the porters and busmen know it—then what a life! Fume and fuss as much as you like, this conjurer of plates will only smile the bland smile of satisfaction at your discomfiture, and his smil permeates through all the grades of service. But, oh, what a difference in the morning if you are looked upon as a "good 'un"! The chamber-maid will pull your blind up, the bell-boy is there with your "Collins"; the head-waiter bows with a cherry "Good morning, sir." Everything goes as merrily as the proverbial marriage bell. Then you can and do feel that the world isn't such a bad hole, after all. For the time being, you forget that slump in stocks, the butcher's unpaid bill at home, and the doctor's accounting for attendance on your sick wife.

There is the law of compensation. If your hades of yesterday is turned into a paradise of to-day by the simple process of tipping the waiter, then surely it must pay to do so. Again, remember a waiter cannot be subjugated. Try it and see. Experience teaches a visitor that if he tries that device, he is but thrusting himself against a brick wall. The waiter has too many advantages, and some of them have been mentioned. "Fleas have their little fleas," and so on *ad infinitum*. So it is with waiters.

The waiter's tip is not always all profit. The head waiter, whose functions are generally more ornamental, spectacular and morally impressive than useful, looks for his little bit for favours given. The cooks, the silver man, the pantry man, (who gives out the fruit), the girl who waits on the waiter, and last, but not least, the "busboy" — the boy who carts out "the dead" (debris) from the dining-room—all expect something from the waiter. These things go to show to what an extent tipping is carried.

The writer has some faint sort of recollection of reading somewhere in Lord Chesterfield's "Letters" to his son, who was about to do Europe, "Be sure to reward the railway porter and especially the waiter, and you will find the wheels of life running smoothly." His Lordship was a man of parts, a thorough man of the world, and he knew what he was speaking about.

A waiter has many disappointments,

and oftentimes he is foiled. A "Bounder" sitting at table at the *Ritz* had placed half a sovereign under his glass, presumably for the waiter and to insure good service. After having been waited on for a couple of hours he sneaked out of the dining-room when the waiter's back was turned, taking the "half thick 'un" with him. To give another instance: A party had dined at the *Waldorf*. They had received every attention, and one of the men was about to give a ten-dollar tip when his friend said, "Oh, leave it to me, Bertie! I'll fix the waiter." He did—he pressed ten cents into his hand with a smug smile as if he had given him the whole world with a gold fence around it.

Who does not know the man who passes off the plugged coin on the waiter? His name is legion. And the fascinating lady who promises to make it all right at the next meal. She never appears again. She is on her way to Albany. Doubtless all these things, as the parson would say, are sent to try us. As a general rule waiters object to being tried.

Be it remembered that it is only after years of experience that a waiter can move softly across the polished floor of the dining-room, balancing a tray with the dexterity of a juggler, and receive and execute orders with that necessary air of profound importance of which only a really first-class waiter has the secret. Moreover, he must be able to control his facial expression, for much that he sees and hears is very ludicrous and sometimes sad. Perhaps a visitor will cut his mouth eating peas with a knife, but the waiter must not laugh! A story is told of the absent-minded waiter who previously had been a barber, and who, on seeing a visitor with a napkin round his neck, asked him whether he wanted a hair-cut or a shave. The head waiter gave him his tip—it was to leave.

Tact tells the waiter how to humour the growler, who, like the poor, is always with us, and how to pacify the man who has gazed on the wine when it is red and therefore desires to dance upon the table.

Now, if all the reforms suggested by the non-tipping public, who generally air their grievances through the correspondence columns, come into force the poor waiter will be between the devil and the deep sea, and as usual he will get it "in the neck" instead of in the pocket. Then, perforce, he must turn his abilities to another use. One is reminded of the shipwrecked sailors on the desert island who carried on a lucrative business by

ACROSS THE POLISHED FLOOR

taking in each other's washing. Thus the waiters from the *Hotel Babylon*, rather than remain unemployed, might follow this original and unpatented device and might send their soiled shirts, dickies and aprons to the waiters from the *Hotel Lucullus*, and *vice versa*, and eke out a living fit for the gods!

These are a few side-lights from the point of view of the old "hash-slinger," who had been at service for fifty years on land and sea. He knows that there are many sides to this question, and still he is of the opinion that tipping has come to stay. He suggests to everybody to tip early and tip often. Men with the biggest purses will always get the best of everything in this world, and the more generous will insure their creature comforts through the medium of tipping. The system may entail a hardship on some of the travelling public, but the settlement of it lies between the visitor and host, not with the waiter. Hard and unpleasant, as in many cases his duties are, the waiter only feels he is entitled to be regarded as "worthy of his hire." He cannot keep up a smart appearance—and the cost of this is no small thing—unless he is paid a reasonable wage for a reasonable day's work.

The public generally look upon a waiter as a sort of hybrid between a crawling worm and a highwayman. Common or garden politeness and civility do not necessarily mean crawling, nor does getting *quid pro quo* mean robbery. If he is underpaid by the management, thereby helping to swell the dividends, he naturally looks for his golden "quid" from the public. There are waiters and waiters and black sheep in all stations of life, and one profession or calling is only better than another by the people that are in it; nor are the travelling public altogether like Mrs. Cæsar. Hence the auction sales of unclaimed baggage stuffed with bricks and the loss of silver and other articles taken by the so-called souvenir collectors.

"Muzzle not the ox that treadeth down the corn."—Solomon.

AN APRIL NIGHT

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

THE moon comes up o'er the deeps of the woods,
And the long, low dingles that hide in the hills,
Where the ancient beeches are moist with buds
Over the pools and the whimpering rills.

And with her the mists, like dryads that creep
From their oaks, or the spirits of pine-hid springs,
Who hold, while the eyes of the world are asleep,
With the wind on the hills their gay revellings.

Down on th marshlands with flicker and glow
Wanders Will-o'-the-wisp through the night,
Seeking for witch-gold lost long ago
By the glimmer of goblin lantern light.

The night is a sorceress, dusk-eyed and dear,
Akin to all eerie and elfin things,
Who weaves about us in meadow and mere
The spell of a hundred vanished springs.

THE WALK IN THE WOOD

BY JEAN BLEWETT

WHEN mother takes us to walk in the wood,
She finds a seat in a corner shady,
And she tells of children sweet and good,
Till Alice acts like a grown-up lady
In meetin' time, and so do I,
Though I'm only seven and very small;
And I get so tired that by and by
I laugh and laugh at nothing at all.

When sister takes us to walk in the wood,
You see our eyes begin to glisten;
She makes no mention of children good,
But she talks and talks, and we just listen;
For there 'mong the blossoms and bramble-berries
She tells us of pixies, elves and fairies,
Shows us the spot where they meet together
Monlight and starlight and cloudy weather,
Singing their maddest, merriest song,
Skipping and dancing the whole night long!

And sister says when the sunbeams come,
Kissing the flowers till they awaken,
All the little folks scamper home,
Leaving the wonderful glade forsaken—
Scamper home to the green and gold;
Of maidenhair ferns and grass and mosses
Make themselves cradles—oh, aren't they bold?—
Up where the oak tree sways and tosses.

LORD ROSEBERY

THE MAN OF THE LONE FURROW IN BRITISH POLITICS

ROSEBERY
AND THE LONE FURROW

BY H. LINTON ECCLES

WHEN the British electors, in 1906, put Mr. Asquith in power with a majority of over three hundred and fifty, a select, thinking body of people began asking a variety of new questons. Among the questons they asked was: How would Lord Rosebery regard the promse and the performance of his one-time close follower, who had now followed the example of his former chief, the head of the house of Primrose, and reached the highest position possible to a commoner of Great Britain—that of Prime Minister? As the new Liberal policy with its several novel departures from the old, traditional Liberalism developed and became the subject of legislative measures—chiefly in what is now historically known as the Lloyd-George Budget—those people became still more interested in the attitude of Lord Rosebery.

The Earl of the Lonely Furrow, whatever else may be his qualities or lack of them, has certainly this one in abundance, that he is able, almost at will and regardless of passing events, to engage and rivet upon himself the attention of the great British public. What nearly every man of affairs, or would-be man of affairs, would do almost anything to gain, Lord Rosebery achieves practically without effort. Able, brilliant, and like most men of genius, meteoric, regarded by some as an impractical dreamer, by others as a spent star, by others still as the one man for the gap, he has no need now, as he has had no need at any time since he won over his first gathering, to go out into the highways to find his audience. He has but to indicate his pleasure and venture outside whichever of his palaces he happens to be occupying at the moment, and his public rushes to him and waits upon his slightest word. A more significant tribute, perhaps, is paid to him by the newspapers, and more especially the one-cent newspapers: which in England, by the way, limit their space mostly to eight or ten pages an issue. The press agencies have but to state, in the usual advance notices which they send to the papers all over the country, that they are doing a verbatim report of Lord Rosebery, and that verbatim report is ordered by every journal of importance—that is, every one which does not prefer to cover the engagement specially through its own reporters.

Lord Rosebery's position in British, and one might almost say in European politics, stands almost alone in the records of great men past and present. When a man, no matter how prominent the position he has filled, or how big the space in the limelight he has occupied, definitely retires from the arena, his career is discussed with animation by men in the street and at the clubs, and then dropped. That means that the process of forgetting

the man starts right away, and he simply is forgotten until the day comes along when in the natural order of things the papers chronicle his death and relieve themselves each of one more stock biography from the journalistic cemetery. Not so with his Lordship of Epsom and Mentmore and Dalmeny—the uncrowned King of Scotland, as he used to be, and still is, called. The British public will not allow him to be forgotten so easily. And he is likely to keep back those long-written-up and periodically revised biographies for many years yet.

This deliberate and stubborn keeping alive of Lord Rosebery as a factor that counts in the political game is something really quite wonderful in Britain, which more easily forgets a prominent man than perhaps any other nation. Mr. Gladstone was a remarkable man, and disciples and opponents alike admit that he was about the greatest public man of the Victorian era. That is not to be wondered at in itself, for Mr. Gladstone was a leading if not the leading figure on the world's stage for forty or fifty stirring years. But he never quite touched the people like his successor. Lord Rosebery is wealthy, he is an orator, he has won the Derby, and he has been Prime Minister during an uneventful six months. With no other outstanding, central fact does or can the average man associate the name of Earl of Rosebery. And yet he is still the unknown force, the man who might if he would, the mysterious entity to whom men of widely divergent opinions turn whenever there is a crisis gathering or a storm brewing in British domestic or foreign politics.

If Lord Rosebery is not a leader of men to-day he has no one else but himself to blame. He might have been Liberal Prime Minister when the country was sick of the South African War and those responsible for it. And, for all anyone knows to the contrary, he might be Liberal Prime Minister now, supposing he had kept his majority in the House as has Mr. Asquith, though it is a composite one. Why isn't he at the head of the Liberal party; why isn't he Prime Minister? Well, perhaps the average man will never know, perhaps future biographies will never reveal. Perhaps few, very few, people can speak with real authority on the subject, and those few who can do not feel themselves at liberty to do so.

There was a curious interest, not generally noticed, attaching to Lord Rosebery's brochure on Lord Randolph Churchill, which followed the publication of the authoritative *Life* by Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Randolph's son. Lord Rosebery, at the time his book appeared, explained that it was not intended in any sense to be placed in competition with the *Life*, but that he had been asked by Lord Randolph's widow, as an intimate friend of her husband's, to write something personal about his character as it was known to a close contemporary and could not be so known by a son. Lord Rosebery, in summing up Lord Randolph's career—which has many points of resemblance so far with Lord Rosebery's own—concludes that that career could hardly be looked upon as a failure. That it was not permitted him to accomplish more, says Lord Rosebery, was largely, though not wholly, due to the effects of his sad malady. But this sparsity of accomplishment was also in large measure due to that distinct part of Lord Randolph's character which was nothing more or less than "cussedness," though his old college chum and lifelong friend called it by a kinder name —waywardness.

A few people who consider that they hold the secret of Lord Rosebery's elusive personality try to draw the parallel between his career and that of the brilliant but variable leader of the Fourth Party still closer than it

appears from the landmarked facts in the lives of each. They attempt to complete the parallel by claiming the Rosebery summary of Churchill's career as really an unconsciously written autobiographical fragment. They say that whilst he can hardly be looked upon as a failure, there are two reasons why Lord Rosebery has not accomplished more. One lies in his "cussedness" or waywardness, to use his own term descriptive of Lord Randolph. The other has a more insidious origin, which, whilst not being identical with the malady, has yet some of the characteristics associated with it. The effects of this strange influence over Lord Rosebery are seen, it is said, most strikingly in its workings upon his mind, which is alternately stimulated and subject to fits of deep depression accompanied by pessimism. And, lest any misapprehension creep into the publicity given to this theory, let it be explained at once that no suggestion whatever is made against the personal character or habits of his lordship.

All this speculation, interesting as it may be to those who are deeply concerned with the subject of it, only leads us on to the wider speculation as to what will be the next important stage in the public career of Lord Rosebery. For few people who think at all seriously upon the subject are content to believe that his career as a public man is closed. As years and ages in politics go, he is still in his prime at sixty-three; he easily holds his proud position as the orator of the Empire; and a large proportion of Britishers, including both educated persons and men of the masses, still believe in him as the hope of his country. How far is he likely to make the effort to realise that hope? Will he come out of his tent and lead the army again? The answer has not been given by the man most concerned—himself—so one has to fall back upon his speeches.

It is generally recognised that Lord Rosebery is seriously out of harmony with the Liberal party of to-day and with the men who control it. And if that were not recognised, his speeches delivered and letters published within the past twelve months leave little room for doubt upon the point. But he has also clearly indicated that he could not join the opposition party led by Mr. Balfour; and, incidentally, the present writer has been assured upon high authority that this, in fact, he would never do, either now or at any future time. His opinions and principles—and most men grant that he is quite honest and straightforward in his holding and expression of them—are as vitally at variance with the revised policy of Mr. Balfour as they are with the revised policy of Mr. Asquith.

Is there, then, any present hope for another party, a Centre party, a Fifth Party, or whatever else it might be called, in the British Parliament? Is there a sufficient following of independent men, who think with Lord Rosebery, to form such a party? In considering this interesting possibility it is significant to refer back to a speech Lord Rosebery made more than ten years ago, and which to many minds would seem to be peculiarly applicable to the present time. In the address, Lord Rosebery said:

"I believe, as England has been governed under various suffrages for the benefit of various sections, that now the suffrage has been made accessible to all it is about to be governed for all. I believe, in the further course of the lowering of that suffrage, we somewhere or other light upon the conscience of the community. I believe that at last the community has awakened to its liabilities and duties to all ranks and classes. And I believe the people are now inclined to think that politics is not merely a game at which the pawns have to be sacrificed to the knights and the castles, but is an elevating and ennobling effort to carry into practical force and practical life the principles of a higher morality. I believe that increasingly governments will

be judged by that test. I believe the people are coming to recognise that in that spirit alone must governments be carried on. It is all very well to make great speeches and win great divisions. It is well to speak with authority in the councils of the world, and to see your navies riding on every sea, and to see your flag on every shore. That is well, but it is not all.

"I am certain that there is a party in this country, not named as yet, that is disconnected with any existing political organisation; a party which is inclined to say, 'A plague on both your Houses, a plague on all your parties, a plague on all your politics, a plague on your unending discussions which yield so little fruit! Have done with this unending talk, and come down and do something for the people!' It is this spirit which animates, as I believe, the great masses of our artisans, the great masses of our working clergy, the great masses of those who work for and with the poor, and who, for the want of a better word, I am compelled to call by the bastard term of philanthropists. And whether that spirit be with them or not—and I am convinced, by conversation with many individuals, it is increasingly so—you will find that that spirit will spread if parliament is not able to do something effective. You will find it will spread higher and wider in the social scale; and I, for one, shall not despair some day to see a minister, prime or otherwise, who shall not scruple from time to time to come down from the platform of party and speak straight to the hearts of his fellow-countrymen—speak to them as Sir Robert Peel spoke to them when he was hurled from power for cheapening the bread of the people. Were that minister here to-night, he would, I imagine, ask you not to save his Cabinet or himself, but to make a great effort to save yourselves, to save yourselves by some noble, by some direct, by some effective action for the dangers that encircle a great population — the perils of violence, of crime, and the greatest peril of all, the peril of ignorance. We ask you to rob no class, to rob no man, but we do say that unless effective means are taken to deal with this enormous, this incalculable population which is growing up around us, half noticed, half ignored, there is a danger for England such as war has never given her, and which it is the prayer of this government she may escape."

That characteristically eloquent and statesmanlike address was made, be it remembered, when Lord Rosebery was still the leader and the hope of the Liberal party, before any so-called socialistic budget and land-values tax were brought up, and before he had taken himself to his ten—or, to use his own more peaceful and appropriate expression,—to the ploughing of his lonely furrow. This extract from the speech he then made might well serve as Lord Rosebery's manifesto to his new party. Will he find such a party, will such a party find him? It is a fascinating question, but the answer does not appear just yet, though many people are earnestly hoping it may.

Who are those people, and what place do they occupy in the public estimation, socially, educationally, or politically? Lord Rosebery's views, which he has stated clearly and often enough, appeal essentially to the moderate men, and the number and standing of these are pretty generally admitted to be considerable. The "forward" movements, each of a widely different character, which have developed and gained strength in the two principal parties of the State have revealed a good many of the moderates, men who have dropped out of the ranks on this, that, and the other question. The growth of the Tariff Reform section within the Conservative and Unionist party shouldered out a number of Unionist Free Traders, not very large but ranking well both in intellect and in influence. The carrying through of the Lloyd-George Budget, followed by the adopton of more decisive action against the House of Lords, weeded out a small but select party of Liberals, mostly wealthy Liberals, who objected to the principle of taxation of land values, otherwise known as the single tax, thus introduced for the first time into the British statute book, and to the limitation of the Lords' veto. The pledging of the Liberal party again to a measure of local selgovernment for Ireland, known as Home Rule, brought out other dis-

senters, and will most likely bring out more if and when it is forced forward.

All these men, failing a brand-new and perhaps more appropriate name, may be put down as Moderates. Would they be likely to blend sufficiently to form a separate party under the leadership of Lord Rosebery—for there is no man now in the first rank as a politician of sufficient weight or ability to contest the leadership with him? The question is certainly not a fanciful one, and it may even turn out, as in many quarters is intensely hoped, to be one with a practical solution. It is not difficult, taking the main planks in Lord Rosebery's platform along with the chief principles held by the leading Moderates, to arrive at a programme which one would reasonably expect to be endorsed by him and them alike. And, for the purposes of speculation, one may select eight names from the list of the better known Moderates—four Conservatives and four Liberals. Thus, we have:

Conservatives.	Liberals.
Lord Avebury.	Lord Fortescue.
Lord H. Cecil	Lord Joicey.
Lord R. Cecil.	Sir R. Perks.
Lord Cromer.	Lord Rosebery.

These eight are all men of business, political, or administrative experience, and each has his particular following, small or large, in the country, or represents the views of a section of his countrymen. They are, to begin with, all fixed Free Traders. They object strongly to the land taxes. They are anxious to preserve the powers up to now possessed by the House of Lords. And they are against Home Rule for Ireland. There is thus between them like thinking upon four very considerable items of controversy in British politics. On these four grounds alone it would be a comparatively easy matter to establish a basis of agreement. The rest of the party programme, both as regards domestic and foreign policy, could, one imagines, be settled without much difficulty in conference between these eight representatives and other men of influence among the Moderates who have not been reckoned in this brief list.

What standing would the party have in the ridings? It is quite reasonable to suppose they would make an impression in Lancashire, which sends eighty odd members to Parliament, and where Tariff Reform stands as much chance of winning elections as it ever did—and that is practically none at all. They would probably gain ground in Scotland, where the influence of Lord Rosebery is still great, and in the English country constituencies, especially the small non-manufacturing boroughs, which love a lord as dearly as they have always done and would be likely to follow his guidance at the polls. Then there are certain districts, like the South and West of England, where, from one cause or another, the prospect of Ireland being granted Home Rule is looked upon with considerable apprehension. Upon these districts the Moderate party, pledged as it would be to resist Home Rule, might obtain a firm hold.

Would the Moderate party have a financial backing strong enough to enable it to win elections and to support members in Parliament? Most likely it would, for it includes already in its ranks men of great wealth who, conceivably, would be prepared in liberal measure to contribute to the party funds.

The interesting speculation, then, reaches this stage, that the Moderate party has, first, a policy; secondly, leaders; thirdly, men to support the leaders; fourthly, money to pay the men who would give the leaders that support; fifthly, a (prospectively) more or less solid support in the country. Under those five heads are grouped all the essentials necessary for the bringing into being of the Moderate party. Will it be brought into being?

SENTIMENTAL SURGERY

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

MRS. Vinen appeared in the office of the legal firm in which Hesketh was junior partner, flying every signal of distress. The possible interpretation of her husband's will left her in trepidation, for the late financier, as is sometimes the case, found it easier to accumulate money than to bequeath it.

A lawyer had always appeared to her in the guise of a necessary evil, but that was in days of effortless ease. Now, the tall ungainly figure of her counsel, his pale face and shock of yellow hair, were the aura of a possible financial saviour.

She handed him a copy of the will and watched his eyes picking up the typewritten lines.

"I think, madam," said Hesketh, after a voiceless scrutiny, "that there is no serious difficulty here."

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times: and will you act for me and attend to it all?" The blankness of his face stopped her, and the words trailed out in quenched enthusiasm.

"I think so, Mrs. Vinen. I will consult my partner and let you know our decision to-morrow."

Had she known that this non-committal adviser was some fifteen years her junior, an outraged sense of proportion would have led her to another tribunal, but Hesketh's measured utterance and his grave exterior gave no clue as to his age.

Mrs. Vinen was a modern product, one of those generally spoken of as representing a type. At forty-three her dark hair and fair skin allied with the gentle curves of her figure to bid defiance to the first imprints of time, imprints against which every feminine rampart was raised. Her natural vivacity had not drooped from contact with an elderly husband whose ambition was to die worth a million and who had achieved an ample, if sordid, success. Vinen himself, moving in narrow circles bounded by financial opportunity, had strangled his larger emotions and dulled his sensibilities to a throb of satisfied possession. Of comradeship there had been none, and, as the chrysalis of married limitations fell away, his widow felt the free air of boundless possibility.

Hesketh's brusqueness was of a nature that provoked rather than repelled, his personality was too delicate to wound, too genuine to be snobbish. As the tedious course of law dragged on, his client realised that her interests were being handled with a precision so accurate that it seemed almost metallic in its unvarying progress. The inflexible mechanism of a mind that moved in such invisible courses began to pique, then gradually to attract her, for Hesketh was not only a contrast to the departed, but to every other man she had ever met.

He dined at her house a month later, and his acceptance gave her a thrill of pleasure that was almost maidenly. His long, ungainly figure and shock of red hair flouted the perfection of her drawing-room, his angularity pointed the grace of her own form, but, withall, he brought with him something that she recognised as

distinctive, something that Vinen had never brought—it was perhaps the essence of a man. He was subjected, unconsciously, to such a treatment of social massage that beneath his ungainliness throbbed a new pulse of personal ease, and he began to find comfort where before no comfort was. He admired the faculty that bred such surroundings, but his admiration baulked at going further. He did not guess that his hostess was deep in a reconnaissance, was feeling her boundaries, noting observations, posting pickets; that, though her responsiveness met him across the flowers and crystal, he was undergoing an analysis masked by beauty and pointed by personal and charming confidence.

His candour wakened her respect and withal his contentment excited her wonder. His view seemed uncompromising, but it embraced a single-minded purpose. Mrs. Vinen, feeling her way, tentative and cautious, was rapidly leaving the subjective for the objective and between these extremes found no mental leisure. Long years spent with the austerity of miserly age had suddenly vanished in a vast desire for youthfulness, a youthfulness that would drown the memory of the past. There is a charm in the *gaucherie* that prophesies perfection and a certain character in the ugliness that bespeaks an underlying force. Hesketh had both, and had as well a self-reliance that appealed strongly to a woman without an anchorage.

There was a void in the heart of Mrs. Vinen, and her powers of affection demanded their object.

Fate is grim. The moving element in her mind became a growing liking for Hesketh, not so much for what he was as for what her influence and means could make him. It was because he had great possibilities, because in him she could find her *métier* and inspiration. There was something of selfishness in it but not recognisable as such, she liked him because she liked to like him. She was too self-centered to breed a great passion but too clever to overlook the probable outcome of such a union—had it involved a sacrifice the matter would have been entirely different.

On one solitary and conjectural evening the Honourable John Morton called, and she rose to meet him with something of relief. In her wedded days he had frequently entertaind the Vinens, being financially associated with her husband. He admired the widow and was ready to terminate his bachelor days at her nod, but the dark eyes that found in the young lawyer such attractiveness now saw in Morton no such interest. His wealth matched her own, his tastes were hers, his culture undeniable, for he was a connoisseur of no mean standing, and his social position everything to be desired. He had lived as men live who have but to put out their hands and take; he was portly, courteous, judicial, and very eligible.

She was inwardly surprised that his attention impressed her so little. It may have been that his confidence savoured of assurance, or that his rotund figure lacked the loose-jointed ease she had begun to consider as physical perfection, but whenever conversation took a personal trend she choked it with a generality. His intention was sincere, but it moved her not: there did not seem to be anything left that could be done for this man. The same intelligence that revealed Hesketh's possibilities now warped her sense of proportion where Morton was concerned because he offered her no opportunity to do what she wanted to do.

Morton, suave, discreet and self-contained, showed no desire to angle when the fish were not biting, and the widow was relieved that a difficult hour was over without an *impasse*.

In due time the lawyer proved his case, and Mrs. Vinen was in possession

of her husband's splendid fortune.

Hesketh left her so few opportunities of saying thank you that it was difficult to do much for him. Electrically speakng, positive and negative poles have an affinity, but Hesketh's negative was, although she did not see it, the obverse of a strong positiveness; the intellectual element in him moved in paths untrodden by her, the material side of him was not conscious of the lack of anything she could offer.

In truth he was engrossed in his profession, busily turning the many facets of a keen intelligence to draw what light he could from whatever source. Much of his work was to undo or at least counteract the poor judgment of his fellows and the cases that fascinated him most were constructive. Wealth might be the result of his labour but never its object.

Mrs. Vinen began to realise that there was something wrong in her plan of campaign, and she searched the horizon for an alternative. The comparative commended itself, and the thankless office fell upon the masculine shoulders of Miss Clara Bolt, who was in every respect the widow's antithesis. The method was what a musician would term contrapuntal although the result might not be harmonic. To the widow's ingratiating curves Miss Bolt opposed sharp uncompromising angles. She had a riotous mat of hair that defied subjection, a square, strong, actively intelligent face and an utter disregard for her personal appearance. On the occasion of their first meeting, which was, to every one except the widow, purely accidental, Hesketh's impressions defied even his own analysis, or rather he was suddenly conscious that he had impressions, and in Mrs. Vinen's dark eyes lurked a subdued light when she heard the curt "How d'ye do" that greeted him. There was a directness in the manner of Miss Bolt that demanded recognition, and, backed by her steady gray eyes, generally secured it. All inflection had been ironed out of her deep, sometimes harsh, voice; there was a latent fibre in it that suggested cross examination, and he felt suddenly helpless when Mrs. Vinen's low modulations reached him from a laughing circle of her friends.

Miss Bolt's enthusiasm demanded audience rather than participation and Hesketh was duly thankful. Her intensity roused his psychological interest, till, as he listened, her forceful periods bred wonder at the brain that produced them. Gradually he realised that she was meeting him in open field, not hedged about by privilege of femininity and independent of all the arts of her sex; it was like a breath of fresh untainted air, and when Mrs. Vinen rejoined them she brought none of the relief he had anticipated.

In point of fact the widow represented to herself most that was desirable in a woman—the vision that could behold her otherwise must be astigmatic, and Miss Bolt was merely the instrument of her sentimental surgery.

If re-assurance was needed she found it. Hesketh slowly began to develop tendencies toward the humanities, even the amenities, of life. He took his pleasures at first with a grave conscientiousness and then a quizzical acceptance that left her in much doubt as to his inward thoughts while she watched his *gaucherie* soften into a large, if silent, ease.

It was characteristic that he made no personal re-adjustment, it seemed rather that the tenor of things changed into greater similitude to his diffident self. Mrs. Vinen was using colourless glasses and knew it not.

There was a fibre in her that had been touched into strange new life by Hesketh's very detachment, and his fascinations multiplied—being voiceless. He offered the charm of an undiscovered country, while Morton, his impending alternative, was cultivated

into a tasteless luxuriance that left nothing to either effort or imagination.

Keenly curious, but too wise to ask questions, her curiosity was for weeks at war with her wisdom—then the patient showed signs of convalescence, and astonished her with a query, one that sent a multitude of quick throbbing questions to her heart. Morton had left them after a subdued and rose-coloured evening through which she had moved as the personfication of soft attractiveness, and Hesketh, as the door closed behind him, abruptly asked, "What do you consider most desirable in a man?"

She had so long watched the undiverted current of his mind flow past her that she had had ample time to mentally rehearse the moment which his words seemed to herald, but they were so sudden and withal so human and communicative that at first she only felt conscious of an easing, a slackening as it were, in the far boundaries of her spirit.

"I think," she said slowly, "that women often look at these things very selfishly, and the desirable qualities are those that produce the results we want, but I am rather a co-operative person."

"I beg your pardon: co-operative?"

"Yes," she said, gazing at the fire through the filigree of a fan, "I should want to give as much as I take, possibly more."

There was a thread of feeling in her voice that drew his curious gaze. "Now Miss Bolt, for instance," she suddenly continued, "do you suppose Miss Bolt feels that way?"

"Whom am I to speak for, Miss Bolt?" he said, smiling, "and why do you ask?" He was conscious that her eyes were on him, and gazed studiously into the fire.

"Suppose she were engaged, that's a joke, as you can see for yourself, what do you think she would likely give?"

"If you ever meet her husband, ask him," said he, diplomatically.

Mrs. Vinen's shoulders expressed many things, and he added, "You have been much in my thoughts lately."

The fan closed, and the widow's eyes drooped. "Yes?"

"I think Morton is in love with you."

Her lids trembled for a second and a faint flush crept into her temples, "Why do you say that?"

"It's the reason why I asked you what you thought desirable in a man—Morton seems to me most desirable."

"I can't say I agree with you."

Hesketh's long fingers knitted into each other about his knee. "Illustrative of my lack of intuition?" he said quizzically.

Mrs. Vinen's soul was in tumult. Hesketh's feet were on the trail she had blazed, but the trail was crooked and out of line. His heart was inviolate, and she found herself fumbling with an impersonal mentality that was apparently born blind.

She turned to him suddenly, "Would you be surprised to know that Mr. Morton is nothing to me—absolutely nothing."

He stared into the fire, "Yes, that does surprise me."

"Mr. Morton is almost too polished; there is nothing left to get hold of; contact with the world has rubbed down his characteristics till there is only a series of amiabilities left. That's rather mean of me, isn't it?" she added, with a little laugh.

Hesketh's eyebrows wrinkled into a query that she grasped and answered. "No, I am not so hard to please as it sounds. I'm probably a very foolish woman, but you know we all have our little shrines to which we slip away and worship, and Mr. Morton does not happen to be a tenant of any of my particular shrines, that's all."

She held out her hand as he rose

to go. "I think he will be an applicant for your first vacancy. Good night and thank you for an illuminating evening."

His steps died into silence, and the widow, lost in a huge chair by the hearth, sat motionless. It had been an illuminating evening, no doubt of it, but the lght had shone in unexpected places. Callously she used the scalpel and laid bare her inmost self, her heart and condition, but the unalterable result was a hungry desire for Hesketh, his blindness and his lean angularity. Morton — bland, courteous and prosperous—could not balance him. It was youth she craved —youth to wipe out the years with its sharp unmodulated vitality, and all of this Morton had folded up and put away.

These were days of professional progress for Hesketh. One case led to another, and she saw his name frequently mentioned, but he seemed to have dropped out of social existence.

She was at her writing table when a note was laid upon it. Not many letters came from him, but the large, almost defiant characters were, like everything else of his, unusual. All other notes had come by post, but this by messenger, and she held it tentatively, almost hesitating to open it—then read:

"My dear Friend:

A line in haste and some excitement to tell you of my engagement to Miss Bold. In a way, I am as much surprised as you will probably be, having no hope that the fates had such happiness in store for me. As I write, it appears that I am indebted largely to yourself for this, an introduction to my fiancee being one of your many kindnesses. How manifold these have been I only know. We have seen a good deal of each other of late and our interests and ambitions have much in common. We would like to come and see you. When may that be?"

The letter dropped from her fingers. She looked at it curiously, picked it up and read it again.

Her gaze wandered into the fire, then climbed to the mantel where a Dresden shepherdess seemed to be swaying unsteadily on her tiny crook. A stillness fell about her in which she heard all the multitudinous little sounds that mingle into silence. The square, uncompromising sheet crackled between her nervous fingers, and tangled emotions grouped themselves into a kaleidoscopic series dominated by the masculine figure of Miss Bolt; then with pains-taking exactitude she tore the letter into small fragments and dropped them one by one into the basket.

The last square fluttered to the hearth and across its white face the word "happiness" stared for a moment, curled up in brown smouldering destruction, and vanished in a little spurt of flame.

Her mouth trembled as she wrote: My dear Mr. Hesketh:

Your happy news has come as a surprise. I had no idea that your friendship with Miss Bolt had ripened so rapidly. Bring her on Thursday at five, if you are free, when it will be a pleasure to congratulate you both.

A year later the Mortons were in a villa that smiled down at the brown waters of the Arno a little below Florence. An American mail had brought home papers in which Morton was engrossed, till his eyes caught a marked paragraph; then he handed the sheet to his wife.

"Hesketh's in luck, he's won that corporation suit: I didn't think it was in him," he added parenthetically.

Her eyes ranged up and down the terraced slope that fronted them. "Very ordinary people sometimes do unexpected things," she said, with a touch of acid in her voice.

A GERMAN TRAVELLER IN UPPER CANADA IN 1837

TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN

BY THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL

[*Freidrich Gerstäcker, born in 1816, at Hamburg, sailed in 1837 for America on the* Constitution. *After remaining a short time in New York, he went up the Hudson to Albany, and then by the Erie Canal westward. The account below begins with his leaving Niagara Falls. It is believed that a foreigner's impressions of Upper Canada in those times may be of interest. The passages translated begin at page fifty-nine of the Tostenoble (Jena) edition of Gerstäcker's "Strief—und Jagdzüge durch die Vereinigten Staaten Nordamerikas."*]

MY heart was still full of this magnificent wonder of nature, and I had no desire to spend the night in the small town of Manchester, lying close by the Falls; so I followed the first road into the country which presented itself, partly to hunt and partly to seek out a house in which to find shelter for the night.

It was growing darker and darker, the mud becoming deeper and deeper, as I at last by good fortune noticed the glow of a light breaking like a guiding star through the ever-thickening gloom. It was the peaceful and pleasant dwelling of a Pennsylvania blacksmith who had settled here in the State of New York, and who, with generous hospitality, now fed the hungry and prepared a warm bed for the weary.

I heard here, as well as at several farm-houses, that Canada was a beautiful country, that game filled the woods there to overflowing and that bears and wolves not seldom gave occupation to the bold hunter.

Here, then, was the prospect of an interesting life. "Canada," "bear-hunt"—these two words were in themselves sufficient to unfold before me new and delightful pictures. Where I should go was a matter of absolutely no importance: I should get to know the country; and whether I began at the north or the south was all one.

So I did not require long consideration. On November 1st, a steamboat took me from Lewiston, a little town on the Niagara, to Toronto: at this place, however, I remained only a night, as I arrived very late, and early the next morning went by another boat on to Hamilton.

Hamilton is a pleasant little city on Lake Ontario, in Canada, and, though it lies but a short distance from the frontier of the United States, a very great difference can be observed, as well speaking generally as in many small particulars. The greater part of the settlers in Canada are English, Scotch or Irish; and these

have for the most part retained their old customs—at least, so it appeared to me in the very short time I was there and had an opportunity for observation. The money, too, is English, although American money is also current; and one would on the other side of the lake look in vain for sceptre and crown, which here decorate signs, etc., as commonly as they do in the old land.

I hurt my foot in Hamilton, and was forced to remain there Friday the 3rd November, unpleasant as it was for me; but early on Saturday I set out in splendid weather, quite recovered and happy, into the glorious open country, and like the schoolmaster in the story felt sympathy for the people in the streets because they had to stay there. From Hamilton I went to Dundas (also on Lake Ontario), took thence a northerly direction and made my way toward the town of Preston. I turned to the right, however, two miles ahead to get to New Hope, where, as I had heard, an old German hunter was living.

On Sunday afternoon I arrived safely at New Hope, and, making inquiries there about the old German's place, I reached it that evening by dark. He was not at home; but six children of all sizes looked up with bright eyes in astonishment at the stranger and his outlandish getup. The master was at church with his wife; and the eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, was teaching her smaller brothers and sisters reading and spelling out an old tattered (who knows whether understood?) catechism. I sat down quietly in a corner, awaiting the arrival of the older members of the family, and listening to the prattle of the children.

At last the heads of the family made their appearance. The old man belonged to the religious sect of Tunkers, and allowed his beard to grow full under the chin. They greeted the stranger most heartily as soon as they could free themselves from the children leaping upon them.

At first the old man appeared to look on me with somewhat distrustful eyes, of course on account of my weapon; for Canada stood upon the threshold of the Rebellion which broke out only a few weeks later, and these "peaceful Dutchmen" seemed to find no particular pleasure in the growing unrest. When, however, I told him the reason of my visit, he quickly became friendly and familiar; he laid aside his church clothes, and we then sat down by the warm stove, which is, in Canada, on account of the extreme cold, frequently to be found instead of a fire-place.

The conversation turned for the most part on farming and hunting. The old man seemed to understand the former thoroughly; and he was passionately fond of the latter. This was the man for me. He told me a great deal of the former abundance of game which now, however, had retreated before the increasing population which went into the woods and frightened the game by repeated shots without accomplishing more than crippling some poor deer. I fancy he was talking sarcastically. He boasted, too, that he seldom missed at a "turkey-shoot." Turkey-shooting is practised here, exactly as Cooper so strikingly decribes it in "The Pioneers." When the night was far advanced, the old man showed me to a bed under the roof, in which I certainly found no scarcity of fresh air; but I slept soundly.

During the evening, he had told me of a lake only a few miles distant in which a tremendous number of ducks had taken up their abode; and at daylight I set out to get a few for roasting.

My new acquaintance, of course, showed me approximately the direction in which I would find the lake—a road, however, was not to be thought

of. Still, I believed I should be able to find the water, even without the compass, and set off briskly. But the wood got thicker and thicker, the upturned trees lying across and through each other became more and more numerous; and the sun was already high when I at last took the compass from my pocket, and with its help I followed a straight course and I fortunately arrived at the lake. I found a great flock of ducks; but, apparently made shy by other hunters, they kept the middle of the lake, and very few swam around by the margin.

This was another difficulty; but as the lake did not seem to me to be large, I made up my mind to go around it.

I had killed three ducks, one by one; and somewhat ardently pursuing the game had not observed the progress of the day. Now I all at once noticed that the sun had declined very far toward the west. To get around the lake before sundown was, as I recognised, not possible, for as I could see at the clearings, I had not traversed half the distance; and in the northeast were gathered heavy masses of clouds which had almost overtaken the fleeing sun and sent the wind in advance whistling and roaring.

I saw nothing for it but to camp here. The few pieces of hard bread which I found in my pocket had little effect in allaying my hunger; and I did not take the time to roast one of the ducks. Moreover, the weather appeared to be on the point of becoming very disagreeable. I had got into very bad humour when, just at the right time, as I was going slowly along the shore, I found a canoe hewn out of a tree trunk. It was made fast to a root. Without a second thought I climbed in and paddled some two-and a half English miles to the other shore, a huge, high, dead tree serving me as a mark to steer by.

The wind blew strong and the waves pitched the rudely-built and clumsy vessel about to such an extent that I had to apply all my strength and skill to keep in equilibrium and to propel it through the waves. In the meantime the sky began to be clouded over with snowflakes to such an extent that I was covered in a short time and only with difficulty could I keep my eyes upon the dead tree, and so hold my direction. At last I landed, fastened the boat to the shore and tried to find a road to some settlement.

In the meantime it had become quite dark; but a short distance ahead I was fortunate enough to discover a narrow foot-path, off which the snow melted in consequence of the wet and which led me through the wood like a faint line. I followed it confidently; and, at length, after walking perhaps an hour and a half, the glow of a distant light appeared, to which I hastily and joyfully made my way. I quickly reached it and soon was knocking at the outside door—which was at the same time the room door—of a farmer's house.

A German voice asked, "*Wer ist da?*" (Who is there?"), and this streamed like balsam over my whole frame — particularly over the stomach.

It was the wife of a German waggon-maker who opened the door. Her husband had ridden to the small village a few miles away, but was expected back at any moment. The warm stove called back to new activity my nearly frozen animal spirits; and a cup of warm coffee which she set before me restored me quite to my former self. After the lapse of an hour or so, the husband, a friendly German, arrived. He had been three years in the country; he had come over without a red cent, but now he had acquired a very pretty little house, a bit of land and plenty of custom.

As it had snowed very hard all night, I promised myself a good hunt,

and set out very early. My host would on no condition accept money for his hospitality, so I left him the game shot the day before. I loaded the left barrel of my hunting-piece for this day with buckshot, the right with duckshot; and putting on fresh caps, I stepped out of the room which was hot as an oven into the fresh, cool morning air, drinking it in in long thirsty draughts.

I had wandered around something over an hour without shooting anything but a rabbit and a partridge, when suddenly a man met me whom I could not at a distance distinctly place; but soon I recognised that he was a civilised Indian.

He was dressed in a short woollen coat, dark blue trousers with wide seams protruding. His feet were covered with moccasins, and his head with a red woollen scarf, wound round like a turban. His fiery black eyes blazed out from under this, and his straight black hair hung down over his temples. In his ears he had a pair of crystal earrings. His Indian belt, decorated with pearls, held a tomahawk; on his right side hung a plain powder-horn and a bullet-pouch, and his American rifle lent to the whole figure a romantic appearance.

After a short greeting and hand shake, we tried to make ourselves understood. This was certainly no easy task, for he spoke only broken English; and I did not know much even of this language. Upon my asking him whether he had seen much game, he pointed along in front of him upon the ground where a bear track still quite fresh was to be seen in the snow. He beckoned me to go along with him; and I fancy I need not say that I followed him with a heart beating with joy and impatience.

The hunt was not distinguished by anything more noteworthy than the killing of a bear, quite young—indeed only eight or nine months old—the parents of which had apparently been shot a short time before. So far as I was concerned, I did but little harm to the little black rascal with my shot gun, notwithstanding all my huntsman's ardour. The Indian sold the little creature later in Preston for $4, and probably drank up the proceeds there; at all events, I left him busily engaged at that job when I took leave of him.

After this hunt, I traversed the wood again for a while alone, but with very little success; for not being acquainted with the bush and not being able to find my way about properly, I dare not venture to go any great distance from the settlements. Besides, as I was a very young hunter, I was hardly in a position to be perfectly sure that I would kill every day what I needed for my own support.

The weather, too, certainly did not serve to make living in the open air comfortable; I was as yet too short a time living such a life. Now and then I, of course, came across country people with whom I lodged for the night. The description which they gave me of a Canadian winter was not enticing, and I determined that I would beat a retreat before I found myself snowed in.

In order to carry out this decision, I struck a southerly direction towards Lake Ontario again, where, as I was told, the road would lead to Buffalo.

Here in the woods, I was destined to have an adventure, but one not crowned with any success on my part. While I was following in the proper direction a little foot-path or cow-path, suddenly I caught sight of seven wolves standing in front of me at a distance of about seventy yards. Without thinking, I bent down softly into the snow to load one barrel of my gun with a bullet, as I was afraid that I could not do anything with shot. When I got up, the wolves had "bid good-bye" and left me the empty satisfaction of having my trouble for my

pains. I was frantic. As they had fled southeasterly, I had a mind to follow them to get the scalp of a beast of prey like them—the Government offered a reward of $6 for every wolf-scalp. Since, however, the sun was apparently near setting, I gave up the pursuit.

The Canadians maintain that the wolves of that country, when first sheep were introduced by the settlers, were so afraid of these new-comers that they would not come near them. With time, they became accustomed to the new and strange animals, and certainly very much to their disadvantage, for hardly had they got a bite of the first of them, than the flesh tasted to them extraordinarily good; and now they were occasioning no insignificant damage among the flocks.

Moreover, the accusation is made against the Canadian wolf—I do not know whether rightly or wrongly—that his bite is deadly, and that sheep or dogs which have been bitten are sure to die, although the wound in other respects would not be at all fatal.

During the day I had seen several deer, but was not in a position to creep up within gun-shot of any; and at last had to be satisfied with a rabbit which ran across the road.

There was no use thinking of a house this evening, as I found myself no longer even upon a path in the bush, but I was in the true sense of the words "all in the woods." Accordingly, before it became dark, I dragged together as much wood as I could find near by, cleared away the snow and kindled a fire under the pile, which soon blazed up pleasantly.

When I had warmed myself sufficiently, I got to work to clean my little rabbit and broil it. This I accomplished without much ceremony. I cleaned it out with snow as well as I could and stuck it on a twig immediately over the fire; while I laid a piece of bark below so as to catch the fat which fried out; and I poured this fat over the roast again. It is true that I missed salt and bread very much, but hunger is a splendid cook. The hind legs I laid aside for breakfast; but the rest of the dish I finished. This over, I heaped up my fire, and with my hunting-bag under my head, my fur cap drawn over my eyes and feet toward the fire, I prepared to spend my first night in the open air in America.

I fell asleep very quickly and so soundly that I did not wake up till I was awakened by the sharp morning air. My fire was burned down; and my limbs were shivering with the cold. I trembled so that I could scarcely blow the fire up again; but at last I succeeded, and gradually my stiff limbs were quite thawed out. The morning sun found me buried in the contemplation of my two rabbit hams, which I inspected so long that I could see the very bones.

When I had cared sufficiently for my creature comforts, I renewed with new vigour my march toward the south, and at about 10 o'clock, the crowing of a domestic cock showed me that I was not far from a human residence. I marched in that direction with long strides; and soon was greeted by the barking of a pack of hounds.

The owner of the house was in the bush chopping wood and splitting fence-rails (the long poles which are laid upon each other to enclose the fields. The enclosure is itself called a "fence"). His wife, a tidy American, hospitably set before me bread and milk; she assured me that I was not more than twenty miles distant from the road to Buffalo, and that I would come across a good many farmhouses if I went somewhat farther to the south. She refused on any consideration to take money for the refreshments; and after heartily thanking her, I walked away through the legion of hounds and marched forward in such joyous mood that the Canadian

bush resounded with German songs. On the following morning, I reached the graded road to Buffalo, which led through a continuous succession of farms and was travelled by a kind of stage coach. I had returned to the cultivated part of the country. The farmer here grows a great deal of wheat, which succeeds very well, and also oats and barley; particularly, however, Indian corn, although this crop does not in the north arrive at the same perfection as in the south. The cobs were small and most of them that I saw had yellow grains.

About thirty miles from the city, I came across a cattle dealer from the United States, who was returning home. He was a friendly man, and I made up my mind to travel the thirty miles to Buffalo with him, for company's sake. It did not take long for us to become acquainted with each other. He was driving home two huge fat oxen out of Canada to the United States; and at the same time was riding a terribly lean horse. Nevertheless, he very hospitably invited me to take turns with him on his *Rosinante*, as he himself would like to walk a little.

Riding would not have been amiss—for there was a fine rain falling and the roads had become very slippery—if the good man had not tried to make a deal for the horse I was riding with everyone he met — he was even willing to give it in trade for two cows. It certainly must, many a time, have looked comical enough when the miserable beast upon which I was riding was offered "dirt cheap" to those who passed or met us.

When he had walked himself tired, he got on and I walked. He had in his pocket a book containing some sort of most touching tragedy; and every time he got himself settled firm in the saddle, he took it out and began to declaim, holding the book in his left hand while he gesticulated with the right, in which he at the same time carried the long ox-whip. At each of the somewhat vehement movements occasioned by the powerful parts of the tragedy, movements made with the right arm and therefore with the whip, the whip brought so much discomfort to the oxen that these poor creatures, who always kept their eyes fixed on the lash, shied back, and only a "Shoo Buck! Oh! Oh!" which often interrupted very prosaically his pathetic tones, would bring the horned and involuntary hearers back to their duty.

On the evening of the 11th November, I came for the second time to the Falls of Niagara, and was now enabled to look in wonder upon their magnificence and grandeur from the Canadian side also.

From that point the way winds up to Lake Erie — and this makes a splendid way to travel. The street itself is smooth and dry, on the left the glorious broad Niagara river shaded by the dark primeval forest, on the right one fine farm after another with the most beautiful orchards—it is an enchanting sight. The distance which we thus travelled seemed to me but a few steps. Some miles from Buffalo we boarded a ferry worked by horses over the Niagara river, and were soon again in the United States.

What I saw of Canada shows me that it is—at least in these parts—a beautiful and fertile country, with a salubrious though very cold climate. And it is on account of this extreme cold that I would never select Canada for a place of residence, not even in Upper Canada lying furthest to the south. The land produces splendid grain; but still not much can be made of sheep and swine-raising, as the numerous wolves attack these animals, unless the farmers are willing to pay more attention to their flocks and herds than to let them run wild.

JOHN RUSSELL
BUST BY JO DAVIDSON

THE ART OF JOHN RUSSELL

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

EXCEPT among painters and personal friends at Paris, in New York and Toronto, not very much was known of John Russell until two years ago, when the Canadian Government bought for the National Gallery at Ottawa his picture entitled "Mother and Son." This picture at once brought him into prominence in Ontario, his native Province, and as readily placed him in the front ranks of Canadian painters. But while he is Canadian by birth and sentiment, he resides at Paris, and in his *atelier* in the art colony of that centre of art he has for six years pursued his calling with a zeal that has now brought its reward, the reward of mature and acknowledged craftsmanship and rare versatility. His versatility was an outstanding feature of his exhibitions last month at New York and Toronto, where, besides portraits, at which he excels, there was a notable display of still-life and figure subjects, marines, and landscapes.

The exhibition in New York was in many respects a noteworthy undertaking, and it rather astonished some of the academicians over there to see a young Canadian conduct a one-man exhibition in a high-class Fifth avenue gallery and make a display of about fifty canvases of excellent and consistent merit. It would have astonished them all the more had they known that owing to physical difficulties, almost one hundred canvases had to be left in Toronto, and therefore could not be exhibited in New York at all.

I well remember the occasion on which I first heard of John Russell. A group of painters were dining together in Toronto two years ago last autumn, when some one casually remarked that young "Jack" Russell's contributions to the next Club exhibition

BOY WITH PHEASANT

would stir them up. I asked what kind of pictures he painted, and was told that his preference was for life-size figures, pretty women and ugly men. At once I was interested. The first and only pictures that he exhibited in Toronto thereafter until this year were "Mother and Son," "Boy and Pheasant," and the nude figure of a boy on a couch surrounded by fruit and flowers, with a white and black poodle dog in the foreground. These examples of Mr. Russell's art convinced most persons who saw them that their author was an accomplished craftsman as well as a painter of distinctive character and depth of feeling. Of "Mother and Son" it can be said that it is admirably executed, dignified in conception, simple in arrangement, and harmonious in tone, while "Boy with Pheasant" is as fine an example as one could wish for of out-and-out spontaneity in the figure and sheer quality in the painting of the accessories.

The next occasion on which I had an opportunity to examine Mr. Russell's art was during his visit to Canada a year ago, when he painted a number of portraits, among them one of the late Professor Goldwin Smith. Pro-

From the Painting by John Russell in the Canadian National Gallery at Ottawa.

MOTHER AND SON

THE WILLOW PLUME

fessor Smith, whose interest in such things was not easily aroused, was attracted by the progress of this portrait, and after each sitting would examine it closely. During one particular sitting the artist forgot himself and began to whistle merrily as his brush moved back and forth across the canvas. The whistling greatly amused the professor, who had been accustomed to studied deference and severity of demeanour..

My further acquaintance with Mr. Russell and his work was when I visited his studio in the *rue* Campagne Première, just off the Boulevard Montparnasse, in the Latin quarter of Paris. It is at Paris that Mr. Russell has painted his best pictures, and it is there that he seems to have the most impulse to work. The environment is conducive to progress, and there is plenty of opportunity for conscientious, wholesome criticism. The associations are altogether artistic, and in the little cafés of the Boulevard one is almost sure to encounter some painter or musician or writer.

LADY WITH MUFF (SALON, 1910)

It was while lunching with Mr. Russell in one of these cafés that an American painter and his wife and a Scotch painter came in and joined us. We had ordered *Chateaubriands*, and they did likewise. The Scotchman had just sold a picture, and in his exuberance he announced the fact, with the result that he was constrained to set up a bottle of wine for each of us, an ordeal that he underwent with excellent humour, notwithstanding his nationality.

Mr. Russell is as good an instance as one could find of the hard-working painter. He works hard, or rather persistently, because he enjoys his work, and is ill at ease when he is not engaged at something connected with his art. When I found him at Paris, he had just come in from a trip out to Dieppe, whither he had gone to paint the sea, the shore, and the accessory figures of bathers and sand-walkers. Then I saw him waiting for the sun to shine in the Luxembourg Gardens, a part of Paris that has appealed to him greatly. He is fond of sketching there, and indeed one can think of no more delightful

spot for the observation of the play of sunlight upon brightly-coloured gowns, bronze or marble figures, miniature lakes and craft, grass, flowers, shrubbery, trees, and blue skies, with the movement of playing children and the grouping and posturing of listless women and idle, sauntering men.

to paint, and he seems to know what every stroke of the brush will produce. Much of his persistence and candour could no doubt be traced to Scottish ancestry, while his resentment of anything small, compromising or hackneyed is likewise inborn.

Six years ago Mr. Russell went to

BRIDGE OVER THE SEINE

Undoubtedly Mr. Russell's success as a painter is due in large measure to his naturally artistic temperament, with the rare combination of hard work, sincerity, and just enough aggressiveness to keep up enthusiasm to the point of accomplishment. For Mr. Russell is anything but a sluggard, and he works with a dexterity that is seldom acquired even by much older painters. His rapidity is due in part at least to the fact that he has mastered his subject before he begins

Paris, where he took a studio and began the practice of his art. The first years were devoted to hard study and voyages of discovery, until in time the painter found himself. He likes to occasionally paint landscape and the sea, and his essays in these out-of-doors subjects have no smack of the studio. His beach scene at Dieppe is a fine symphony of colours, while the inrush of the sea and the figures on the sand are suggestive of life and movement. The "Bridge

BERNEVAL DIEPPE—THE PLAGE

across the Seine" is carried out in yellows and browns, and is a nice study in composition. In no respect can his work be regarded as mechanical, for he does not even when beginning a picture outline the subject on the canvas with either crayon or charcoal. He relies entirely on his eye, making no measurements otherwise, using nothing but paint, and concluding the proportions as the picture develops. The feeling of life in his pictures is perhaps due to the cheerful spirit in which he works, for he is usually whistling or singing as he mixes his paints or studies the effect of an application. His work is free from stilt, and there is no evidence of hesitation or difficulty. His technique is the natural outcome of his method of expression; it is not "built up" or studied. He paints merely as he is impressed by the subject, and his colours are at times almost prismatic without being vulgar. While his strokes are full of certainty and force, carrying paint without the least timidity, there is withal much refinement in texture and tone.

It is difficult to describe Mr. Rus-

THE ABSINTHE DRINKER

sell's art, it is so versatile and yet so personal. In portraiture it has a keen psychological insight, a fine sense of arrangement both in colour and form, and every portrait is a picture pleasing in itself simply as such. In figure painting it achieves equally satisfactory results, and every figure is a distinctive characterisation. "The Absinthe Drinker," for instance, is so full of character and feeling that one unconsciously imbibes some of its spirit of abandonment and as well some of its optimism. This painting is a good example of Mr. Russell's success in presenting the paradox that exists so strongly in some lives—the apparent individual supremacy of two conflicting forces.

There is a temptation to dwell at greater length on the merits of "The Absinthe Drinker," because in it we have a picture that meets all the requirements of a genuine artistic triumph. The subject itself reeks of the gin shop, and to that extent at least it elicits pity. On the other hand, it is full of buoyancy and self-satisfaction—blind satisfaction might be a better phrase. The contrast, the

struggle, between these two conflicting elements is so great that one scarcely knows whether to laugh with the inebriate or weep for him. But the good humour of the man prevails, largely because its poignancy is due to the suggestion of tragedy behind the unconscious mask of pleasantry. This, of course, all relates to the subject, and now we have to consider the painting. The arrangement is simple, the only high lights being on the head, the hand with the glass, and the mask on the left sleeve, which is undoubtedly a device to give balance to the composition. The body is felt more than realised, and likewise the tilted top hat, which is a fine touch of shabby gentility. Perhaps the man wore a stubby beard; perhaps he had merely gone unshaven for several days—one's imagination settles that point for one's self. It was unnecessary for the painter to define ragged and dirty clothes. That is all suggested, and the suggestion is so subtle that one recoils from the fact without wishing to prove it It is an artistic fact, a thing that must be, just the same as a geometrical deduction. As a piece of pure painting, it is fresh and "meaty" in colour, loose and vibrant in texture, in feeling living and pulsating.

Outside in the bright sunlight, Mr. Russell's art pulsates with colour and movement; the sketches made in the Luxembourg Gardens, at Paris, and along the coast of Normandy, possess the freshness and freedom of the latest impressionism with the added definition of fine and satisfactory draughtsmanship.

But whether the subject is a beautiful woman in fashionable attire, an urchin of the street, a gentleman of affairs, a stretch of sea or shore, a still-life arrangement, or a simple bit of landscape, the stamp of real art is there, the art that is unhampered by tradition, courageous in conception, original in attack, certain in execution, and withal subtle and beautiful

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CELIA'S TEA-TIME

By DONALD A. FRASER

WHEN Celia sips tea
She is always in humour:
Would she deign to see me,
When Celia sips tea?
Her tea-time's at three;
And I've heard in a rumour
When Celia sips tea
She is always in humour.

SIDELIGHTS

BY GRACE MURRAY ATKIN

ALL nature points to the receding year: the dark brown branches of the elms are bare and shiver in the autumn mists, stripped by the winds of their foliage, laying the leaf-mold of another year; the waters have gone from the fountains; gray clouds rest thick on the far-off hills, and the singing birds have flown away. Everywhere, utter desolation fashioning great sadness in man's soul.

"Winter is coming," said the park ranger, as he swept up the leaves.

"Yes," answered the old applewoman, "these are winter apples, and the fruit is all in."

"They say it will be long and cold," said the park ranger. The applewoman fingered her fruit with the love tradespeople should have for their wares. "I have heard that said before," she returned.

"Life is a bit of a struggle," sighed the park ranger, as the wind scattered his little pile of leaves.

"I always look at the rosy side," answered the applewoman, thinking more of her fruit than of her psychological attitude to existence.

Along the smooth, well-oiled road, which testified to the effectual greatness of the municipal council, came two fine horses in magnificient harness, drawing the luxurious equipage of a woman of rank. A coachman with powdered hair waved his whip above the spirited horses, and the countess, representing all the delights of luxury and extravagance, was carried towards them. "I hear that muffs are larger and more elaborate than ever," she was saying; "I shall buy myself a new set of furs."

"Madame must have everything that she desires," answered the little maid, who sat with her back to the horses and had no furs at all.

"There goes the poet," whispered the park ranger, "he writes for the *Evening Star*."

The poet's body was poorly clothed, but in his mind were the riches of heaven. Love is wonderful, he thought, showing us in radiance what otherwise we might pass by, for back of all and greater than all stands the individual and what we have not the genius to grasp in the many, we understand through the one: night lingers, but the dawn must come, and in the light of love's pale rays will stand revealed,

"Nature and Life and Art, sitting at the feet of man."

"I shall find her," he murmured, "she must be perfect, and she shall teach me all things."

This little life of ours, this fragile bit of gossamer, upon which we thread a few escaping days, or years, how frail it is, how uncertain the attainment of our long endeavour!

When the days and the years have brought us our tools and the science of their employment, a knowledge of human life and the vision of its embodiment in a new artistic form; then time and knowledge, hanging, perhaps, too heavily (for human life is frail), break the slender thread, and these coloured beads so carefully gathered are once more scattered, to become

the grail of the artist's quest. Because art is a great imperishable thing, holding, like the Sphinx in her strange form, the secrets we cannot know, passng to and fro over the earth with the spirit of the ages, hovering for a decade in one country, to re-appear in another. Because art is always beyond the summits of our highest ideals, she must be sought unceasingly as the greatest mistress that the world has ever known. In the end she may elude you. Divine service cannot hold her, and it may be that when your granaries are empty and you have sold your fields of wheat, the genius of a younger soul will call her and her varied draperies will vanish from your sight.

A young poet and his art being inseparable; should he show signs of self-seeking, or selfishness? Ought we not to consider the exigencies of the mistress whom he serves and in the light of his great Herculean task, grant him a poet's excuse?

Our poet quite naturally wanted to look into the garden of love, and with his artistic temperament he wanted to look immediately and luxuriously, so he stood in need of a little human aid.

Just then the countess passed. She was looking her best, and the poet saw her.

"It is she," he cried. "The gods have sent her," and with his characteristic ardour, he bared his head and stood uncovered until the carriage had passed. Then, still carrying his hat in his hand, he strolled through the park, musing with himself:

"Man was formed in the image of the gods,—he has the brain of the Creator, he controls the world: but realising that this great omnipotent controller of the visible world, this Centaur of a thousand plains, this Jupiter of the race, might need appreciation, God in anticipation of his nature's needs created a gentler sex. It was not good that man should be alone, hence came the feminine, to interest, amuse, divert, console and encourage in his mighty works the male." (You gather the Poet's ideas about women were hardly *fin de siècle*).

Now the dancing-girl knew that the poet walked in the park in the morning. She had come there on purpose to meet him; she found him by the fountain looking very absent-minded, with his hat in his hand.

"Not only is the wind extremely cold," she said, "but it is blowing directly from the east. Why are you wandering about like a superannuated professor with your hat in your hand?"

"I have just seen a most wonderful woman," returned the poet by way of explaining this little eccentricity. "She belongs to the loftiest and most fashionable society, and I know that she is not only beautiful but good. She has large brown eyes, a celestial expression—"

The dancing-girl interrupted him.

"A hat covered with white feathers," she said, "and a brougham with a coronet on the door. I saw her carriage leave the park as I entered: that is the countess."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed the poet.

"Perfectly simple, as far as I am concerned. Do you know her?" asked the dancing-girl.

"Not yet" returned the poet, raising his chin in the uplifted way he had, "but I shall very soon."

"Great ladies," she ventured, "are rather inaccessible: the doors of their houses are guarded, they are very particular about a man's linen, and the cut of a coat means a lot to them."

The poet's face fell. He had been so ready to scale the Olympian heights, until it was brought home to him that he hadn't the proper clothes.

"Come and sit on that uncomfortable bench," said the dancing-girl,

"we will put our heads together and see what can be done."

As they sat down, she looked at the poet a little wistfully and her lip trembled. Then she clicked her heels and clapped her hands. "I have got it," she cried. "To begin with, you must dress for the part."

The poet thought of the lyrics he wrote and how little they brought him in. "I have no money," he sighed.

"Of course not," she answered, "you never have, but I have had a wonderfully long engagement and the money I have saved is beginning to trouble me, it is a very uncomfortable lump in my stocking in the daytime, and at nights I am afraid to leave the theatre for fear of being kidnapped on account of my great wealth.

The poet held up his hands in horror. "I couldn't take your earnings," he said.

"No," answered the dancing-girl, "I see that," but she knew a little of men and something of the poet. "You and I," she continued are lovers of art, we do not work for money and we do not work for fame. I love dancing. You are a song-bird and love to sing; but because we love our art, we must give of our gifts to others, for the secrets of art and the secrets of life are one and the flower you see on canvas first grew in a virgin soil. The day I give a little street child a penny toy and see its tiny face light with pleasure; the day I carry a bunch of violets to some old bedridden woman is followed by an evening when my feet are lighter and the people clap harder and I dance my best. Don't refuse me, you will sing better for having accepted and I shall dance better for having given."

"You put things in a most wonderful way," said the poet; "you are quite altruistic and although dancing is not the great art that poetry is, it is growing more popular every day, and I am sure eventually you will have a great success."

"Then that is settled," said the dancing-girl, "I can't give you the money now, because it is in the top of my stocking and we are in a public park, but come and order a trousseau, and by the time your clothes are ready I shall have found the key that opens the countess's door. I must go now," she added interrupting his thanks. "Bernstein is a silly old Jew, but he is teaching me a new dance something he saw in Spain, that he considers particularly adapted to my Latin soul! I am to rehearse at one."

The poet touched her on the arm, "My lyric," he said, "it ought to go to the press at two and I have not written it. I have had no inspiring companionship, my brain is cold and I cannot write."

"Poet," said the dancing-girl, "you forget: poetry is a greater art than dancing, therefore how can I help you?" Then seeing he did not take her little dig in good part, but was looking very dejected, she lifted her finger and pointing to a neighbouring tree said, "High up in that old gray elm, I see an empty nest, the east wind is rocking it to and fro; motion, rhythmic motion; the leaves that curtained it from curious eyes have dropped away; the tenants of the tiny house are following the sun. How wonderful to think that those little feathered things have their love affairs and their heart breaks, just as you or I. There is a subject made to your hand; now be a poet and write about it."

The dancing-girl in her peacock dress vanished through the trees. The poet took out his note-book, and this is what he wrote:

The Empty Nest

Over the way on the branches bare,
Swaying and swinging a nest is there:
Built in the spring,
By birds that sing.
O empty nest in the autumn air,
Where are the builders that built so fair?
They have sung their song and flown
away.

The notes were sweet, yet they might not
stay,
Over so soon,
Their honeymoon.
Swaying and swinging the nest is there,
That sheltered a passing bridal pair.

*

Great excitement reigned behind the scenes. It was the evening when the dancing-girl was to make her first appearance in a new "*divertissement.*" It had been well advertised (Max Bernstein saw to that), and as a result the house was crowded, not only with those who pride themselves on never missing a first night performance, but, as well, scattered among them were some real appreciators interested in the rhythm of motion.

"The big-wigs are in front tonight," remarked the property-man, "not a seat to be had and everything sold for the next three nights."

The music had been specially arranged. The overture opened with a clanging of barbaric discords, appealing not to the spiritual faculties of the soul, but arousing dormant nature, increasing the pulses of life, in order that the blood surging to outposts of the senses should carry them warning of an appeal that would be made in their sovereign dominion.

It was a strange wild dance, calling up strong emotions, suggesting the possibilities, of active, virile life. And when it was over and its weird accompaniment hushed into silence, the onlooker stirred to vague desires, was left longing for the flesh-pots of savagery, rushing rivers and fierce life on the plains.

Encore followed encore, and cheer fell upon cheer, and in the back of the house sat a German-Jew with the tears rolling down his cheeks. Again and again they brought her out and again and again she came and bowed. Then she kissed her hands to the galleries and with a little shake of the head, intimated she would come no more. The German-Jew left his seat and made his way behind the scenes. It was Max Bernstein, the man who had taught her to dance. One or two people detained him with congratulations, so that by the time he reached the dancing-girl's dressing-room she was already there, and a critic sat on her window-sill.

Bursting open the door he rushed towards her. "Zonia! Zonia!" he cried, "you vair vonderful. I thought zo, but I vos not sure, so I sat far at the back. 'If Zonia is not good,' I said, 'no one shall read it in Max Bernstein's face.' "

And there he stood laughing and crying, a round fat bundle of tears and smiles, rubbing together the palms of his fat little hands.

Not waiting for an answer he went on: "It is my dream. It is my dream!"

Still rubbing his hands together, still bowing and smiing, he backed from the dressing-room and disappeared.

The dancing-girl sat before the mirror and prepared to take off her make-up.

"Bernstein looks a strange beast," she said to the critic, "but he is a white lamb. How glad I am he is pleased." She held out a little pot. "Have you seen this?" she asked. "It is quite the best thing for taking off a make-up. Rub it well in all over the face, then, when you take it off, off comes the *rouge* with it. It is ridiculously cheap and the best thing in the market."

"You used to have a pretty little dresser—has she gone?" the critic asked.

"Useless extravagance," she answered, "I have abolished her. I hook up the contralto and the contralto hooks me up.

"You are a gay little soul," said the critic, "and if I can ever help you I will."

The dancing-girl put her brush under the tap and with its dampened surface, she smoothed the curls that lay at the nape of her neck. Present-

ly, still holding the brush, she paused by the window. "Critic," she said timidly, "do you mean it?"

"Of course, I do," answered the critic. "Is it money?" "No," she replied, "it is not money, but to-night I saw you with the countess. Since she is evidently a friend of yours, I wondered if you could get the poet an invitation for her ball.

"Yes," said the critic slowly, "I can manage that quite easily, but why should the poet want to go to the countess's ball, unless you are to be there? I thought he was one of your possessions."

She took her hat from the shelf, and as she made holes in its crown with a turquoise pin answered: "He thinks he is in love with the countess. A hopeless case of great passion at first sight. Two weeks ago I found him star-gazing dejectedly in the early morning. Prior to that for sometime he had been bearing about with him a load of unplaced affection. The countess passed: a peg for his present love and future crown, and, high-presto, the well-laid fires are all ablaze, smouldering and crackling and warming his poetic soul. I may cajole, guide, lead and hoodwink the varied moods of men, but change a man with a fixed idea, my dear critic, never, and being a woman wiseacre I do not try. The redoubtable law of sex has a merry ha-ha in the last analysis; here to your hand is an instance, a tale within a tale. My wrinkled old landlady is the proud possessor of three canaries. Two of them happily married live in a square comfortable wooden cage; they rub noses and eat bird-seed out of each other's mouths and are foolish and happy. By their side in a gilded wire tower lives 'Buster,' the third, supremely conscious of his superiority and his powers. At breakfast every morning he gives the assembled lodgers an exhibition of his operatic talent—trills, carols, chromatic scales and long sweet notes. We all look for his impersonation and expect it. Then suddenly, one fine morning, he does not sing. Exclamations from the lodgers. What can be the matter with 'Buster'? Day followed day, and not a note. He lost his feathers and he lost his style. 'Buster,' if you please, was in love with the little lady-bird of domestic fame, and his gilded tower was a mockery and a constant reminder of the poverty of riches. With a woman's love of interference in affairs of the heart, I became party to this somewhat scandalous behaviour: I gave 'Buster' a chance with the lady. It was dreadful of me, but I put him in the wooden cage, having, of course, first secured the tame little husband. At first he did not grasp the situation, sitting among the rejected seed at the bottom of the cage and looking timidly up at his lady-love. Then he took courage and ventured a 'tweet.'

"His lady-love had been waiting quietly, evidently intending him to take the initiative. At the word, 'tweet,' she descended like a virago and pulled the two remaining feathers from the back of 'Buster's' neck. I captured the unfortunate bird, he was cutting such a poor figure, but I spoke severely to the lady. 'It is not virtue,' I said, 'nor fidelity; it is simply that the gentleman does not please you. Very well then, I will remove him, but remember that I am not deceived.'

" 'Buster' returned to his castle, and now sings again disdainfully. The moral of my tale is this: mating is a question of temperament, and if either of the contracting parties remains displeased, it is better to close the proverbial puppet-box, confessing matters of sex inexplicable and mysterious. Let us open the door for the poet, hoping he may meet with greater success than the unfortunate 'Buster.' "

Just then an interruption occurred in the person of the contralto. "Dear

old Zonia," she cried, "you are the most wonderful thing on the boards. Like an angel, undo my three top hooks (if you can sufficiently descend from your meteoric success). I can manage the rest, and to-morrow I will tell you how splendid you are. To-night I must run, though, for my boy is ill, coughing and croaking and miserable, with his father probably dosing him with liniment internally instead of externally. Holy matrimony would ruin any artistic career, so if I never career, put it down to matrimony and make me a warning to chorus-girls dreaming incorrigibly of orange-blossoms."

She threw her arms around the dancing-girl and kissed her and, nodding good-bye to the critic, vanished as she had come.

"There is pluck," said the dancing-girl: "husband no good, child delicate, both to support and wolves howling at the door."

"Come along critic, I am ready, we will go to supper, have nice hot *bouillon*, a lobster each and a glass of sparkling wine, and we will drink to the women who work, the women who fight for mere existence, bread and butter and the power to live. Think of them critic: much competition, narrow field, small wages, rent to pay, food to buy. No stumbling, no misstep, or down they go, and the crowd passes over. Yes, it is a great toast; we will invoke the Goddess of Fortune on behalf of the women who work."

The critic held open the door, but he did not let her pass.

"The poet shall go to the ball," he said, "but I am an old critic, a watcher of comedy and a student of human life. I saw you to-day lunching on coffee and rolls, you have dismissed your maid, and, although you are a gay little dancing soul there is something about you that is very splendid and sweet."

The critic bowed his head, and as he bent over her hand, his eyes were filled with tears.

The sun sinks on the horizon to carry the dawn elsewhere, and the day that is uneventful to one is the turning point in another's life.

*

The countess's ball was the opening event of the season, and her drawing-rooms were crowded with the great returning world: women just home from Paris, good-looking young men, elderly rich ones, ambassadors and ministers of the Crown passed by the countess and helped to make her gathering a brilliant social success. To stand beside such a hostess for a few moments was all a poet could hope for.

"You are an artist," said the countess, "in words?"

"No," he answered, "I am a professional seeker of beauty."

The countess gave him a quick glance. She was a vain woman and she scented a compliment.

"Are you ever successful, professionally?" she asked.

The poet with a trifle greater seriousness than the occasion demanded answered, "Madame, to-night I have found Perfection."

"Call to-morrow at five," said the countess, turning to speak to another.

The poet made his way to the door, and a few minutes later he drove away in a cab, having had no supper, but happy and impatient for the morrow.

The next day he dressed himself very carefully and at five went to call on the countess. He felt awkward, and his heart beat very fast. Having successfully passed two men in livery, his ruffled composure was slightly restored on finding his hostess alone. Even to his simple mind it seemed encouraging. Then with an impetuousity which would have scandalised the most courageous of the angels, he "rushed in."

It has been said that marriages are made in Heaven. We may as well leave it at that, some earthly alliances

being inexplicable according to Mammon or *Mrs. Grundy*, old-timers of the game. A glance at the social column, that architectural structure of the morning paper, the mirror of the fashionable, the chronicle of the rich. "Is it possible?" I ask myself. I readjust my glasses and re-read this short staggering paragraph, which intimates in the social formula of the day that the countess, rich, independent and titled, is about to marry the poet, poor, struggling and obscure.

The day prior to the momentous event arrived—the poet was about to penetrate the great perhaps. He called upon the countess at five, bringing white camelias.

"Love's flowers," he said, "they blossomed for you."

"Dear poet," replied the countess, "you are becoming what is called in Italy a *cavalieri servente* and in England a tame cat. I think the Italian name more romantic myself."

The poet took her hand and said: "When to-morrow's sun is going down you will have done the one irrevocable thing. Henceforth the waters of life may flow around us, but they cannot divide us; tell me you have no misgivings, no regrets. I seem to be learning that to feel love does not necessarily mean that one inspires it, and I am afraid."

The countess answered with a laugh: "I know what I want and I take it; have no fears for me."

"I knew I should succeed," said the poet. "True merit is always recognised, but I did not expect my success so soon. Already people are beginning to appreciate me, and I soon hope to have a tribute to lay at your feet—something worthy."

"In these days," replied the countess, playing with her fire-screen, "literary lions are so fashionable. My first marriage brought me rank and position, now I am entitled to the joys of love. I have long wanted to be the centre of a *salon* and bring together the wits and writers of my time. You will help me to attract them, and I shall realise this ambition."

"But we are lovers," cried the poet, "we want no one but ourselves, for we have wonderful things to find out about each other."

"My dear," said the countess, "don't forget that I have been married before, life and literature cannot be separated, and a poet and his wife need friends. Poetry is one thing, but recognition is quite another."

*

The whips of the carriages were tied with white ribbon as they drove briskly through the park.

"There is a wedding to-day," said a little brown sparrow," and although I am not very fond of unboiled rice I think I will go, I have a mate to feed, and it is hard to pick up a living as a sparrow nowadays."

"I don't care for fashionable women," said the park ranger "their skirts are too long, and they drag the leaves about."

"The best fruit does not alway lie on the top of the basket," murmured the old applewoman.

The dancing-girl passed them on her way through the park. The north wind played with her peacock dress and ruffled her curly hair.

"My heart is sore and the wind is cold," she whispered to herself, "but the poet is happy and secure. Poetry is all very fine as an accomplishment, but you can never be sure of three meals a day and you may see the stars at night. One woman does as well as another and things are best as they are. Still it is work and the wings and the boards for me; no bed of roses, as I well know, with a mere chance of my name in electric lights when I am a dancing-star. Yes," she murmured, as she caught sight of a white ribbon, "I must be a great artist, for I have nothing left."

She did not see that the critic was following her.

OLD MILITARY BUTTONS

BY R. W. GEARY

PRESIDENT OF THE LUNDY'S LANE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE old military buttons and belt-plates found on the battlefields and amongst the ruins of the old forts and barracks on the Niagara frontier have a peculiar interest to the antiquarian and student of history. These tangible relics of the past military epochs in North America (including the French war when Canada was taken in 1756-63; the war of the Revolution, 1776-83; the War of 1812-14, and the Canadian Rebellion, 1837-40), recall the battles and stirring incidents of those days, particularly reviving the memories of the famous regiments they represent, their commanders, and their victories. Among the oldest and best known of these regiments were the Queen's Rangers and Butler's Rangers, which were chiefly composed of New England volunteers who remained loyal to the British cause during the revolutionary war.

At the close of that war these loyalists came over to the uninhabited wilderness of Upper Canada, and exerted their energies and abilities in the organisation of civil and military affairs, laying well the social foundations of the Province of Ontario. The officers and men of many other loyal regiments came also, among them being the Royal American's or 60th, the 34th, 10th, 8th King's, and 26th Cameronians.

Queenston was named after the Queen's Rangers, which had a barracks there, and Butler's Rangers built a barracks at Fort George, where they were disbanded in 1784.

After the disbanding of the British regiments of the War of 1812-14 at Niagara Falls and Lundy's Lane, and in Stamford and other frontier townships. Descendants also of the British regiments who came out during the Rebellion period are to be found in the Niagara district.

The 1st American, or Queen's Rangers, was organised in 1756. This regiment was primarily composed of hardy New England colonists, well used to wood-craft and all the cunning methods of Indian warfare. It was raised to repel the aggressions against the American British colonies by the French and their Indian allies, under General Montcalm.

Colonel Robert Rogers, a man of great skill and courage, was in command. He was eminently qualified for the service by his acquaintance with the British and French settlements, and with the vast forests, the mountains, rivers, valleys, lakes and passes along the frontiers. Only officers and men of known courage and fidelity and used to travel and hunting were selected. Their especial purpose was to obtain intelligence of the location, strength and movements of the enemy; and during the several years of the French war they took part in nearly fifty desperate engagements, night attacks and perilous expeditions, travelling great distances

WAR OF 1812-14
BUTTONS OF THE GENERAL STAFF OFFICER (VERY RARE), ARTILLERY, OFFICER OF THE LINE, AND INFANTRY

by land and water and suffering most extraordinary hardships and sometimes loss of life—until Quebec was taken by Wolfe, and Fort Niagara by Sir William Johnston.

During the American Revolution the Queen's Rangers became a regular regiment of infantry—having a troop of cavalry attached, and strongly supported the Royal cause. Colonel John Graves Simcoe, who afterwards became the first Governor of Upper Canada, took command in 1777. The regiment took part in many engagements, and did good service for the British, but on the colonies acquiring their independence, these loyal men left their possessions, sacrificing everything for the sake of their principles and their flag, and laid the foundations "broad and deep" of a new nation in Upper Canada, where their memory as "United Empire Loyalists," is ever fresh and their loyal influence everlasting.

The regiment of Butler's Rangers was organised in 1776, by Colonel John Butler, son of an Irish officer, who came to America early in the eighteenth century. Colonel Butler was a man of great natural ability, courage and experience, and had distinguished himself in the French and Indian wars prior to the Revolution. He raised a battalion of rangers of picked men "well acquainted with the woods, and the customs of the Indians and their manner of making war," who were well officered by respectable gentlemen, sons of distinguished soldiers. Their uniform was of dark green cloth, with scarlet facings, and a flat cap having a brass badge in front bearing the monogram "G.R." encircled by a belt with the words "Butler's Rangers" and surmounted by the Brit-

ish crown. Log buildings were built on the west side of the Niagara river in 1778, and called Butler's Barracks. During the Revolutionary war this formidable body of men were ceaseably caused his failure. His Majesty the King had his thanks conveyed to Colonel Butler for his great services during the war. The regiment was finally disbanded at Niagara in June,

BRITISH REGIMENTAL BUTTONS OF THE FRENCH WAR AND REVOLUTIONARY WAR PERIODS, SURROUNDING A CAP PLATE OF BUTLER'S RANGERS

lessly active throughout western New York, and along the frontier, in a constant succession of conflicts, ambushes, fierce engagements and raids, with tremendous destruction to the enemy's property. General Washington made strenuous efforts to capture Butler, but the skilful enemy invari-

1784. At the close of the war, in 1783, a return of the corps showed a strength of four hundred and sixty-nine men, thirty of whom were officers, with one hundred and eleven women and two hundred and fifty-seven children, who settled in the Niagara district, being granted lands

WAR OF 1812-14 PERIOD
BRITISH INFANTRY, ARTILLERY, DRAGOON AND MILITARY REGIMENTS

along the west side of the river. Hereafter the names of these officers and men appeared in the frontier's history as legislators, magistrates, merchants and district officers. Colonel Butler served as judge of the district court until the formation of the Province of Upper Canada in 1792, and as superintendent of the Indians until his death, in 1796. Many of Butler's Rangers lived to bear arms in the war of 1812-14, and several died gallantly in the field, while many others gained honours and distinction for their splendid services during that war. Their patriotism and their loyalty to British institutions is equalled only by that of the Queen's Rangers, with whom their names are forever associated on the famous scroll of the United Empire Loyalists.

The 8th, or King's, regiment was engaged in many of the battles of the Revolution, and at the war's conclusion a number of the men became settlers in Upper Canada. This regiment was again actively engaged during the War of 1812-14. It led the advance in the battle of Chippawa. General Drummond in his despatch says that at Lundy's Lane the King's Regiment under Major Evans, behaved with great gallantry and firmness."

The most sanguinary and hard-fought battle of the whole war was the engagement at Lundy's Lane, where the percentage of loss was greater than in many famous battles in the world's history. To the 89th Princess Victoria's Regiment, the heroes of Crysler's Farm, the year before, belongs the honour of bearing the brunt of that action. They occupied the centre of the British position on Drummond Hill, in defence of the guns. General Drummond in his official despatch describes their conspicuous gallantry in these words:

"In the re-iterated and determined attacks made on our centre by the enemy to gain the crest of the position and the guns the steadiness and intrepidity displayed by the troops in defence of that

post were never surpassed—they consisted of the 89th Regiment under Colonel Morrison, who fell desperately wounded, a detachment of the Royal Scots, under Lieutenant Hemphill, who was killed, and detachments of the 8th Kings, 41st and 103rd Regiments. These troops, when repeatedly hard pressed, formed round the colours of the 89th and invariably repulsed the desperate efforts made against them."

The losses of the 89th on that day were 254 men out of a total of 400 of all ranks. The Royal Scots shared the honours of Lundy's Lane with the 89th, and lost almost as many men, and at Chippawa the Royals in charging the American guns, suffered a loss of eleven officers and 207 rank and file. The 100th Regiment is distinguished for its successful assault on Fort Niagara, where 4,000 stand of arms and twenty-seven pieces of cannon were captured from the Americans, with an immense quantity of military stores. At the battle of Chippawa the 100th charged the nine American guns, losing fourteen out of nineteen officers, and 190 men. Only 146 unwounded men returned from the field. At the head of a company of the 49th, General Brock fell on Queenston Heights, and this regiment took part in many other battles. The 41st, which fought at Queenston and Lundy's Lane, was a "Boy" regiment, and the 103rd, which fought so bravely at Lundy's Lane under Colonel Scott, was another "Boy" regiment. The Royal Artillery did most effective service during the whole war. The Incorporated Militia, and the York and Lincoln Militia fought bravely at Lundy's Lane, Chippawa and Queenston, and the Royal Marines and their artillery were frequently employed in land engagements.

The services of the 19th Light Dragoons were particularly distinguished—these men had fought under Wellington in India a few years before, and had "Assaye" inscribed on their buttons—referred to in Tennyson's Ode to Wellington":

"For this is England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor never lost an English gun:
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won."

CANADIAN REBELLION PERIOD
BUTTONS OF SEVERAL BRITISH REGIMENTS AND A SILVER BADGE

At Chippawa the 19th saved the British guns by galloping up and attaching their own horses thereto and carrying them off the field in the face of the enemy, and at Lundy's Lane they were warmly praised by Drummond for their gallant conduct.

During the Canadian rebellion of 1837 the British Government sent many regiments to Canada, and several were stationed at Niagara Falls. Buttons and badges of the 67th, 93rd and 43rd regiments are still unearthed around the site of the old barracks. The 43rd Regiment fought at New Orleans in the war of 1812-14—also in the war of the Revolution, and surrendered at Yorktown.

All that now visibly remains of those once gallant battalions are these old battered and corroded pieces of stamped metal—relics insignificant in themselves, yet immensely suggestive of the great struggles in the political formations of this continent—and of the memory of those famous regiments, to whom, as soldiers and citizens, the British Empire owes so much for conquering, defending and developing Canada.

I WINNA GANG ANITHER DAY

BY CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

GIN your tittie winna come.
Winna meet me on the brae,
I ken a tune I weel can hum:
"I winna gang anither day,
Anither day."

Aince she wiled me fair an' fine.
Cam, 'tis true, but didna stay:
The faut, I felt, micht weel be mine,
An sae I went anither day,
Anither day."

Twice she failed the tryst to keep,
Twice her aye was naucht but nay:
Gin thrice she find the brae too steep,
"I winna gang anither day,
Anither day."

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A NEWSPAPER OF 1810

HISTORY OF A PUBLICATION THAT HEADED THE MOVEMENT AGAINST GOVERNOR GORE

BY A. J. CLARK

THOUGH a full century now lies between the present and the period in Upper Canadian history marked by the bitter controversy between Lieutenant-Governor Gore and his party and Justice Thorpe and his followers, it is still impossible to fully comprehend the true merits of all the matters of administration over which they contended. Nor does the responsibility for this state of affairs lie at the door of industrious investigators, but rather does it rest on the scantiness of a class of material from which they might draw adequate and impartial conclusions, if we may except the official correspondence.

Under such circumstances even sidelights on the actions of those who were active participants in the stirring scenes of those far-off days are not without their interest for the sincere student of Canadian, or at any rate Ontario, archaeology.

When Governor Francis Gore took up the reins of office in August, 1806, in the Province of Upper Canada he entered upon anything but a pleasurable holiday affair. Dissatisfaction with the administration of his predecessor, General Hunter, was by no means a light kept beneath a bushel. Instead it shone abroad in many quarters and the chief torch-bearer was none other than a judge of the Court of the King's Bench, Mr. Justice Thorpe. The latter has been a much-abused and an equally much-defended personage. Where the happy medium of criticism lies it is difficult to determine.

A somewhat reasonable summing up of the part he played would seem to be that when he came to the Province he found, at best, a rather loose system of law administration. This he set about to remedy. Defects which he, personally, was unable to discover were quickly enough brought to his attention. To these inarticulate complaints he gave effective utterance. In thus becoming the mouthpiece of those who had real grievances he (unwittingly, it is at least charitable to suppose) laid himself open to the charge of having, at times, furthered the ends of those who really had at heart the overthrow of British authority in

North America and the establishment of republican government on one hand or a linking of fortunes with the neighbouring Union on the other.

That he was simply indiscreet and not for a moment seditious is amply proven by his transfer from Canada to the Chief-Justiceship of Sierra Leone, where he subsequently served for twenty years.

But to return to his opponent. On his arrival in York (Toronto), as was to be expected, the newly-appointed Governor was made the recipient of an address of welcome. It was presented by Mr. William Weeks, Solicitor-General and member of Parliament for the counties of York, Durham and Simcoe, but, contrary to the usual forms of felicitation employed on such occasions, it really took the form of a bill of complaints. There are those who are inclined to believe that its author was Justice Thorpe, but of this there is no proof. Be the suspicion true or the reverse, events now moved quickly. William Weeks having in the meantime died from the effects of a duel with a Mr. Dickson, of Niagara, a meeting of freeholders was held at Moore's Hotel, York, on the 20th of October, of the same year, to nominate the deceased member's successor. At this meeting it was unanimously resolved that Mr. Justice Thorpe be asked to become a candidate for Parliament.

There was then no law to prevent a judge from taking such a course, and, seeing in the new post a more effective vantage-point from which to hurl his darts of criticism against the Government party, he consented. He was duly elected and at once became leader of an opposition in relation to which Governor Gore wrote to Colonial Secretary Windham, saying that they, "were endeavouring by every means in their power to perplex the King's Government in this Colony."

Judge Thorpe's seat in Parliament was for the session beginning the 2nd of February, 1807, and ending the 10th of March following.

In August, 1807, Joseph Willcocks, a turbulent spirit, who had most vigorously espoused the cause of the Thorpe party, established in York a newspaper in the interest of its propaganda. It was called *The Upper Canada Guardian or Freeman's Journal.* The prospectus of the new paper had been printed in the United States, and certain statements which this foreword contained had called forth from the publisher of *The Gazette*, the Government organ, a very positive denial that he was to be in any way connected with it.

It will thus be seen that even before its actual appearance the opposition journal had become a thorn in the side of the Government. Once running, it became a veritable fagot of those tormentors, and it seems never to have quite lost its initial character in this respect. Of few early Upper Canadiaan journalistic ventures, however, does there seem to be less known. Some compilers of our newspaper statistics even go so far as to omit the date of its founding from their lists, and the few copies of it which the Ontario Provincial library contained were lost in the recent disastrous fire. There is therefore no copy of it to be found in the Provincial archives, nor is it to be seen at the Toronto Public Library or in Miss Carnochan's collection at Niagara.

Despite this neglect, it is known that *The Guardian*, as it was commonly called, had a more or less checkered existence of nearly five years, during which period its place of publication was removed to Niagara, presumably when its founder, editor and publishers later represented a constituency in the peninsula.

When Justice Thorpe was suspended from the bench and recalled, Editor Willcocks succeeded him in Parliament. He had previously been Sheriff of the old Home District, but had

been dismissed from office for too freely expressing his opinions. His return to Parliament was accordingly construed as a personal vindication, and he at once took up the unfinished work of his predecessor with more vigour than discretion. The *dénouement* was not long delayed. He was impeached for breach of privilege and cast into the common jail.

The charge was that on September 17, 1808, he had said that members had been bribed by a gift of 1,200 acres of land each, in the previous October, by the Governor. He was accused of saying this on the streets of the little capital and of publishing the same in *The Guardian*.

After serving his sentence, Willcocks was again returned to Parliament, and he continued to lead the opposition. The controversy had by this time reached the stage where acrimony was one of its chief ingredients and charges and countercharges, of varying degrees of unpleasantness, were freely exchanged.

Governor Gore, with more foresight than he has been credited with in some quarters, detected the signs of the coming international storm and began to take precautions.

At the opening of the parliamentary sessions of 1809, he said, in part, in addressing the House—"It becomes us to prepare ourselves to meet every event, and to evince by our zeal and loyalty that we know the value of our constitution and are worthy the name of British subjects." Following this hint of the Government's stand came an act, "for quartering and billeting on certain occasions His Majesty's troops and the militia of this Province," which was passed on March 9, 1809.

Such action, of course, did not meet with the whole-souled approval of an opposition which was ever vigilant. Billeting has never been a very popular method of supporting troops, and its many disadvantages were not kept in the background by those who on this occasion opposed it. After events told their own story, but for the present such a proceeding was pictured as the work of a despotic alarmist.

In 1810, the cabal against Governor Gore reached its height. A gentleman named Moore, a member of the British House of Commons, was prevailed upon to give notice that he intended to move in that body relative to the conduct of Governor Gore; stating in his notice that discontent prevailed in Upper Canada, owing to his misconduct and oppression. This he subsequently did, and, although the motion failed to carry, it disclosed an organised attempt to procure a censure of the Governor by the home parliament and to compel his recall. It was to reply to the attacks then made that Governor Gore returned to England, leaving Sir Isaac Brock, the hero of Queenston, in charge in his stead.

The side-light promised at the outset is furnished by a rare copy of Willcock's paper *The Guardian* in the possession of the writer. It is dated Niagara, April 14, 1810. This copy is of a quaint little paper of but four pages. These measure eleven by seventeen and one-half inches and have four columns each, and the whole presents a strange contrast to the expansive dailies and weeklies of the present time. The old style of spelling (the substitution of f for s), is used throughout, and elaborate display of advertising matter seems to have been an unknown art.

As was to be expected from a politician's newspaper, the entire first page and much of the second is taken up with, "Extracts from the Journals of the House of Assembly, for the year, 1810," and here, under date of Wednesday February 28, 1810, we find the following interesting record:

"A message from the Lieutenant-Governor, signed by His Excellency, was

presented by William Halton, Esq., His Excellency's Secretary, which message was read all the members being uncovered and the same is as follows:

"Francis Gore, Lieutenant-Governor:

The Lieutenant-Governor thinks it proper to acquaint the House of Assembly that with a view to encourage the infant manufactures of this Province a contract has been made to supply His Majesty's ships and vessels on these lakes with cordage of our own manufacture.

It is therefore expedient that the Commissioners for the purchase of hemp, under the provisions of the statute, passed in the 41st year of His Majesty's reign, should be at liberty to dispose of the same, without its being transported out of the province; and the Lieutenant-Governor submits to the wisdom of the House to make a provision to the effect.

(Signed) F. G.

28th February, 1810.

Under date of Friday, March 2, (1810) is recorded the means taken to frustrate what was evidently an attempt on the part of certain members to retard the work of the House by absenting themselves from its sittings without what, to some of their fellow-parliamentarians, appeared good and sufficient reason. More than likely it was but one of the many ways adopted by the Governor's opponents to display their disapproval of certain legislation.

The record reads:

"On motion of Mr. McLean, seconded by Mr. Gough, resolved that the Speaker be directed to order medical assistance immediately to attend on Benjamin Mallory, Philip Sovereign, Joseph Willcocks, John Roblin, John Wilson and James Wilson, and report the state of their health at the bar of this House.

"The Speaker having put the question, a division took place: the names being called for, they were taken down and are as follow:

"Yeas—Messrs. McNabb, Fraser, Burnett, Marcle, MacGregor, Baby, McLean, Gough, Elliott, G. Wilson and Secord.

"Nays—Messrs Howard, Rogers and Lewis.

"Carried in the affirmative by a majority of eight.

"The Speaker did then order Doctors Richardson and Lee to visit those gentlemen and inquire into the state of their health and report the same to the House as soon as possible.

"Doctors Richardson and Lee came to the bar of this House and did acquaint the Speaker that in obedience to his orders they had called at the lodgings of several of the members absent from this House, in consequence indisposition, and have the honour of making a written report of the state of health of Joseph Willcocks, James Wilson, John Wilson and John Roblin Esqrs, which report is as follows:

"Mr. Speaker:—

We have seen and examined Mr. Willcocks, Mr. James Wilson, Mr. John Roblin and Mr. John Wilson, and are of the opinion from Mr. Willcock's statement, and from his present state, that it would not be proper for him to attend the House this day. Mr. James Wilson states that he has taken medicine this morning; but we think (if it is absolutely necessary), he might attend in his place. The other two gentlemen complain very much, but have taken no medicine. We think they might come to the House. Whether they would be able to remain 'tis impossible for us to say. Those gentlemen all state, that they think they will be able to attend tomorrow. We are of the same opinion.

(Signed)

R. Richardson,
W. Lee.

Whether they came or not is not recorded, for at this point the report closes, although the paper in which it appears was not printed until nearly a month and a half later.

The relaxation by Napoleon of his commercial decrees and his lavish gifts to the divorced Josephine are recorded and an item from Albany, based on English advices, indicates the speedy satisfactory adjustment of the differences between Britain and the United States.

The sympathies of Willcocks may or may not be indicated by it, but the dignity of a special heading is given to description of the "Grand Battle of Ocana," gained by Marshal Soult over the Spaniards on the 19th of November, 1809. These are in the form of letters from the marshal to the Minister of War at Paris and, of course, are anything but pro-British in their tone.

That history repeats itself and that

Britain's sea-power was a matter of foreign concern then, even as it is today, is strangely exemplified by one reference in these letters, which reads:

"They (the British under Wellington), are endeavoring to reach the sea side in order to embark in their vessels, the only refuge left them, until Spain and Portugal uniting their efforts to the other maratime powers, will demand satisfaction from their real enemies for so many sacrifices, and reconquer the liberty of the seas, that great road which the inhabitants of the Peninsula ought to travel, without being molested, to their numerous settlements in the new world."

This particular copy of *The Guardian* is without editorial comment of any kind, but in a signed notice under the heading "Conveyancing" the editor begs leave to announce that he is prepared to attend to the needs of the public in the preparation of instruments of record. That he is not in accord with the methods of some of the members of the legal profession of his day, he is at no pains to conceal as, the following paragraph will show:

"It is not the expectation of the undersigned to have much pecuniary benefit from this branch of business; nor indeed would he have undertaken it, were it not to put a stop to the very exorbitant charges that have hitherto been made by the learned and conscientious gentlemen of the Long Robe."

He then adds that he will draw any common deed of conveyance, together with memorial, for twelve shillings, New York currency, and all other instruments in the same ratio.

The advertisements, perhaps, contribute one of the most interesting of this old paper's features. One of these offers a reward of $10.00 for the return of a black slave, named Charles, formerly the property of Colonel McDonnell, of Glengary, to his master, Thomas O. Page. It is dated Niagara, October 7, 1809. Another, headed "Stop Runaway," offers a similar reward for the apprehension of a boy named John Maxfield, probably an apprentice. It is signed, Daniel McCall, and dated January 8, 1810.

An amusing advertisement, dated from York, is one inserted in an effort to recover a lost dog. Incidentally it reveals also, that the doings of adventurers found their way into print then even as they do now, for it reads in part as follows:

"Whereas a man of the name of Finney, ran away from Utica, in the State of New York, and left behind him a wife and seven children in great distress, through the wiles of a base woman, who here he calls his Wife. The said woman has a fine curling lock in the front of her forehead, which she admired much more than she does honesty, she being a very great adept at slight of hand, as known by various articles missing from Doctor Stoyells's Tavern, where they put up until their departure; and at the close of the exhibition, stole a very favourite Dog of the name of Pero, said dog has crop tears and tail, is of a dark brown or black colour, and is remarkable for sitting up or walking on his hind legs."

At the close of the Eighteenth Century Doctor Thomas Stoyell's hostelry was the chief inn of York and a favourite place for the holding of political meetings. This, doubtless, accounts for the personal statement appended to the above advertisement by Editor Willcocks to the effect that he well knew the dog in question and, if thought proper, would take charge of it if found.

From all this we have a glimpse at the multifarious activities of a newspaper editor of one hundred years ago.

In conclusion it only remains to record that on the outbreak of the War of 1812 Willcocks gave up his paper and enlisting in the Canadian forces fought at Queenston under Brock.

Insufficient recognition for this service has been given as the excuse which he put forward for his subsequent conduct, but this is largely conjecture.

For reasons best known to himself he deserted to the Americans and died a colonel in the United States service at the attack on Fort Erie.

THE SAPLING

BY ST. CLAIR MOORE

MICHEL'S old wife was dead. She lay over on her own side of the bed up against the wall, under the slant of the roof. In the broken-bottomed armchair whose springs hung down to the floor he the septuagenarian kept his watch throughout the night hours, so that the whole wide bed was hers. But she lay far over on to the edge, her wasted arms laid close along her sides, occupying very little space.

How long the night was, keeping watch up there, high above the narrow street! How long and how sultry, how silent now but for a crash at intervals, as the cars went by, half-a-dozen streets higher up!

Michel laid his hand down on the table where the lamp stood by the bed-head and began to count his fingers, giving each one the number of a year; then from the little finger he turned back again. This, then, was the tenth of those stifling town summers up under the roof that the sun beat upon all day, up over the stony street filled with heat and noise.

The nights had been the best part of those years; winter nights, when the windows were all silver ferns, and stars, and traceries, except where a corner of the pane remaining black gave outlook upon the open sky and the steely sparkling stars, and made it an easy thing to forget that one now dwelt so high up, and to picture to oneself as lying just without the door and stretching away to the dark edge of the woods over the billowing fields of snow. Even such nights as this (summer nights, when sleep had been impossible in the garret sultriness) had been better than the days. When it had grown very, very late, so that not even the chanting of a reeling toper on his homeward way had sounded up from the canyon of the street, it had been possible for the exiles to beguile themselves, and in chairs drawn back from the high open window to watch the moon float like a golden bubble up the deep blue sky, and too picture to themselves her light as raining down upon wide-tilled fields and dew-soaked grass growing lush to the sleeping water's edge.

It had been quite easy for two old people, sitting there hand in hand, to evoke something of the peace of such once familiar scenes, to forget that one had but to stir to have rise before one the forest of masts in the narrowed river and the stretch of intervening house and warehouse roofs.

To-night there was no moon, and one of the couple sat alone with his back to the little square of the window, while his blurred eyes stared strainedly at the line where the slant of the roof met the whitewashed wall, up against which the other lay so rigidly. And even as he thus gazed, the blaze of the noon-day sun lay about him, irradiating a landscape all blue water and green grass. Just there at the first grass and water, which seemed to stretch away and away to the very confines of the earth, there sprang up wooden fences crossing and recrossing the grass, to whose green was added that of maples in

thin tender spring-tide leafage, of sombre hemlocks, of pines on the hillside and delicate waving beech-boughs in the fields. The blue was the mighty rolling tide of the great river, whose farther shore was as a mist; and on a slope between wood and river stood forth the farm-house with the free bright air, and the happy farmyard life all about it. And so Michel looked again upon his home. How dear that home had been, how unforgettably dear and forever to be mourned for it had remained!

The old man beheld himself as a child toddling amongst the downy yellow chicks, the tall black hen beside him, formidable and waist high. Child and man, he saw himself amidst these scenes, much alone at the first as an only child, then a girlish, a wifely, presence by his side. Again a little tumbler among the chicks and goslings; then another, but the second little one had tarried so short a time! Then again there was an only child growing up in the old homestead. "So much the better, after all, that no other little brothers or sisiters had followed," had the parents often said in their deep love for this one son, as they watched him grow to manhood, the model of all a son should be, a staid man to be relied upon and trusted while yet a boy in years, and so content with his life as it was, with the parental presence and affection, that he seemed to have no thought of forming other ties, and laughed away all such suggestions, so that he came to his fortieth year unmarried.

The fortieth birthday of the younger (and sixtieth of the elder) Michel had been marked by a joyous solemnity. The friends invited for the day had with the family attended High Mass, and then all in the secret had grouped themselves about the house-door, in the strip of shade cast by the projecting roof, upon which the blue pigeons sat and cooed, and had witnessed there on the threshold the donation to the younger Michel, by the broadly-smiling notary, of deeds to all the family acres, which made his parents thenceforward pensioners on his bounty.

What a puzzled wonder had looked from those honest blue eyes upon the congratulations of the notary, and then with what a great hearty laugh had the son, throwing an arm round each one, drawn his parents close against his sturdy sides, while there before him, its close brown coat powdery with dust, squatted the bear, whose master, witnessing the return of the festive party, had let it in from the high-way to perform its tricks. The younger Michel had thrown water on that dusty furry coat, and set water in a pail before the snout with its heavy ring and chain, and had made the bear-leader also one of the day's guests.

What a kind heart that had been, that of the dear, dear son! And how ineffaceably each incident of that double birthday morning had impressed itself upon a memory from which already many things were slipping. Perhaps it was because those birthday festivities had marked the close of the perfectly unclouded, happy days. For among the close and familiar friends then gathered together had been one guest, whom long expatriation across the border had made well-n'gh a stranger, though in her childhood she had played about the house. Widowed and returned home, she had accompanied her father to the feast, and with her young son beside her she sat at the table, a flat-breasted, sallow and thin-lipped woman, wearing the garb of her widowhood. As she had once been his playmate, her years were about those of Michel, and the parents had smiled one to the other, witnessing their son's assiduous gallantry to this almost shrewish-visaged personage, and his solicitude for her heavily-breathing, pasty-complexioned boy.

There had been some young girls there, too, that night, but it had been the elder Michel who had complimented them and stepped out bravely in the dance with them, whereas, while ribbons fluttered and round cheeks flushed pinker than the ribbons and the bows slipped over the violin strings, the younger man had retained his place close by the spreading mourning skirts all through the evening and had been swept off in their wake across the moonlit fields at its close. There had been some rallying of him upon his return, but the jest of the birthday became the earnest of the following days. The parents had looked at one another in questioning dismay, and then in the early autumn, upon the name-day of father and son, on the feast-day of St. Michael the Arch-angel, had the younger man wedded the widow. And with the long-desired marriage, consummation of the wish of years, what a change of atmosphere, what a shifting of positions had taken place. The windows, open hitherto from spring to late autumn, through which light and air had streamed and into which vine-leaves from the wall had drifted, now were upon a pretext of economy and tidiness, hermetically closed and darkened. There was a new keen watchfulness over every occasion of outlay, a paring and sharp-eyed reckoning on the part of the new mistress of the household, for such from the first had been the footing taken by the daughter-in-law.

Her age apart, there could never have been any question of finding in this nature the dutiful and beloved daughter of all the parental dreams of their son's bride. Face to face with this woman, with her keys and little account books, who so firmly took over the management of affairs into her own hands, how often had the old people helplessly bewailed the perverseness of their son's late choice, as all tolerantly, but relentlessly, they felt themselves being edged into the background, as folks whose day was done, while all the life of the old homestead began to centre in the dull-eyed, wide-eared child of the daughter-in-law's first marriage.

And Michel, in his strange infatuation, had discerned nothing of all this. He continued always the same dear, loving son, and for his sake the hurt and bewildered parents acquiesced in the new conditions. They looked forward to the coming of the grandchild to link all harmoniously together. But the grandchild had not come, and Michel had never understood. And how swiftly, too, after the long happy monotony, had change followed change, until at last the beloved son lay in state in the front chamber of his home. Then had come the reading of his will, the incredible revelation to the heart-broken parents that their only child had utterly dispossessed and disinherited them, making of them pauper dependents upon his widow's whim. The distressed notary had all but wrung his hands in his asseverations of the deceased's certitude of outliving his parents, that Madame Michel would execute the literal, not the legal will of her husband.

The woman, again in the widow's weeds in which they had first seen her, sitting stiffly, with her dry hands like two little bundles of sticks, holding a black-edged handkerchief between them, had primly and in dutiful words expressed her reluctance to accept the legacy, declaring that she accepted it only in trust and would fill a daughter's place. Doubtless, moved as she was by her loss, she had spoken sincerely; but from the hour of Michel's funeral the breach between the members of his household had irresistibly widened. No bond existed to unite them now, there was ever present on the one part a sense of authority, more and more overbearingly expressed, and on the other an

ever-increasing humiliation and discouragement, until things had come to the point of the discussion of an allowance, the allowance that had progressively dwindled to less than half of its originally determined sum; the abandonment of the homestead into the hands of the stranger and her unlovable child; the migration to the city, and the reaching out once more towards independence. But it had been too late for such an uprooting.

How he had striven, the old man, working among those stony streets, as the income grew less and less! What a fight he had made against encroaching age, and how he had stolen back at every opportunity of Sundays or holidays to the beloved country-side, tramping miles out of the town to where the air was clean again and the tall daisies growing rank in the grass seemed to welcome him as old friends; tramping back once more at nightfall bringing great sheaves of these daisies and fresh green boughs, so bringing back a little share of the open-air world to one who had loved it as passionately as he, but for whom there could never be anything but the town henceforward, nothing indeed but the room among the chimneys!

These expeditions too had ended. Age and weakness, challenged, won all along the line. An intervening day of physical respite became a necessity between the weeks of crushing labour. To both, then, the green world became but another memory. It was about Michel now, though, and the blaze of the sunlight all but blinded him; then he sat up with a jerk, blinking dazedly at the lamp against which his forehead had nearly nodded. Beyond it the rigid figure still lay in the self-same attitude, and Michel, his hands going up together over his aching heart, understood the reason for that blurred vision of grass and water, as well as if his own dozing at his watch, for a paper crackled under his touch, and drawing it forth he smoothed it with palsied fingers, the while the tears of old age, slow and heavy as blood dropping, fell down upon it. Grass and water—while the one ran and the other grew; herewith was confirmed to him his title once more to a parcel of the blessed country-side. In the quest for it he had trudged up that afternoon a weary way for one so enfeebled by age and grief, ever ascending from his own low-lying quarter near the harbour, past the great parish church fronting the square, before whose steps the hearse would stand; out of the region of banks and offices, and through residential districts where the dwellings became ever more and more imposing as he proceeded, and still on higher, till the leafy hillside fell away sharply below the road, and looking back and downward, he could discern the blue calm river and the villages and dim mountains of the farther shore. There had been a high stone gateway crowned with a cross to pass under, a few words exchanged in a little over-heated office, and then Michel had found an escort at his elbow, who led him on his way. It had been most beautiful up there, most peaceful, most still. The sward still retained its mossy summer green, but the enclosing woodlands glowed with bronze, with scarlet, and clear pale yellow, and the breeze blowing along the converging paths was pure and keen.

Wearied to exhaustion by the long climb, the old man had yet responded to the soothing influence of the surrounding beauty and silence. Here was his natural environment. That alien city of clanging industrial works, and crowded, airless warrens lay behind and far below, and he plodded along without speaking beside his guide, his eyes resting lingeringly in passing upon the wide plots fenced in with dense, close-clipped evergreens, against which red berries were bright or the last pale roses bloomed,

and from which granite obelisks or veiled fern-bearing columns rose upward. He understood instinctively that in this city of the dead, as in that other yonder lying city of the living, there was a distinction of quarters, and he went by without a thought of pausing here.

At that hour of the short afternoon there had been no other visitors to be seen, but as Michel and his companion went along their way, a gnome-like apparition, with a gray goat's beard and pointed straw hat, slipped forth between the monuments and leaned upon a spade to stare after them. Then there had come a space of lower, less pretentious stones, white for the most part, standing, some solitary, but others close side by side, and with little ones nestling about them, just as it had been in life. It was a wide and open space, sloping gently in the pale sunlight, and here and there a willow or a cedar flung its shadow athwart the turf. Michel looked from side to side, and here his step would have lagged, but his guide pressed on.

But the aspect of the scene was changing; field-land where rough grass sprung up from the clods took the place of the velvety clipped sward. Here the ground was marked off at intervals with short wooden pegs, and beyond this, close ranged, with the narrowest of footpaths dividing the serried rows, stood numerous black, white-lettered crosses. The heat of recurring summers had blistered the paint; winter snows had defaced the lettering of many of them; here and there an arm had broken off the cross, carrying away half the name and leaving a splintered stump; or the whole cross had rotted at its base and pitched forward on to the weed-grown mound; while those that remained intact ranged in hue from iron-gray to tar-black, according to the length of time they had stood there. On some, where the paint was still fresh-looking, hung garlands of black-and-white glass beads, making an oval frame about a picture of a willow and mourning figure, or of a mausoleum, and at the foot of one newly set on the recently turned earth lay a flattened wreath of fading roses and pansies twisted about with dank white muslin streamers. These things spoke of regret and remembrance, but they belonged only to the newest comers to their rest here. The prevailing impression was one of abandonment and desolation, as if they had had neither the heart nor the leisure to keep on returning thither, those mourners who had once grieved there so bitterly. All the sordid ugliness, which had sets its stigma upon Life as he had known it in the city, all the relentless pressure seemed to Michel here also to confront him. He stood an instant in dismay, but his guide was still proceeding, so he followed him perforce. And, then, just a little way ahead, at the verge of that sad region of wooden crosses, whence the untouched, unshaded grass-land stretched away to the woods, radiant as a sudden smile, rose a single slender gray-stemmed sapling, spreading its little coloured crown in the sunlight. Michel's aching heart leapt up with a throb of timorous eagerness. But in a moment it was all most easily arranged, and that bit of earth above which the young tree fluttered its butterfly-tinted wings, and would grow to stately girth and branchage, was his own, made over to him as if in all indifference to the treasure which it bore, at whose foot to-morrow his faithful, overwearied life's comrade would be laid for her eternal rest, to which he himself would come a little later.

Thereafter had Michel retraced his way without a single wistful glance towards the hedged and shaded plots, which he passed by again. But it had indeed been a long and weary way. Now waking from his sleep of utter weariness to the desolation of

the death chamber, where the lamplight was paling, as the gray daylight waxed, with returning consciousness the sense of his irreparable loss began to mount like a tide across whose rising flood was flung like a rainbow the reflection of the sapling. As the sleep cleared from his eyes, they rested upon the bowed head of a woman kneeling by the bedside, and as Michel stared at the iron-gray twisted knot of her hair, she rose, picking up a bundle of thin yellow tapers from the floor beside her. This was the neighbour from downstairs to whom the deceased in her affection for children had rendered many a service. Now the woman stood before Michel, and, calling him father, she slipped her arm around his shoulder and led him away to her own room downstairs, where her husband, a burly labourer, was just about to start for the day's work. The old man let himself sink upon a chair, and in response to the well-meant remark of his host, "Well, we must all pass," he only stared at him vaguely, and noticed neither when he went nor when the woman with a furtive backward glance at him in turn slipped out of the room. Neither did he heed the slight commotion without on the landing, nor the shuffling sounds overhead, which followed it; and in the same state of semi-stupor he suffered himself to be led upstairs again by his neighbour when she returned.

Everything had changed in his room meanwhile. There was a twist of black cloth framing the window, the dead woman lay no longer on the bed, but in her coffin in the centre of the floor, and the thin yellow tapers burned at head and feet. There was holy water in a shell, and a plaster statue of St. Joseph on the little white-covered table beside her. At her feet there was a cushion of *immortelles*, but her wasted hands lay upon a cluster of white roses, which the neighbour from downstairs had herself bought overnight, and she had also made her man lose time enough from his work to go out and gather the boughs and the spikes of goldenrod, which the dead woman had so strangely loved. They filled the water jug to overflowing.

The old man appeared to take note of these tokens of kindliness, for he turned a wavering smile upon his conductress, but then, sitting down on the chair which she placed for him at the coffin head, the only movement he made was to lean a little forward in order that he might lay his hand about his wife's icy wrist. And so he sat. Beyond the two pale tapers was visible a streak of blue water, and the masts of the ships, like strokes, one behind the other; then the tapers were shining far more brightly against a background of darkness, and again, behold, the gleam of blue behind the strokes had reappeared, and the neighbour from downstairs stood with her husband, one on either side of him.

Michel felt the air of morning cool upon his face, and they were driving behind a flashing gold cross. They drove under the gate where he had entered alone the other day, and retraced all the way that he had gone. Down there on the ugly lower ground of the poor wooden crosses it was necessary to walk a little way, and though he went feebly, leaning on the arm of his good neighbour, he was to all outward appearances seeming composed. But it was when the little group paused by the open grave that Michel fell to a convulsive and helpless weeping, for separated by the breadth of a man's feet from the parcel of earth he had acquired, and linking it with all those other squalid mounds, yawned another newly dug trench.

And the sapling had vanished.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL MONTGOMERY AT QUEBEC

BY W. S. WALLACE

THE American invasion of Canada in 1775 has suffered comparative neglect at the hands of historians. The war was not marked by any of those striking successes of the British arms which marked the Seven Years' War and the War of 1812, (although Sir Guy Carleton's defence of Quebec compared very favourably from a stragtegic point of view even with Montcalm's); and the Americans have never cherished the recollection of an expedition which ended so disastrously for the Revolution, and which was, moreover, connected with the ill-omened name of Benedict Arnold. Richard Montgomery, the commanding officer of the American forces, has shared in the general oblivion which has fallen over the incidents of the invasion. His tragic death has aroused, even in the hearts of his compatriots, none of that interest which surrounds the deaths of Wolfe and of Montcalm; and the details of his life, in so far as they are yet a matter of public record, are confined still, for the most part, to encyclopedias and biographical dictionaries.

Brigadier-General Montgomery was not a native-born American; he was an ex-officer of the British Army. Born near Dublin in 1737, the son of Thomas Montgomery, Esq., M.P., Irish gentleman of means, he had been educated at Trinity College, Dublin. On completing his course at Trinity College, he had taken out a commission in the army; and in 1758 he saw service, first as a lieutenant and then as a captain of the 17th Foot, under General Amherst before Louisbourg. His brother, who was a captain in the 43rd Foot, was with Wolfe at Quebec, and distinguished himself during the siege by a barbarous slaughter of prisoners of war; but in 1759 Richard Montgomery did not take part in the siege of Quebec.

Montgomery was in British politics a Whig. He was a friend and follower of Burke and Barré; and when friction arose between Grenville's administration asd the American colonists, Montgomery's sympathies were with the Americans. We know this because, when the 17th Foot were ordered in 1765 to repair to America to aid in the enforcement of the Stamp Act, Captain Montgomery, with several others, declared publicly that if the order was persisted in he would resign his commission; and the order was consequently countermanded.

In 1771, Montgomery was disappointed in his hope of getting a majority. He had handed over the money for the purchase of the commission, when a junior officer was preferred before him. Disgusted by this treatment, he immediately sold his commission and left the army. Not finding a scope for his energies in the old world, he migrated to America, and first of all took up farming in the

neighbourhood of New York. In July, 1773, he married the daughter of one of the judges of King's Bench in the colony of New York, a lady who brought him something of a fortune. Thereupon, he removed to Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, and commenced to build himself a spacious home.

At this juncture, the Revolutionary War broke out. Montgomery's sympathies were enlisted with the revolutionists; and in view of the scarcity of professional soldiers in the revolutionary ranks, it is not surprising to find that the former captain of the 17th Foot was offered the rank of brigadier-general in the army of the Continental Congress.

Very early in the war, the American authorities turned their attention to the possibility of detaching Canada from its allegiance to Great Britain. In October, 1774, an address was sent by the Continental Congress at Philadelphia to the inhabitants of Quebec, inviting them to throw in their lot with the revolutionists. This address, with its elaborate references to Beccaria and Montesquieu, hardly seems one likely to be suited to the taste of contemporary French-Canadians; yet it is reported to have created no little impression among them. The English commercial class in Canada also sympathised with the Americans; some of the principal Montreal merchants wrote to the Congress avowing that "the bulk of the people, both English and Canadian . . . wish well to your cause," and they sent one of their number, James Price, down to represent them in an unofficial way in the meetings of the Congress. In view, therefore, of the sympathetic feeling in Canada towards them, it was decided by the Americans to send an expedition up into Canada to dislodge the British troops, and to bring Canada into the war league of colonies represented by the Congress.

The officer who was appointed at first to command this expedition was Major-General Schuyler. But the expedition had hardly been organised when General Schuyler's health broke down, and he was compelled to resign. The vacant post was given to Montgomery, who was thus appointed to the command after the plan of campaign had already been decided on and when he could do nothing but carry out to the best of his ability the ideas of others. The plan of campaign was this: Colonel Benedict Arnold, with a force of about 1,200 men, was to march on Quebec through the wilds of Maine and New Brunswick, while Montgomery, with about 1,800 men, was to advance on Montreal by way of Chambly and St. John's; and after the reduction of Montreal, Arnold and Montgomery were to join forces before Quebec.

Both commanders carried out their share in the operations to the letter. Arnold arrived at Point Levis, opposite Quebec, on November 13th, after one of the most remarkable marches of modern times; and on November 11th Montgomery occupied Montreal, which had been abandoned by Sir Guy Carleton the previous day. The British vessels at Montreal, thirteen in number, fell into Montgomery's hand, and he was able to employ them, therefore, in transporting some of his troops, about 300 in number down the river to Quebec. On December 1st he effected a junction with Arnold at Pointe aux Trembles.

Montgomery, who assumed command of the combined forces, bore himself in public as if he were confident of success. There is a tradition, possibly apocryphal, that he swore he would eat his Christmas dinner in Quebec or in hell. And on December 5th he sent a letter to Carleton so insolent and arrogant in its tone that Carleton had the bearer, a woman who had smuggled the letter in past the guard, drummed out of the town. On the 6th, he issued a pro-

clamation to the citizens of Quebec couched in language still more overbearing. But in his heart he felt far from confident; his condition of mind may be gathered from a very interesting letter which he wrote to his father-in-law only a few weeks before his death:

"I need not tell you that till Quebec is taken Canada is unconquered; and that, to accomplish this, we must resort to siege, investment, or storm. The first of these is out of the question, from the difficulty of making trenches in a Canadian winter, and the greater difficulty of living in them, if we could make them; secondly, from the nature of the soil, which, as I am at present instructed, renders mining impracticable, and were this otherwise, from the want of an engineer having sufficient skill to direct the process; and thirdly, from the fewness and lightness of our artillery, which is quite unfit to break walls like those of Quebec. Investment has fewer objections, and might be sufficient, were we able to shut out entirely from the garrison and town, the necessary supplies of food and fuel, during the winter; but to do this well (the enemy's works being very extensive and offering many avenues to the neighbouring settlements), will require a large army, and from present appearances mine will not, when brought together, much if at all exceed eight hundred combatants. Of Canadians I might be able to get a considerable number, provided I had hard money, with which to clothe, feed, and pay their wages; but this is wanting. Unless, therefore, I am soon and amply reinforced, investment, like siege, must be given up.

"In the storming plan there are fewer objections; and to this we must come at last. If my force be small, Carleton's is not great. The extensiveness of his works, which, in case of investment, would favour him, will in the other case favour us. Masters of our secret, we may select a particular time and place for attack, and to repel this the garrison must be prepared at all times and places, a circumstance which will impose upon it incessant watching and labour by day and by night, which, in its undisciplined state, must breed discontent that may compel Carleton to capitulate, or perhaps to make an attemt to drive us off. In this last idea there is a glimmering of hope. Wolfe's success was a lucky hit, or rather a series of lucky hits. All sober and scientific calculation was against him, until Montcalm, permitting his courage to get the better of his discretion, gave up the advantages of his fortress, and came out to try his strength on the plain. Carleton, who was Wolfe's quartermaster-general, understands this well, and, it is to be feared, will not follow the Frenchman's example. In all these views you will discover much uncertainty; but of one thing you may be sure, that, unless we do something before the middle of April, the game will be up; because by that time the river may be open and let in supplies and reinforcements to the garrison in spite of anything we can do to prevent it; and again, because my troops are not engaged beyond that term, and will not stay a day longer."

It was to the plan of storming Quebec that Montgomery did come at last. He came to the conclusion that the besiegers would have the best chance of success if simultaneous attacks were made on the town at different points. So it was agreed that, while diversions were being made against the upper town, Arnold should attack the east end of the lower town, at the Sault au Matelot, and Montgomery the west end of the lower town, at the Près de Ville. The night chosen for the attack was the night of December 30th—31st. "Hard gale and thick small snow, very dark and drifty," wrote the Artillery Officer in his journal that night when he retired to rest. "The darkness of last night, and the gloominess of the morning, seemed fit for the blackest designs," wrote another diarist on the next day. Under cover of this weather, Arnold, having passed through the suburb of St. Roch, was able to take by surprise the first barrier at the Sault au Matelot. But in the attack on the second barrier, Arnold himself was wounded in the leg, and owing to a clever flanking movement on the part of Carleton's men, the Americans were caught between two fires and forced to retire or surrender.

Meanwhile Montgomery was making his attack at the other end of the lower town. With some two hundred

men, he had crept along the shore beneath the cliff until he came to the wooden palisade at Près de Ville. Four of the great wooden pickets of which the palisade was composed were noiselessly removed by carpenters whom Montgomery had brought with him; and Montgomery, with his aides, stepped into the breach. But the guard at Près de Ville was not to be surprised like the guard at the Sault au Matelot. As Montgomery sprang forward to the second palisade shouting, "Push on, brave boys, Quebec is ours," a storm of cannister and grape from Captain Barnsfare's cannon swept the narrow pass. The British sailors who manned the guns saw the dim figures that had leapt forward disappear, and then silence reigned, save that the groans of dying men were heard outside the barricade.

At daybreak, a search party of militia was sent out by Carleton. Under the snow, which had been falling steadily for many hours, were found a dozen corpses. On the body of an officer there was found by a French-Canadian a large sum of money; and nearby was discovered a fur cap, bearing the initials R. M. The body of this officer was immediately brought within the walls, and was identified by an American officer, who had been taken prisoner at the Sault au Matelot, as that of General Montgomery. Orders were given by Carleton that the body should be decently buried in the most private manner; and about sundown on January 4th, 1776, in the presence of eight men, including the undertaker and the chaplain, the dust of the former captain of the 17th Foot was committed to the grave. Any more elaborate obsequies were deemed inappropriate in the case of a traitor to his King.

Brigadier-General Montgomery was not a soldier of outstanding military ability. From a strategic point of view, his attack on Quebec was open to serious criticism; for even in the event of his carrying the Lower Town by storm (an unlikely contingency), Arnold and he would have been almost as far as ever from taking the citadel. But about his courage or his sense of public duty there can be no question. He was the first at Près de Ville to step into the breach in the palisade, in the face of almost certain death; nor was this the only instance in the campaign of his fearless temper. And he left, in order that he might undertake the arduous and thankless conduct of the campaign, a newly-built home and a young wife on the banks of the Hudson. "Our country is in danger," he told his wife when he left home. "As a politician I could not serve them; as a soldier, I think I can."

At Five Oclock

FROM "TO-DAY."

Oh, life! oh, song! Oh, the long awe of spring!
A little shines the light;
Then lo, to left, to right.
Across the garden flags some baffling thing!—
See the round scarlet leap from April clod;
Empty we turn away,
Dared by that bit of clay;
For tulips still are tulips, God still God.

*

A book can hold us, or a snatch of sea,
Or lilies by a wall;
A comrade at dewfall
Can from his violin such chords set free,
To such, quick searching notes give instant tongue,
To woods, darks, sailing ships;
The sobs start to our lips—
How long, how long it is since we were young.
He plays. Under the clear and ruddy sky,
And there in the dewfall,
The oldest things of all,
Go gleaming past, and as they go, they cry—
Love, Longing, Tears, and gray Remembering;
A foot, a voice, a face!—
And there, in some dim place,
The little honey-coloured flowers of spring.

—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

*

IT is ever so many Aprils ago since the "teacher of composition" wrote on the blackboard: "Write forty lines on your favourite season," and I bent my pig-tailed head to inscribe painfully: "Spring is my favourite season of the year—unless it is the month of October."

"You ought to see the Spring out here," writes an enthusiastic citizen of Victoria, B.C. "It is like an English lane or an Italian hill-side." If the correspondent is within the lines of truth, Browning might have spared himself the passionate exclamation:

"O, to be in England
Now that April's there!"

Had he only followed an all-red line, he might have found in that British province by the Pacific both England and Italy. Even in Ontario, we occasionally have April days, which are a sheer delight, which have, until sundown, all the soft warmth of June, yet touched with a divine freshness which only April can bestow—when it is the real opening month of the year, with the daffodil-and-tulip gates flung wide.

April has often been accused of fickleness, but the charge is like that so often brought against delightful and volatile human characters. April is really not fickle; she is merely various and many-sided. She reflects all Nature's moods and so is charged cruelly with having no mind of her own. April is really the most philosophic month of the year and

answers to our scowls or smiles with the most profound gloom or the airest unconcern. Rather would we say with William Watson:

"April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell the sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears."

*

PERHAPS you remember the old-fashioned albums in which you were expected to inscribe your personal preferences; such as, what is your favourite flower, what is your favourite poem, if not yourself, what person would you choose to be?—and a variety of other queries. Now, of all these amiable and personal questions, that which always seemed to be most interesting was the last—what person would you choose to be? I remember an album inscribed with a great variety of desires. Such names as Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir John A. Macdonald, Paderewski and Albani were to be found therein and indicated an amazing range of ambition and temperament. I think if I were to write my choice there now, it would have changed slightly from that of long ago. Then, nothing but military heroes had any fascination, and I yearned to be Roberts—the man who had marched to Kandahar and who had known forty-one years of service in India. Then the statesman out-distanced even "Bobs" himself, and I would have given much to be the Honourable Joseph Chamberlain in the year 1897. But now, I am quite sure that if I might become whatever person I chose, I should say: "Give me the baton of Dr. A. S. Vogt and you may have all the tariffs on the Continent."

When one comes to think of what Dr. Vogt has done—brought together and harmonised what is conceded by the New York critics to be the finest chorus on the Continent, one feels that he has accomplished a work of superlative standard — and so must know the joy of the creator's heart, of which *McAndrew* writes with such fine frenzy. It is quite true, as we may be reminded, that the voices were there, the material was "only" to be organised into the choral conductor's instrument. But the *great* achievement remains, the making these hundreds of voices, these varied "sections" into one glorious harmonic aggregation, until, in some choral creations, it is as if one magnificent vocal effort were sending its message upward.—"then seemed to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars." To do this work in the very best way, until metropolitan critic, and the layman lover of "The Bold Turpin" alike break forth in applause, is to have won the gratitude of thousands and to have roused the patriotic ardour of all who care that Canada shall be known beyond the wheat exchange and the cattle market. "Dr. Augutus" is one of our best citizens. He does honour to his town and his country. He came from Waterloo—but may he never meet it!

*

IN connection with this year's programme for the Mendelssohn Choir concerts, a curious controversy arose, as to whether the words of Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem" should have been sung in English. The controversy revealed a characteristic weakness in the Canadian — a weakness which ought soon to be eradicated. It is our seeming indifference or, even, contempt with regard to any language except that which we are pleased to term "ours." We are deplorably lacking in a knowledge of foreign languages or a familiarity with Latin. Among the members of the Theodore Thomas Or-

chestra which was associated with the Toronto Choir in the various concerts of the cycle, there were to be found many who spoke three languages. This fact should not be surprising to a Canadian organisation, but most members of our own choirs or orchestras would be much taken by surprise if such linguistic accomplishments were expected from them.

It is no wonder, then, that there are to be found reputable citizens who find the Latin poetry of the "Requiem" somewhat of a grievance. Why, however, should any complaint be made? The English version was printed, as well; so the listener could not have been unaware of the sentiments declaimed, even if the Latin words were unintelligible. The spirit of Verdi's great work would have been utterly incomplete set to any other language than the stately Latin. I once heard the "Stabat Mater" with the English version and it was ridiculous enough to make the ghost of all the Latins raise supplicating hands. The sentiments were so changed, in order, it was supposed, to suit the Protestant convictions or views of the majority of the audience that the incongruity between the original and the modern version was painfully amusing. It is all very well to talk of our sturdy Anglo-Saxon and declare it is artistic enough for anything. In the first place, our language is not Anglo-Saxon, but English, a very different matter. In the second place, no language can be so suitable for a musical composition as that for which it was written. Listen to *La Marseillaise* in English. Then listen while the passionate French pours from the lips of the man who "understands." *La Marseillaise* may be universal in its appeal; it should be sung in no language but French. The spirit of much at least of Verdi's religious composition may seem too ardent for the Scotchman or the Norwegian, who may think to cool its fervency by changing the Latin words to a less ecclesiastical Northern tongue. But he sacrifices the spirit and loses an intangible delicacy of union between music and words. Let us be thankful that Dr. Vogt has too much sense of this subtle communion between speech and melody to give us Verdi's "Requiem" in anything but the language for which the ardent Italian wrote.

However, the very fact that there arose a question concerning English as the proper vehicle for these Italian works, shows that Canadians are in dire need of a broader linguistic appreciation and equipment. The women of Canada are especially lacking in this respect, as compared with their sisters in the British Isles. It may be urged that the latter require French and German much more frequently than the Canadian women who seldom travel in countries where a knowledge of French, German or Italian would be useful. This utilitarian view must be taken into consideration, but it is not the most important in the matter of acquiring another language. Everyone who has spent hours over the translation of the songs of Hugo or of Heine has become aware of a gain, far beyond that of finding out that one word in French or German may be expressed in English in another fashion. There is a new realm of fancy, as well as of expression, opened to us by the knowledge of each new tongue. Perhaps the extent of this culture, this broadening of the prospect by the knowledge of the origin or the varied history of words can be seen no more clearly than in Ruskin's treatment of the famous denunciatory passage in Milton's *Lycidas*. Not many of us can hope to reach the linguistic heights won by Cromwell's Latin Secretary. But we may avoid, on the other hand, the provincial complacence of a corpulent and opulent citizen of Detroit who snorted in disgust while an ex-

quisite lyric of Heine's was sung, and remarked audibly to his mortified friend: "Why do they use that foreign lingo? Plain United States is good enough for me." The chief use made by the Detroit Citizen of his "United States" was to distort and vulgarise the speech, until one could hardly have felt a pride in "our sturdy Anglo-Saxon." The English language is rich and strong. It has drawn from the sturdiness of the Saxon and the majesty of Latin, while many small streams have trickled into its broad sweep. But to say that compositions written for the German or the Latin should be given an English "rendering" is to ignore the subtle *convenances* of "perfect music into noble words" and to lose the added graces of another aspect of vocal expression.

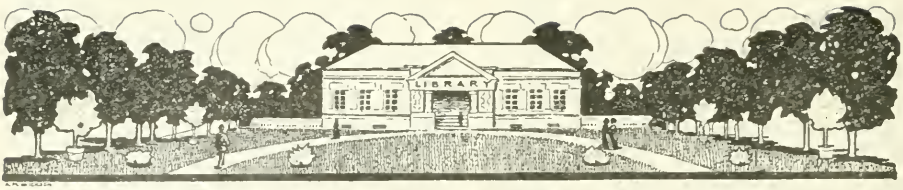
*

ONE feature of the unrest of modern woman is manifest in the way in which young girls are leaving the farm, to work in shops or office in the city. In a recent issue of the *Farmer's Magazine*, Ethelwyn Wetherald gives the readers an article, "The Canadian Farmer's Daughter," which shows how this discontent is sometimes quelled:

"Even the girl who has a decided bent for millinery or dressmaking, and who, with a sister or cousin, sets up a little shop or puts out a modest sign in the city, will find her time fully employed and her expenses less than half in the nearest small town where she is known, and where a drive of a few miles will take her home for week-ends. Teaching is a vocation that nearly every country girl who is quick at her studies wishes to follow, and it is also one that every girl, whether city or country-bred, is certain to weary of. In spite of long vacations, short hours and the Saturday holiday, there is a constant strain on the brain and nerves of the mistress of a schoolhouse which is felt more and more as the years go on.

The same is true of nursing, which has claimed so large a part of the strong, serene flower of Canadian girlhood. It is, as has frequently been said, a noble profession; but whenever a specific form of labour is called noble, it is sure to involve a certain amount of hardship. There is a great deal that is disagreeable about nursing. The daughter of a prosperous Canadian farmer a few years ago wished to fit herself for nursing by taking a preparatory course in a New York hospital. Her father offered her three dollars a week to remain at home and help her mother. She smiled tolerantly and said she would be earning twenty dollars a week when she was a full-fledged nurse. Her prophecy came true. She did earn twenty dollars a week. But the peculiar point in her case was, that after a few months in the practice of her profession, she gave it up altogether, came home and worked for her parents at three dollars a week. 'Didn't you like nursing?' they asked. 'Pretty well,' she said. Then, after a minute's silence, she burst forth: 'But I can tell you one thing—when you are a nurse you can't get twenty dollars a week unless you earn twenty dollars a week.' That was all she ever said about it."

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

WOULD you not like to tell the man or the woman who writes the perky little advertisements on the covers of our new books just what you think of the cheap laudation? Here is one which appears on the inside of the paper wrapping of "The Broad Highway"—"Pronounced by a prominent English critic, as more fascinating and even more human than "Lorna Doone?" That is a stupidly annoying comparison, for nearly every one who has read "Lorna Doone" is a true lover of that dark-eyed lady of high degree, is a firm comrade of *John Ridd* and would go far to see the valley of the *Doones*. Consequently, one is irritated by the needless assertion that the new book by Jeffery Farnol is fit to be associated with R. D. Blackmore's masterpiece.

However, in spite of this critic's folly, you open the book, read the first paragraph of the "*Ante Scriptum*" and henceforth are lost to the world of slush and frosts and bargains in furniture and care not whether reciprocity is coming or going, so long as you may be left undisturbed until the chapter is reached "wherein this history is ended" and you are left to hope that the book may be a friend even unto the last, "when we shall have journeyed to the end of this Broad Highway which is Life and into the mystery of the Beyond."

Let us go back to this sentence which has such an old-time romantic charm which makes us think of old tunes of "over the hills and far away":

"As I sat of an early summer morning in the shade of a tree, eating fried bacon with a tinker, the thought came to me that I might some day write a book of my own: a book that should treat of the roads and by-roads, of trees, and wind in lonely places, of rapid brooks and lazy streams, of the glory of dawn, the glow of evening, and the purple solitude of night; a book of wayside inns and sequestered taverns; a book of country things and ways and people. And the thought pleased me very much."

Thus does *Peter Vibart* let us know that he is going to tell us the story of his fortunes—and a right good story it is while his fortunes are of the proper, hair-breadth order, with more than one fight, while never do they lose "the scent of old-world roses." Did you revel in "Lorna Doone" and did you almost shout over the "League of the Rose" in "Westward Ho!"? Did you find brave comrades in "The Gentleman of France" and did you lose many hours' sleep over the "Kidnapper"? Did you love the old colonial dangers in "Prisoners of Hope" and did you find Ollivant's "The Gentleman" a tale to read in the stormy midnight by a roaring fire and lose not one stroke in the fight or one gleam of the moonlight on the English Channel? Then you will like

"The Broad Highway" and will wish for the author, Jeffery Farnol, a length of days that he may write other brave tales. May he not fall into the snare of the modern would-be best seller and exploit the "temperament" of the modern divorse-chaser with a guide to Reno for frontispiece.

Peter is really a hero worth knowing. He is somewhat like *Kenelm Chillingly*—only, not so scholarly and no less chivalrous. He actually possesses a sense of honour (which the hero of the modern novel appears to consider a lack of imagination) and has, like all true heroes, amazing luck in getting out of a tight place. He sets out with ten guineas, instead of the fortune which he had every right to expect and, of course, the villain gets the ten guineas away in no time. Then he is mistaken for his rollicking cousin, to whom he bears an awkward and extraordinary resemblance, and gets into "scrapes" without number. There is a lady, to be sure, such a charming and spirited creature, to whom he is devoted in a fashion that only a knightly-hearted hero would understand. This is truly a romance with the fragrance of true homage, as well as the ring of honest strife in its course. The author has fairly followed the opening advice of the Tinker:

"As for your book, wot you have to do is to give 'em a little blood now and then with plenty of love and you can't go far wrong."

It is to be hoped that we have not followed the bad example of the advertisers. The book is not more fascinating and even more human than "Lorna Doone." It is not so good as "The Prisoner of Zenda" nor "Under the Red Robe." But it is so good that we are afraid it will not be a "best seller", and it is so delightful that we should like to see the author get the desire of his heart, whatever that might well happen to be. (Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. Toronto: William Tyrrell and Company).

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BECAUSE Mrs. Anne Warner has given use such excellent literary tonics as "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" and "Susan Clegg," we could

MR. JEFFERY FARNOL
WHOSE ROMANCE, "THE BROAD HIGHWAY," IS AN ADMIRABLE RECORD OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

pardon in her a good deal of imposition. However, not much excuse can be found for her latest novel, "How Leslie Loved," cleverly written though it be, except in as much as its humour might appeal to some persons and again in as much as others might regard it as a delightful satire on the frothings of the English aristocracy. The title is a good indication of the spirit, but the spirit is not the true spirit of the subject; that is, the book does not give a good general idea of the people whom one would meet in first-class London drawing-rooms. Undoubtedly it does not pretend to give such idea, and in that very lack of pretension and realisation it becomes at once, unfortunately, a misleading essay in fiction. If a novel gives a faithful account of some sphere in life, even if it fails as a romance, it is at least a slight achievement; but when it gives no true picture, except of several light-headed characters, it is regretable. This book sketches a young American widow in England, and shows

her flitting about aimlessly from one social set to another and from one meaningless, harmless flirtation to another, while at the same time there is the suspicion of a genuine and tender passion back of everything else. And in the end it proves so to be. *Leslie* is a likable widow, with many adorable yet feminine weaknesses, and the only wholesome part of the book is her reconciliation with the lover who at the outset had caused a needless estrangement. Nevertheless, the book is entertaining in its way, and is intened mostly for the hammock on a warm day. (New York: Little, Brown and Company. Cloth, $1.25).

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THE name of David Graham Phillips was so well-known as that of a popular American novelist, that his death in New York at the hands of a crazed assassin, has created a profound sensation. Just about a month ago, Mr. H. L. Mencken, one of the most discerning critics in the United States, drew attention to the increasing earnestness of Mr. Phillips's work and prophesied greater literary triumphs than this author had yet known.

Fitzhugh Coyle Goldsborough was the resounding name of the young man who made the murderous attack and who afterwards took his own life. Mr. Goldsborough was well-known in Toronto's musical circles, where his violin-playing was recognised as remarkable. His talent in poetic composition was also unmistakable, and, altogether, his gifts were those of a sensitive and high-strung nature. In appearance, he was refined and pleasing, although his manner occasionally showed the excitability and eccentricity which had since developed so lamentably.

The following verses, "Life and Death" have that melancholy sense of life's mystery which is often a crushing weight to the ultra-sensitive soul:

Before a tense arras of Hopes and Fears
To watch the coquetries of Smiles and Tears—
This is our lot for ten and three-score years!

And then, a change,—Somewhere, the fading spark
Of a Soul,—a Body crumbling in the dark—
And on a lonely tomb—a Question Mark!

This quatrain, called "The Gamut" is in the same strain:

Sorrow leavens
All our earthly bread.—'Tis well:
Only those who climb from deepest Hell
Storm the highest Heavens!

The poem, "Evolution" is on a higher philosophic level:

Heedless of Sound or Sight
A Germ through Space was borne
For æons of dim delay,—
Till out of Chaos came Night—
And Night was crowned by Dawn,
And Dawn o'erwhelmed by Day.

Witless of Storm or Strife
Into a bowl of Dust
A spark fell from above,—
And into the Day came Life—
And Life was crowned by Lust,
And Lust o'erwhelmed by Love!

The unfortunate musician was devoted to his violin with the fondness of the born artist, and in these lines, "The Violinist," shows his kinship with the quivering instrument:

Softly as sighs the Lethe-laden breath
Of summer, or as beat the white moth's wings,
He drew his bow across the quivering strings—
When lo! an echo from the hills of Death—
An echo of the songs of many men
Who centuries ago
Sang on that violin their joy and pain,
Now magically trembled in a strain
Unhuman, wild, and mystically low!

*

IN "Other Main Travelled Roads," Mr. Hamlin Garland has gathered a sheaf of stories, some of them from other volumes, some from earlier completed but still unused manuscripts. The stories were all written about the

same time as those of the other book, and in the same spirit. Admirers of Mr. Garland's work will recognise some old friends from "Prairie Folks," the stories "William Bacon's Man," "Elder Pill, Preacher," "Lucretia Burns" and one or two others. To these are added a few yet unknown sketches, a bit of verse to begin and to end the volume, and a preface. The stories are most of them hardly more than sketches. In but one or two cases is there any semblance of plot, and even here the construction is very loose and informal. But Mr. Garland has never been distinguished by firmness of construction in his work. His good points of keen and loving observations, gentle, kindly humour, an intimate sensing of Nature's more delicate moods and the power to interpret them—these are all to be found in the majority of the sketches in this latest volume. What Mr. Garland lacks as a writer, in sense and power of construction, he makes up by the definiteness of his life-philosophy.

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THE poems of E. M. Yeoman have been published in a book intended only for private circulation. Mr. Yeoman, through his work, is fairly well known to readers of *The Canadian Magazine*. He was a young poet, and as Mr. Newton MacTavish says in his introduction to the volume, his name "should be well placed on the list of Canadian writers, irrespective of what he might have attained had he lived longer." Mr. Yeoman died about a year ago. The work that he has left displays the temperament of the real poet.

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FOR most persons the facts of history are hard to remember and still harder to arrange in their proper order and relationship. With this general fact as a bisis George E. Croscup conceived the idea that the easiest way to grasp the significance and relationship of historical facts is to study the subject with the eye to aid the memory, with the result that he has completed what has been named "Croscup's Synchronic Chart of United States History," and with its publicaton there is combined a chronological text by Earnest D. Lewis. Dates, facts, statistics, and even geogrophical features of history are by this method arranged before the keenest of the senses—sight. First, he has constructed a Chart which lies within the covers of an ordinary book, but which being unfolded shows at a single view the entire History of the United States, and much of its Geography as well. On this chart each century stands by itself, with its important events glaring at you in plain words. (Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild. Cloth, $1.50).

A Sad Case

Beggar—"Pease help me to recover my child."

Lady—"Is your child lost?"

Beggar—"No, mum, but his clothes are worn out."—Boston *Transcript.*

*

Poor Mary

'Twas "Mary had a little lamb."
Not many years ago.
But now she has to vegetate,
So high the prices go.
—*Princeton Tiger.*

*

Caution

"I have a remarkable history," began the lady who looked like a possible client.

"To tell or sell?" inquired the lawyer cautiously.—Washington *Herald.*

THE WIND DANCE
—*Le Rire* (Paris)

A Modern Family

"Where is the cook?"

"She's in the kitchen preparing supper for the doctor's wife, dinner for the doctor, and breakfast for the students."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

The Substitute

Smith has a lovely baby girl,
The stork left her with a flutter.
Smith named her Oleomargerine,
For he hadn't any but her.
—*Judge.*

*

After a Big Haul

"Binks used to be daft on the subject of buried treasure. What's he up to now?"

"He's got up an expedition to Asia Minor to try to find the place where Methuselah stored his birthday presents."—Toledo *Blade.*

*

Comparative Penalties

The recommendation of the Maine Game Commission for more severe treatment of careless hunters recalls the way an Indian in Washington County once sized up Maine's game laws: "Kill cow moose, pay $100; kill man, too bad."—Boston *Globe.*

*

A Sailer's Yarn

Sailor—"Just at that moment my father received a bullet that cut off both his arms and legs and threw him into the sea. Fortunately, he knew how to swim."— *Le Rire.*

GENEROUS

"He was always thought," said Uncle Ethan, reflectively, "to be one of the charitablest men in the whole town, and I guess he was. He always owned a plug hat, for one thing, and I never knew him to refuse to lend it to anybody.—*Youth's Companion.*

*

AND IN THE MEANTIME

Lady—"Can't you find work?"

Tramp—"Yessum; but every one wants a reference from my last employer."

Lady—"And can't you get one?"

Tramp—"No, mum. Yer see, he's been dead twenty-eight years."—London *Punch.*

*

THE REAL REASON

"Can you tell me, my boy," said the prim teacher, "why the race is not always to the swift?"

"Yes'm," said the little boy, promptly. "It's because sometimes their tires bust."—Baltimore *American.*

*

THE DECLINED DRAMA

Blobbs—"Scribbler has had no less than nine plays rejected."

Slobbs—"What is he doing now?"

Blobbs—"Writing essays on the decline of the drama." — Philadelphia *Record.*

*

MAYBE THE PRINTER KNEW

"My pygmy counterpart," the poet wrote
Of this dear child, the darling of his heart;
Then longed to clutch the stupid printer's throat
That set it up, "My pig, my counterpart."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

*

LATER ON

"Isn't Miss Jones a pretty girl?"

"Not yet. She will be later on. She's her aunt's heiress."—*Lippincott's*

"I SHAY—THAT FELLOW MUST A BEEN PARALYSED" —*Life*

GERMAN COURTESY

Cannibal Chief (to traveller before the cook stove)—"Have you no last wish to express?"

Traveller—"May good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

*

NOT EASY

"What is the hardest work you do?"

"My hardest work," replied Senator Sorghum, "is trying to look like my photograph and talk like my speeches when I get back to my home town."—Washington *Star.*

*

MINIATURE SPECIALISATION

A young medical student was being quizzed by one of his teachers: "In what will you specialise?" he was asked. "Diseases of the nostril," replied the student. "Good," said the professor, enthusiastically. "Which nostril?"—*Success*

HOSTESS—"Will you have some bread and butter, Darling?"
SMALL BOY—Bread and Butter! I thought this was a party!" —*Punch*

REASONS

Professor—"Why did you come to college, anyway? You are not studying."

Willie Rahrah—"Well, mother says it is to fit me for the Presidency; Uncle Bill, to sow my wild oats; Sis, to get a chum for her to marry; and Pa, to bankrupt the family."—*Puck.*

*

HOW THE FIGHT BEGAN

Violette—"I wish you would tell me how to get this pitch off my dress. I have tried everything I can think of."

Reginald—"You might try a song. You always get off the pitch when you sing."—*Judge.*

*

NOTHING MUCH

"I don't know whether I ought to recognise him here in the city or not. Our acquaintance at the seashore was very slight."

"You promised to marry him, didn't you?"

"Yes, but that was all."—Louisville *Courier-Journal.*

MODERN METHOD

"I am a candidate for your hand."

"But my parents have endorsed another young man."

"All right; I'll run as an insurgent."—Houston *Chronicle.*

*

BURNING UP THE ROAD

Elijih's chariot of fire was vanishing in the distance when the constable arrived.

"That old chap's a-hittin' her up at a high old rate of speed," he said, gazing at the distant vehicle. "Any of you fellers happen to ketch his number?"

"Nothin' doin'," murmured the crowd.

"Have ye got any idee who it wuz?" asked the constable.

"Yes," replied a bystander, "it was old man Elijah."

"Wa-al, I wanter know," ejaculated the constable, "what's this country comin' to when our very best folks'll go an' vi'late the speed laws like that!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

GR
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